LORD OF THE MYSTERIES
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LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

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- BOOK 14 -

-AUTHOR-
Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

[Atlas Studios (Webnovel)]

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CHAPTER 1301
"NEW LIFE"

Through the Eyes of Mystery Prying, Bernadette saw that the interior of the dark-red baldachin was empty—nothing was there. All she could see were shadows that usually shrouded things in reality.

She was unable to prophesize anything from it. Having no choice but to look away, she followed her intuition and made the Invisible Servant walk towards the other end of the open area, which was also part of the primitive forest filled with towering trees.

As the Invisible Servant couldn't be too far away from her, she silently followed behind while wearing the Invisibility Hat. She unhurriedly passed through the area where all the creatures on the island were gathered.

Here, the sky seemed to be perpetually gloomy, one permeated by a faint blackness.

Time passed quickly. The Invisible Servant entered the forest that blotted out the sky with the tree branches and everything before it suddenly dimmed.

Right on the heels of that, the nearly transparent, cold, and undetectable Eyes of Mystery Prying saw through the dim environment. There were pale-white corpses placed in between the trees. Skulls and rotting corpses hung down from many branches.

They consisted of dragons, avian creatures, and some had eight legs, while others were strange giant trees that occupied every empty spot in the forest.

At a glance, Bernadette seemed to have arrived at a cemetery. A scene naturally surfaced in her mind:

It was a scene of supernatural beings giving birth to their descendants before they died, thus passing on their Beyonder characteristics to them. And these creatures would struggle towards this region in the primitive forest from every direction, in search of an unoccupied spot. Then, facing a particular direction, they would silently die, gradually rotting and being reduced to bones.

What's the meaning behind this? As a Clairvoyant, Bernadette fully believed that the scenes produced in her mind were what had happened in the real world. However, she was puzzled about the type of power that made the creatures on this primitive island choose this area as their tomb.

Furthermore, since Grimm, William, and Poli, who had died long ago, appeared to remain alive in some form, it didn't make sense that supernatural and mutated creatures that had stayed on this island all this while and had suffered even more corruption would end up dying.

This made Bernadette frown slightly as she directed the Invisible Servant to continue proceeding deeper into the creature cemetery.

Just like that, the Invisible Servant proceeded forward for nearly fifteen minutes in this forest filled with bones and corpses.

Finally, it saw a fourth object beyond trees, weeds, and corpses.

It was a black stone pillar. It was very thick, with a width spanning about six arm spans, and thirty to forty meters tall. Its surface was covered with rings which were signs of weathering. It resembled a finger wearing rings that didn't suit its size.

Bernadette made the Eyes of Mystery Prying observe the stone pillar for several seconds, but she didn't discover anything mysterious about it. It was as though it was a symbol that was casually erected.

The Invisible Servant looked around and discovered that the surrounding corpses around the stone pillar didn't suffer from serious rot. They were even covered in rather intact flesh and skin.

There aren't any supernatural powers or magical effects that are different from other places… Unless the new deceased were gathered near the stone pillar, it's impossible for them to have such a unified trend… Bernadette suspected that it wasn't because there was no mysterious influence in this matter, but that it would only happen at a specific moment.

She didn't use her powers of prophecy to search for the reason. This was because a prophecy, at its core, was to pry into the secrets of the river of fate. The more serious the problem involved was, and the higher her status and level, the more damage the backlash would bring to her. And at this moment, it was impossible for Bernadette to not be cautious. She was afraid that it might involve an unknown existence.

In addition, this hadn't caused any harm to her. She didn't have to take the risk to make a "prophecy."

After searching for a while to no avail, the Invisible Servant continued forward, attempting to pass through the cemetery and head to other regions of the forest.

Just then, Bernadette heard a rustling sound.

It was the sound of a breeze passing through the vegetation, a tidal wave in the void.

Ever since she landed on this strange island, this was Bernadette's first time feeling the wind.

Subconsciously, she made the invisible servant look back at the black stone pillar.

In the Eyes of Mystery Prying, the corpses around the stone pillar began to rot and shed one by one. New flesh and blood grew out like they had their own spirituality, and their skin slowly covered this harrowing scene one inch at a time.

This change lasted for less than ten seconds before stopping. A small number of the corpses no longer showed any signs of decay. It looked like they had just died.

In the next second, a mutated curly-haired baboon and a wolf with eight legs wobbled to their feet.

Their fur was slightly white and their skin was slightly dry, their eyes dull and cold.

Then, the two originally deceased creatures each got their bearings and left the cemetery from different spots.

Bernadette's gaze froze as she watched this. Her brows raised slightly as she finally understood why the creatures on this island had struggled to come to this area before dying and why they had to die here:

Here, death—an endpoint—didn't mean entering the state of eternal slumber, but rather a new beginning!

Furthermore, this wasn't the "resurrection" of a zombie or skeleton that a Spirit Guide was capable of. It was a "new life" with a certain will and vitality.

A distortion and disorder of the world's underlying rules? In addition, it seems to contain some mystery from the Black Emperor's resurrection… However, those who obtained new life aren't in a proper state. They're even closer to zombies… Such revivals are very problematic… Klein, who was above the gray fog, also saw this scene and had many guesses.

Of course, this was under the premise that the Emperor had fundamentally left his last mausoleum here and exerted some form of influence here.

As he thought about it, Klein rejected this idea.

This was because, before the Emperor became an angel, this primitive island had a similar situation. The dead Grimm was proof!

Yes, the exact details that happened back then might not be the same as what's happening now. Perhaps, compared to the past, it has already been distorted and "disordered"…Klein nodded gently, prepared to bless and protect Bernadette at any time.

Bernadette also came up with a guess. She didn't allow the Invisible Servant to stay in its spot to wait for a "new tide of life."

This was because she had foreseen a development:

After being repeatedly affected by the "new tide of life," the Invisible Servant would oddly develop some sort of sentience and come "alive"!

In addition, it wasn't that the Invisible Servant hadn't done any investigation prior to this, but it had ultimately failed to discover anything special about the black stone pillar. Bernadette didn't believe that it would gain anything new by remaining here.

In such a situation, it was better to establish a basic understanding of the primitive island rather than alarming an unknown existence due to a deeper study.

Many a time, there were problems that eluded one in the beginning, but the answer might be nearer to the end.

This was thanks to the experience that Bernadette had accumulated over all these years.

The corpses on the trees and branches gradually grew fewer as the Invisible Servant moved forward. During this process, Bernadette discovered another phenomenon:

In the "new tide of life," it wasn't certain that a corpse would be revived. However, once they revived and left the empty area, the rest of the corpses would be attracted like metal to magnets in the next five minutes. They would stiffly move towards the center, filling up the corresponding spots like they were in line for a bestowment.

The law of Beyonder characteristics convergence? No, it doesn't seem like it. The deceased have already passed down their characteristics… As Bernadette's thoughts wandered, she suddenly thought of a question:

It's impossible for the deceased to produce new Beyonder characteristics after obtaining new life, but do they still possess their powers in their previous lives?

Once I have a complete grasp of the situation on this island, I can find a "resurrected" being to test it out… Bernadette quickly made a decision and followed the Invisible Servant's route forward.

She didn't use any Beyonder powers other than her Invisibility Hat. She hoped that she wouldn't disturb the environment and miss out on any details. Therefore, she didn't walk too fast. She took about fifteen minutes to leave the cemetery.

The Invisible Servant had already entered the forest up ahead. It could hear the occasional bird chirping and beast roars. The vibrant vitality here was different from the other remaining regions.

Above the gray fog, Klein sighed.

Thankfully, I'm now the owner of Sefirah Castle. Here, I have the status of a King of Angels. I can observe reality for as long as I want to, and I don't have to worry about draining my spirituality. Yes, the only thing I need to

pay attention to is my body that's hidden in the ancient city located in the fog of history before the First Epoch.

After traveling for another few minutes, the Invisible Servant suddenly saw something that appeared incongruous to the primitive island's environment.

It was a log cabin that seemed to be a residence of a forest ranger.

The log cabin was brown in color and was less than 2.5 meters tall. It looked like it was prepared for humans, but every detail was rough and crude.

At that moment, the cabin's door was open, allowing Bernadette to see the situation inside through the Eyes of Mystery Prying.

A wooden table, a fur-covered bed, and a low-back chair formed a scene of a residence lived by humans.

Who lives here? With a thought from Bernadette, the Invisible Servant rapidly approached the cabin in search for possible clues.

It then realized that the interior of the cabin was ice-cold. Apart from the furniture, there was nothing else. It seemed like no one had lived there for a very long time.

Just as Bernadette was using the Eyes of Mystery Prying to carefully inspect every detail in the cabin, she suddenly had a premonition. She hurriedly made the Invisible Servant turn around.

At some point in time, a person had appeared behind the Invisible Servant!

He was wearing luxurious clothes from the Roselle era. His hair was completely white, and he looked old. He had a pair of light blue eyes that were extremely cold and blank.

Edwards.

This was the knight who had outlived the Emperor, Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina's ancestor.

Edwards stared at the Invisible Servant for a few seconds. Suddenly, he opened his mouth and said in a low voice, our Highness."

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CHAPTER 1302
THE SCENE IN THE PROPHECY

Bernadette fell silent for two seconds before replying through the Invisible Servant:

"Uncle Edwards, why are you here?"

She used the way she addressed him when she was young to reduce the chances of an accident.

Her voice reverberated in the surrounding air with the Invisible Servant as a conduit. It was dry, dull, and completely different from normal.

Edwards's face was pale. It was as if he had just crawled out of the grave without any warmth.

"I don't know either.

"When I woke up, I discovered that I had returned to this island.

"This might be my destiny. A destiny of guarding His Majesty."

He paused with every word he said, but he didn't give the impression that he was out of breath. It seemed like he hadn't spoken for a long time, so much so that his throat was "rusty." He wasn't used to speaking.

Without waiting for Bernadette's further inquiries, the knight, who was famous across the continent more than a hundred years ago, added with a flat tone, "His Majesty's mausoleum is nearby.

"I've been guarding this place, waiting for 'Him' to revive.

"But after so many years, the mausoleum has never changed.

"There haven't been any signs of a resurrection."

Bernadette made the invisible servant look around and said, "This log cabin is where you live?"

Edwards's exposed skin was slightly shriveled. It matched the aging spots he originally had. His voice was low and hoarse as he answered, "That's right.

"I used the surrounding trees to make materials to build this cabin."

Bernadette's Invisible Servant looked in the direction where she had come from.

"Uncle William and the others aren't with you?"

Edwards's cold, wooden eyes moved.

"They have long been corrupted and are dead.

"Although they've come back to life, they're more like monsters. They aren't their former selves.

"Your Highness, you must be wary of them and avoid them.

"Do not trust anyone but Benjamin and me."

Bernadette fell silent for a while before asking through the Invisible Servant:

"Where's my father's mausoleum? I want to take a look."

Edwards's somewhat stiff neck moved.

"Okay."

He then took a step towards the cabin and took out a rusted black axe.

"I'll take you there," Edwards said as he looked at the Invisible Servant that normally couldn't be seen.

During this process, his expression was stiff and almost unchanged.

"Alright." Along the periphery of the forest, Bernadette responded using the Invisible Servant to make her hoarse voice echo in the surroundings.

Edwards was almost 1.9 meters tall, and he looked rather thin. He carried his axe and walked behind the log cabin before saying in a flat tone, "It's very close.

"Be careful along the way."

Bernadette immediately controlled the Invisible Servant and made it follow the luxuriously-dressed Edwards.

Walking through the forest one after another, Bernadette suddenly made the Invisible Servant ask, "Uncle Edwards, what were you worshiping in the empty space from before?"

Edwards didn't turn his head as he maintained the same pace.

"His Majesty."

At least two kilometers behind him and the Invisible Servant, Bernadette immediately pricked up her brows. She took nearly three seconds to control her emotions.

Through the Invisible Servant, she continued asking without any emotion, "Uncle William and the others are worshiping him?"

Edwards paused, but he kept his back towards the Invisible Servant and the Eyes of Mystery Prying.

"No."

He slowed down as though he was thinking of an answer.

"I don't know what they worship…”

Bernadette's eyes narrowed slightly as though she could see some changes in the river of fate.

She didn't ask any more questions as she made the Invisible Servant silently follow Edwards. Amidst the dark-green, towering trees and the black, sharp shrubs, they headed for the island's mountain peak.

In just four or five minutes, the trees up ahead disappeared.

This wasn't a process that went from dense to sparse until there was nothing. Instead, the towering trees suddenly disappeared after an imaginary boundary line.

Beyond the invisible line was a mountain that was hundreds of meters tall. It was covered by dark-green trees that were almost black in color. From afar, it was almost as if it was one with the forest, virtually inseparable.

However, the side of the mountain facing Edward and Bernadette was mostly without vegetation—half of the mountain had been excavated.

In the middle of the mountain, a pitch-black mausoleum stood there with a majestic appearance.

Most of it was part of the mountain range. A small portion of it had signs of man-made constructions and polishing. It truly expounded on what it meant to be a "mountain mausoleum."

Thus, the mausoleum didn't look like the common pyramid. Instead, it looked more like a towering mountain. It wasn't exactly symmetrical, but it was definitely majestic.

Perhaps the mausoleum itself had influenced its surroundings, or perhaps Edwards had cleaned the area, its surface was void of weeds, nor was it covered with vines commonly seen in other mountains.

This allowed Bernadette to see the various texts and symbols engraved on the mausoleum through the Eyes of Mystery Prying. She saw the heavy thirty-meter-tall stone door that seemed to be prepared for giants.

Bernadette wasn't unfamiliar with those words and symbols. She didn't take much time to recognize them as either the "Civil Code" that was created by her father, the new social trends that he had established, or even some design drafts of some invention.

Just as Bernadette was carefully examining it, Klein, who was above the gray fog, was completely certain that this was the last mausoleum left behind by Emperor Roselle.

This was similar to the mausoleum he had seen in the Tudor ruins. It had the majesticness and "distortion" traits of the Black Emperor.

After walking out of the primitive forest and passing through the invisible boundary, they arrived near the mausoleum. Edwards stopped.

He half-turned his body and aimed his pale face and cold eyes at the Invisible Servant. He said without any change in his voice, "Don't go in."

"It will interrupt the resurrection…”

Bernadette frowned slightly and thought for two seconds before using the Eyes of Mystery Prying to lock onto the mausoleum.

Then, her blue eyes that resembled the sea became extremely deep, like the surface of the sea before a storm.

Under such circumstances, her eyes clearly lost focus as her vision turned blurry.

She was prying into the secrets of the River of Fate and making a prophecy for what would happen next.

Klein tapped the long mottled table and increased the probability of her success. He then prepared himself to resist the corruption of the cosmos.

Of course, the latter wasn't necessary, because Bernadette had a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact that she could control.

Bernadette raised her right hand the next second.

Her skin instantly turned as white as snow. Her lips turned as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony.

An illusory, ancient mirror appeared in her hands.

This was Snow White of her fairytale magic. Bernadette had used it to enhance the success rate and accuracy of her "prophecy."

Silently, she "saw" a scene:

The majestic and solemn dark mausoleum visibly shook as the tall, heavy stone door opened.

Then, a huge black arm stretched out from the stone door.

The style of this arm was close to that of the trees on the island. From its color and state, it looked more like a part of a shadow. However, it wasn't a thin layer, but was instead filled with flesh and blood. It looked extremely strange.

It supported itself with its elbows and moved forward with great difficulty, as though it wanted to pull out bigger and more terrifying parts from within.

Boom!

The entire island began to shake.

Boom!

The transparent Eyes of Mystery Prying suddenly shattered.

Bernadette's eyes immediately closed, as if she had seen a blinding light or encountered some unbearable damage.

Blood trickled down from the corners of her eyes as the color in her face drained significantly.

On her body, a pair of illusory and holy wings spread out, descending upon her with its clean, white feathers to neutralize the invisible corruption.

Indeed, she has the ability to resist. The Emperor sure left a huge inheritance for her… Heh heh, before I taught Ma'am Hermit a lesson, she liked to use the Eye of Mystery Prying to examine the people and objects around her. It definitely has something to do with how she was brought up… In short, it's all Roselle's fault! Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he couldn't help but criticize the Emperor.

Then, his mind raced as he analyzed the scene that Bernadette had prophesied:

A terrifying creature crawls out from the mausoleum after the stone door is opened.

This might be the resurrected Roselle, or perhaps a symbol of some kind of disaster. For example, a particular Outer Deity who had once corrupted this island, or the Primordial Moon who secretly corrupted Roselle…

Yes, even if it's Roselle, he definitely wouldn't be taking on the form of a human. He's even closer to that of a Mythical Creature, a deity… Also, I can't be sure if the terrifying creature is rational or if it can communicate…

There's another important problem. Was the stone door opened by Bernadette or someone else? Or did the terrifying creature in the mausoleum do it by itself? If it's the latter, things might develop to the stage of the prophecy even if we don't do a thing…

A prophecy is truly filled with ambiguity.

Klein conjured a gold coin and flicked it, making a divination.

The results of the dream divination showed that the mausoleum was both dangerous and safe.

How do I interpret this? As Klein pondered, he focused his attention back on Bernadette.

Bernadette took nearly a minute to recover and stopped appearing that weak.

However, she was temporarily unable to interpret the direction of the prophecy from the scene she saw. She could only confirm that the problem was definitely very complicated.

Due to the Eyes of Mystery Prying shattering, there was no way for her to use it to see the various secrets. All she could do was use the Invisible Servant's perception to observe the situation around her.

She realized that Edwards remained silent and motionless when she was unable to control the Invisible Servant, as though he hadn't noticed anything abnormal.

After some thought, Bernadette said to Edwards through the Invisible Servant, "Do you still remember the years you spent in Lenburg?"

Edwards's indifferent blue eyes moved.

"I remember."

"I think…”

At this point, he seemed to recall something. His expression twisted as though he was suffering some indescribable pain.

In such a state, his eyes suddenly glowed with a strange light.

"I think… I think I'm already dead…”

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CHAPTER 1303
COMING TO LIFE

"Already dead…”

Edwards turned his head and looked at Bernadette's Invisible Servant with his light-blue eyes. His gaze was no longer cold and blank. It emitted a strange glint that was filled with disbelief.

It was only at this moment that he seemed to realize that he had long died and had come back to "life." He was no different from William, Poli, and Grimm, who he claimed were individuals who they needed to keep up one's guard against.

This transformation lasted for only two seconds before Edwards's face twisted. His already pale skin rapidly dimmed as it ruptured inch by inch.

Beneath his skin, the red pieces of flesh began to rot at a discernible speed, dripping foul yellow liquid.

With a swoosh, Edwards raised the black axe in his hand.

Oof!

His axe ruthlessly cleaved the top of his head, as though it was trying to stop the bad thoughts that surfaced in his mind.

The axe was heavy and sharp. It tore through Edwards's skull all the way to his glabella.

Drip, drip, drip. Drops of milky-white cerebrospinal fluid dripped down from the axe's blade, sliding across Edwards's grimaced and torn face, as though he had poured some milk onto a bright red strawberry.

"Don't… Don't come near me…” Edwards said in a low and hoarse voice to Bernadette's Invisible Servant after striking himself in the head.

Before he could finish his sentence, his expression returned to its blank state. The look in his eyes gradually turned hollow as he turned around and walked towards the forest.

That thin and shriveled body of his stooped a little, as though his back was hunched.

Bernadette had probed him because of the doubts and concerns she had about entering the mausoleum. All she could do was indirectly determine the problem with Edwards's existence, and see if she could obtain more clues from his answer. She never expected this knight from Roselle's era, who had been famous across the Northern Continent, would react in such an intense and strange manner.

After two seconds of silence, Bernadette made the Invisible Servant say to Edwards's back:

"Your descendants are doing pretty well. All of them are accomplished in a certain sense."

Edwards, whose back was facing the mausoleum, stopped for a moment. Then, he continued forward, passing the invisible boundary and entering the forest.

His target seemed to be in the direction of the cemetery with the stone pillar, the place where the deceased could obtain "new life."

At the same time, Bernadette looked up into the sky.

The faint black colors that permeated the area had clearly faded, but there was an indescribable feeling. The entire primitive island underwent a subtle change that couldn't accurately be described.

Suddenly, Bernadette, who was hiding at the edge of the invisible boundary, rubbed her back.

She felt that it was heavy, as though there was something there.

When her left palm touched her target, Bernadette realized that there was an extra strand of hair.

At this moment, she was wearing an Intis-styled blouse with a large lace flower around the collar, an indigo patterned captain's uniform, a pair of beige trousers, knee-length boots, and a triangular hat with feathers on it. She was dressed like the leader of a pirate ship.

She styled herself such that her long chestnut hair was tied into a bun, leaving the remaining strands in a way that would reach the middle of her back. But now, even though her hairstyle remained unchanged, her hair had grown longer and reached her waist.

Then, Bernadette lowered her head and looked at her right palm. She saw the fingernails of her five fingers extending.

Queen Mystic didn't show any signs of surprise or panic. She followed the instincts of a Clairvoyant and from all the experience she had accumulated over time. She took a few steps forward, and through an invisible boundary, she completely left the primitive forest and entered the empty area where the Black Emperor's mausoleum was.

During this process, Bernadette even made the Invisible Servant return to the spirit world.

Three or four seconds later, she felt the earth shake. The mausoleum began to tremble visibly.

Subconsciously, Bernadette turned to look at the primitive forest.

Her gaze froze for a moment.

The dark-green trees were waving their branches and uprooting their roots. Then, like humans, they approached Bernadette.

The entire primitive forest had come to "life"!

Looking at the dense cluster of trees that seemed to blot out the sky surging at her, Bernadette had the feeling that doomsday was approaching. She felt as if the entire area would be blanketed by the forest.

A gigantic red dragon with flames flowing across its skin rapidly flew into the sky. An eight-legged demonic wolf began to run madly between the trees… All the supernatural beings and mutated creatures on this island stirred as they rushed towards the mausoleum.

Although she was a Clairvoyant, Bernadette still didn't expect that her simple, indirect question would bring about such an anomaly. It was as though it was a key that had opened the door to the abyss.

Above the gray fog, Klein saw a lot more. Together with his knowledge of mysticism, he had a certain guess.

The situation of Edwards is different from William, Grimm, and Poli. It's like a loophole of the order on this primitive island, or rather, a shadow…

When he realized that he was already dead, this loophole was discovered by the order, and it began to conduct "repairs."

And the repairs brought with it an enhancement of the order, causing the entire island to experience an anomaly.

I can sense that the Black Emperor's powers are present here to a certain degree. It affected Edwards, causing him to maintain a portion of his will

after obtaining new "life." And where did the original order of this primitive island come from?

Eh…

As Klein's thoughts raced, he suddenly sensed that Bernadette was suffering certain anomalies.

Thump, thump, thump. Bernadette could vaguely hear her own heartbeat.

This heartbeat was rather chaotic, as though it was a combination of two sounds.

Two… Bernadette's heart stirred as she calmly directed her attention back to herself.

In the next second, she confirmed that there were two sources of her heartbeat.

One came from her heart, the other from her abdomen.

There seemed to be an additional heart in her abdomen, one that was rapidly expanding and contracting.

Furthermore, this "heart" was developing bit by bit!

Without needing to use her Mystery Prying powers to look at her abdomen, Bernadette immediately sensed that there was a fetus in her womb.

It had grown from the size of a grape to the size of a normal human palm. If it was left to grow, it didn't seem like it would take long before it matured. It would then tear open her mother's womb, and drill out while covered in blood.

Unknowingly, Bernadette had become pregnant. Her spiritual perception and the Sealed Artifact on her body had failed to detect it in advance or

attempt to stop it. It was as though she was powerless to deal with such an influence.

Earth Mother… Primordial Moon… Mother Tree of Desire… Three divine names flashed through Bernadette's mind.

According to what she knew, there weren't many mysteries that could cause such an anomaly. Most of them came from domains related to the Earth and the Moon pathway.

Sequence 0 of the Planter pathway was Mother. The Primordial Moon could make a stone have reproductive powers, while the Mother Tree of Desire seemed to possess some High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics of the Moon pathway.

Bernadette wasn't in a hurry to deal with the fetus in her stomach. Her gaze turned dark once again as she used her prophetic ability to see what her best choice was.

This time, she only took one second to obtain the corresponding prophecy:

"Survival lies inside the mausoleum."

Without any hesitation, Bernadette reached out her right hand and quickly drew out words filled with stellar radiance.

These words, which were similar to the words on the Blasphemy Slate, quickly interwove into a strange symbol and opened a secret door that seemed to lead deep into the spirit world.

Following that, the "secret door" opened and a strong gust of wind blew out, transforming into an entity that was half-man, half-air. His upper body was wrapped in white cloth.

"Sage Frontlet," Bernadette's tone was calm as she ordered in a dignified voice.

The man responded respectfully and removed an accessory from the white cloth wrapped around his body.

The core of this accessory was a vertical eye embedded with "diamonds." It shimmered with pure light, exuding an abnormal holiness. It was filled with intelligence, but it also appeared cold without any warmth.

Bernadette then took the accessory and "embedded" it into the middle of her forehead.

This was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact which Bernadette usually didn't carry with her, as the negative effects were too severe.

However, at this moment, the Sage Frontlet had an ability that was extremely important to Bernadette. She was willing to bear the consequences of not being able to use evil magic and the gradual influence that the Beyonder characteristic would have on her as it slowly fused with her.

If she didn't remove the Sage Frontlet in a short period of time, it would be equivalent to having a Sequence 2 potion splashed on her. When the time came, she could either end up lucky and succeed in advancing to become a Sage, or lose control and become a monster. And without the supplementary ingredients and the corresponding ritual, the former's probability was nearly negligible.

With the diamond vertical eye on her forehead, Bernadette's body began to turn incorporeal as she dissociated into a series of complicated knowledge.

In that instant, she became a creature of pure information.

The baby in her womb failed to obtain such a state as it fell to the ground.

It was half the size of a normal baby. It already had facial features and limbs. Its skin was wrinkled, and it was dripping with sticky pus.

As it left its mother's body, the undeveloped "it" began to regress and quickly melted in the air.

The baby was clearly unwilling to give up. It tried its best to open its eyes, which were sealed by the sticky liquid. It opened its mouth wide open in a bid to make a final struggle.

At this moment, Klein, who was above the gray fog, rapped the edge of the long mottled table.

Pa!

He increased the probability of failure with respect to the baby's struggling.

Unable to maintain itself, the baby completely dissipated in front of the approaching black forest.

At the same time, the flood of information that Bernadette had transformed into had entered the Black Emperor mausoleum's interior through the heavy stone door as she reformed her original body.

During this process, she seemed to see a black shadow.

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CHAPTER 1304
THE IMPORTANCE OF IDEAS

When she entered the Black Emperor's mausoleum, Bernadette vaguely saw a black shadow. However, after she extricated herself from being an embodiment of information, and reassembled her body with the pure, messy knowledge, she didn't sense anything. It was as though what she had just experienced was just an illusion.

Queen Mystic wasn't in a rush to venture deep into the mausoleum. She stayed in her spot and carefully observed her surroundings.

Without using the powers of Mystery Prying, everything was clearly presented before her eyes.

The interior of the Black Emperor mausoleum was empty. Apart from the pitch-black walls and the high platform in the middle, there was nothing.

On the high platform, there was a chair that looked like it was prepared for a giant. It was made of iron, and its surface was engraved with complicated and distorted patterns. At the top of the seat, there was a crown-shaped object.

At this moment, there wasn't a single figure on the huge, heavy seat, as if it was waiting for its emperor to return.

Just as Bernadette was about to take a step forward and approach the platform, she suddenly realized that her body was completely immobilized, as if she was being bound tightly by invisible shackles.

Right on the heels of that, pairs of illusory and holy white wings appeared behind her as though they were passively resisting something.

In the next second, on the pairs of angel wings, white feathers dropped as they fluttered. They grew deformed, thin, and fluffy limbs. The gaps in the layers of feathers spread open one after another as though they had become countless eyes.

The deformed feathers immediately let out crisp laughter, causing a hollow chuckle to echo inside the mausoleum.

All of them had come alive, turning into miniature "winged creatures."

This reminded Bernadette of some fairytales that her father had told her. There were always little pixies that weren't as big as a thumb in them.

As this thought flashed through her mind, Bernadette felt her right eye itch.

The eyelashes of that eye grew rapidly, turning into tiny arms that took root on her face, trying hard to pull her eyeball out.

"I see it! I see it!" The veins in Bernadette's right eye protruded as they let out a child-like voice as though they had gained sentience and consciousness of her body.

This was also a form of new "life."

Almost at the same time, Bernadette's left ear suddenly drooped down and covered her ears.

"I don't want to hear it! I don't want to hear it!" the ear shouted with a sharp voice.

If she didn't use her spirituality, Bernadette would definitely imagine that she had a young maiden by her side—one that was covering her ears, stamping her feet, and screaming.

Without cushioning anything, the Sage Frontlet in the middle of her forehead automatically left her body and floated into the air.

The surface of the vertical eye embedded with "diamonds" instantly flashed with countless cold beams of light. It was as though numerous tiny eyes had grown out of it.

Each eye reflected Bernadette.

The Sage Frontlet had also obtained a certain living characteristic.

Just as the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was about to awaken and affect its target, a pale-white, slender, illusory palm reached out and grabbed it.

The Sage Frontlet's living characteristic rapidly dispersed, as though it had reached the end of its life.

The ice-cold and pale hand that clearly belonged to a woman came from behind Bernadette. At some point in time, a figure with only an upper-body appeared.

This figure grew out of Bernadette's back. It was almost transparent and rather illusory.

She was wearing the same clothing as Bernadette, and she was wearing the same feather triangular hat. Her blue eyes were like the projection of the ocean. It was like Bernadette herself, a part of her spirit that had drilled out of her body.

However, there was a pale-white face mask on Bernadette's half-body phantom.

The mask only had holes where one's eyes were with no other gaps elsewhere. This made Bernadette's phantom appear extremely cold and noble, but it lacked the aura of a living being.

This was the third item she possessed, and also her last Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. It was an item made after Emperor Roselle returned from the Southern Continent in his later years, called "Pale Death."

Its negative effect was to make the wearer slowly die until it became a corpse and become its slave.

At this moment, Bernadette had used this point to restrain the abnormal life growing in her.

Just as the half-body phantom appeared, her right eye quelled. Her eyelashes which had turned thicker and longer into arms began to fall off one by one.

Her ears didn't make any noises either. They slowly opened and returned to normal.

Without such a suppression, Bernadette's facial features, arms, and legs would've broken apart to seek "freedom."

After stabilizing her body, Bernadette tried to take a step forward. However, she was still unable to do anything. All she could do was control the half-bodied Spirit Body.

After some thought, she made the Spirit Body behind her take out a ritual silver dagger from her pocket. Then, bending down, it drew a circle in the middle of her right boot.

With a ripping sound, the leather boot quickly shortened by half.

Then, Bernadette used her half-body Spirit Body to tear her pants near her left knee. She cut off a corner of her coat and blouse, removing one of the feathers on the side of her triangular hat.

This attempt didn't seem to have anything to do with supernatural beings. It was just like a willful and rebellious girl who wanted to dress up in a

different way from the normal sense of aesthetics.

However, as Bernadette completed this series of actions, she carefully took a step forward. Her body could actually move, as she no longer felt restrained.

The invisible suppression effect vanished instantly. The Black Emperor mausoleum seemed to accept Bernadette in this form.

Who would've thought that something an ordinary person could do was able to deal with such abnormalities?

Furthermore, Bernadette suspected that the more she used her Beyonder powers to resist whatever she was facing, the deeper the effects.

This was because she had the feeling that she was facing an invisible deity. Only by pleasing the other party's sense of aesthetics could she be pardoned. Otherwise, she could only rely on the authority of a Sequence 0 to circle around it.

In addition, the lucky thing was that Bernadette wasn't once a knowledgeable Mysticologist, but she also had a deep understanding of the Black Emperor pathway. She knew what the authorities this domain consisted of. She knew that it represented the shadow of order, a distortion of order.

That was why Bernadette twisted the normal order around her using her dressing; thus, obtaining the recognition and acceptance of the invisible deity.

Yes, in the matter regarding mysticism, knowledge and ideas are more useful than abilities at times… In that situation just now, any resistance would've been viewed as a provocation towards the internal order of the mausoleum, triggering unpredictable and terrifying changes. Once one figures out the crux of the problem, the negative effects will be easily

resolved… Klein nodded above the gray fog and learned quite a lot from Queen Mystic.

Although he was already a Sequence higher than her, to the point of being a King of Angels inside Sefirah Castle and having experienced quite a number of major events, his growth had been too fast. He was still lacking when it came to the details in problems. Now was the perfect time to make up for the deficiency through observation.

After taking a step, Bernadette began to follow her spiritual intuition and walk toward the huge, empty chair on the platform.

One step, two steps, three steps. Suddenly, a breeze blew past her neck.

This cold wind made Bernadette's body turn numb.

At that moment, she felt a black shadow appear behind her.

Silently, her long chestnut-colored hair parted, revealing a pair of eyes on her scalp.

It was a pair of eyes without any eyelashes. They were almost transparent, cold, and heartless.

Eyes of Mystery Prying!

The pair of eyes turned slightly and saw that the shadow-like curtain in the mysterious world showed clear signs of distortion.

However, it didn't notice the shadow, nor did it find the source of the cold wind.

Just as Bernadette attempted to close the Eyes of Mystery Pryer and lower the possibility of an accident, the cold and sinister breeze suddenly appeared in her mind.

Her thoughts became active as she became increasingly out of control. She was unable to direct her thoughts in the required manner.

This seemed to be a trend that couldn't be changed—one that led to chaos.

Without any hesitation, Bernadette grabbed the few seconds of thought she was capable of. She let the half-body spirit on her back remove the pale-white mask.

Then, she put Pale Death on her face, while the half-body spirit retracted into her body and fused with her.

From this second onwards, Bernadette's thoughts would gradually die along with her body. However, her thoughts could not help but stir and turn chaotic.

Both of these conflicting conditions offset one another, forming a weak and delicate balance that helped Bernadette regain her ability to think.

To Bernadette, compared to the Beyonder effects of Pale Death itself, its negative effects were even more effective at this moment.

Maintaining the balance, Bernadette took a few steps forward.

During this process, she always felt that there were shadows hovering around her, but she couldn't find them no matter how hard she tried.

After thinking for a few seconds, Bernadette's blue eyes darkened once again, losing focus.

She tried prophesying the consequences of her choice.

Soon, a corresponding scene appeared before her eyes:

After putting on the Sage Frontlet again, she once again transformed into pure and complicated information streams, using it to circumvent the

obstruction and head to the high platform in the middle.

However, just as she approached, the flood of information suddenly disintegrated. It lost its order and formed several Bernadettes built on different tenets. There was a young girl in a layered dress, a tall young girl, a melancholic and confused girl, a woman with a twisted and pained expression, and a calm and determined queen.

The prophetic vision instantly disappeared and Bernadette's eyes instantly regained focus.

At this moment, she saw the black shadow.

It was standing right in front of her, no more than a fist away from her!

That face formed from pure shadow completely occupied her vision.

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CHAPTER 1305
THAT BLACK SHADOW

The moment Bernadette saw the black shadow, she instinctively clenched her right hand and conjured an ancient spear.

From the tip of the spear to its handle, it was dyed with crimson red balls. It emitted a strong destructive aura, as though it could harm a true deity.

Spear of Longinus!

This spear had once appeared in an ancient era that couldn't be traced back, stained with the blood of a great existence. At this moment, it had descended into the Black Emperor's mausoleum through Mystical Re-enactment.

However, when Bernadette thrust it forward, she failed to achieve any effects because the tip of the spear was directed at her back.

Despite wanting to attack the black shadow in front of her, the Spear of Longinus had strangely thrust backward.

The area had been affected by "disorder," or suffered some form of distortion.

Above the gray fog in the palace, Klein noticed the black shadow when it appeared in front of Bernadette. He didn't hesitate to raise the Staff of the Stars in his hand.

He didn't wait this time, unlike his prior observations of Queen Mystic's actions before where he would consider if he would provide her with

protection. This was because the level of danger of the black shadow sounded off alarms within him. He was an angel of the Seer pathway after all.

More importantly, Bernadette could sense the shadow's existence after entering the Black Emperor's mausoleum from time to time. As for Klein, he was unable to find clues through the true vision provided by Sefirah Castle.

This undoubtedly meant danger and terror.

When all the gems embedded in the black cane lit up, the sound of melodious bells resounded in the area where Bernadette and the black shadow were.

Gong!

The bell that came from an infinite distance exuded an indescribable emptiness. It made the interior of the Black Emperor's mausoleum visibly freeze, turning Bernadette's figure stiff as if she had been frozen. She couldn't do anything.

However, the black shadow didn't sink into the vortex of time. As though situated in another world built with completely different fundamental rules, the shadow continued moving forward in between the contradictory of two rivers of fate—one filled with raging torrents and one that was almost completely still.

This only made it appear to slow down, in no way affected by the illusory bell.

This was the first time Klein had encountered such a situation after he gained the ability to replicate powers.

Although the Beyonder effects he had replicated with the Staff of the Stars were lacking compared to the original version, it would still be able to show

a certain level of authority that wasn't easy to ignore regardless.

However, the black shadow's slow movements gave him a second chance to try again.

This time, he activated the Staff of the Stars's powers and moved Queen Mystic out of the Black Emperor's mausoleum. He wanted her to first conclude what she experienced before considering entering again.

Gems flashed on the tip of the staff, and Bernadette, who was almost about to make contact with the black shadow, disappeared into thin air.

In the next second, she appeared tens of meters away, appearing near the high platform in the mausoleum.

The Staff of the Stars's teleportation was disrupted. The destination had been distorted, turning everything extremely chaotic.

The experienced Bernadette didn't feel any fear or panic because she was stuck inside the Black Emperor mausoleum. She decisively raised her left hand and pressed the Sage Frontlet in the middle of her forehead as she used her fingers to stroke the Pale Death mask.

The shimmering golden mask suddenly became soft and rapidly squirmed as if it was about to form a face that didn't belong to Bernadette.

The face had soft features and obvious characteristics of a Southern Continent native, but it exuded a bizarre and terrifying feeling. Anyone who witnessed it would believe that it would come alive once the face became clear enough—an entity that came from ancient times, the eternal darkness where the dead slumbered.

By then, Bernadette's body, spirituality, and consciousness would all belong to this face.

With the protrusion of this face, the stone walls and floor tiles in the Black Emperor mausoleum began to weather. It happened so fast that thousands of years appeared to be washed away in a short span of two seconds.

They quickly became mottled, constantly dropping fragments or throwing up dust due to the wind. In between the cracks, thin white fur grew out.

In just the blink of an eye, the fur grew into white feathers, and their surface seemed to be soaked in light-yellow oil.

The aura of the black figure gradually weakened, as though it was running towards death with huge strides.

Its color faded away, its movements growing slower.

Within the area where the pale-white mask was, even the concept of "death" itself would weather away and dissipate.

However, what was labeled as "death" wasn't the endpoint. When the stone wall and the floor tiles in the mausoleum were weathered to a certain extent, and when the black figure degraded to a certain stage, new stone blocks began to take form as ethereal auras quickly grew.

During this process, the black figure stretched out his right hand.

This palm that was formed from shadows suddenly grabbed Bernadette's neck from dozens of meters away!

This wasn't fulfilled by extending the arm, but distorting the concept of distance for an instant—45 meters became equivalent to 45 centimeters.

The dark palm didn't exert too much strength, but it made Bernadette feel cold.

Under such coldness, she realized that she couldn't use the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts of the Sage Frontlet and Pale Death.

Typically, as long as she injected her spirituality into it and gave the corresponding thoughts, the Sealed Artifacts on her would react in the correct manner, creating different effects. But now, the silent process and rules had been disrupted and distorted. No amount of thoughts that Bernadette willed were able to stir the Sealed Artifacts.

It felt like she was speaking to the air.

Klein, who was above the gray fog, didn't waste any time after failing to teleport Queen Mystic away. A series of complicated symbols and magic labels quickly formed in his mind.

He wanted to replicate a Secrets Sorcerer's "Space Concealment." He planned on separating Bernadette's location from the Black Emperor's mausoleum and concealing it to help Queen Mystic escape her current predicament.

In fact, it might be more appropriate replicating the fairytale magic, Peace Blossom Source, but considering how Bernadette was formerly a Mysticologist, Klein felt that it was better to use Space Concealment. Otherwise, it might expose some of The Fool's secrets.

As for where he had learned "Space Concealment" from, it naturally came from the recently advanced Fors.

Previously, in the name of The World Gehrman Sparrow, Klein had rented Leymano's Travels. He had also requested Miss Magician to "Record" the corresponding powers.

Then, he released and recorded it while summoning the complete Leymano's Travels from the fog of history again and again. It didn't take long for him to grasp the knowledge and technique, allowing him to replicate "Spatial Concealment."

As more gems lit up on the Staff of the Stars, the area around Bernadette darkened, as though it was covered by a curtain weaved by shadows.

The curtain distorted as it concealed the space, isolating the black shadow and its palm outside.

This helped Bernadette regain her freedom.

In the next second, the black palm that had been forcefully separated reached forward again and touched the boundary of the concealed space.

In an instant, a transparent vortex-like "door" appeared in the abnormal void. Or rather, the secret "door" that originally existed appeared autonomously and opened up in front of the black palm.

All concealed space had a "door," but the location of the door depended on the creator's thoughts.

The palm formed by the shadows rapidly passed through the open "door" and entered the concealed space. It grabbed Bernadette's neck and once again disrupted the connection between Queen Mystic and her Sealed Artifact, distorting the corresponding order.

At the same time, the black figure raised its head and looked at the top of the mausoleum.

It seemed to be studying Sefirah Castle and Klein through layers of space and fog.

Klein's eyelids twitched instinctively.

He sensed that the shadow had a certain understanding of where he was and felt that it was distorting something.

Klein's expression unknowingly turned abnormally heavy. The different gems on the Staff of the Stars lit up at the same time.

He wanted to attempt to steal the corresponding Beyonder powers of the other party. Only by doing so would he have the chance to restrict the black

shadow.

And in order to increase the success rate of stealing his target's powers, Klein turned his left palm and tapped the edge of the long mottled table.

However, his "theft" failed. He didn't even get anything.

His target had long since escaped the lock-on, despite just standing there!

Klein's gaze froze. Then, he saw the black figure flash and enter the concealed space, closing the distance between it and Bernadette.

This… It distorted my true vision, causing the situation I saw to be from one or even two seconds ago… A thought flashed through Klein's mind as he made a preliminary judgment on the previous failure. He then decided to summon Will Auceptin's historical projection to get "Him" to reboot the area.

At that moment, Bernadette, who was unable to use her Sealed Artifact, grew white, illusory swan feathers on her back.

This was her fairytale magic's "Ugly Duckling." It could make Bernadette reveal an incomplete Mythical Creature form while maintaining her clarity of mind. Should could use it twice a day, with each use lasting fifteen seconds.

At this moment, her thoughts went wild again. They started to boil and become more chaotic.

This caused her "Ugly Duckling" magic to be cut off before it could even show its effects.

Almost at the same time, she saw the black shadow stick to her body. It was sticky like a viscous, corrosive liquid that seeped into her body.

Bernadette's eyes darkened as she suddenly sensed something. She grabbed the final moment of lucidity and opened her mouth slightly, speaking in a fluent Chinese accent:

"Home…”

The black shadow's infiltration paused for a moment. Its upper body slowly rose as it looked at Bernadette.

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CHAPTER 1306
SEAL

The black figure froze as it released its grip on Bernadette's neck. It was as though it was staring at Queen Mystic with its non-existent eyes.

A dry, hoarse voice echoed in the concealed space:

"Home…”

This voice was filled with hesitation and confusion as though it was seeking confirmation. It was as if it had come from another world.

The corrosion that Bernadette encountered vanished. Her connection with the Sealed Artifact was instantly restored.

Pale Death once again ate at her vitality little by little. This helped her resist the chaos in her thoughts, maintaining her basic clarity and rationality.

Just as she was about to say something, the black figure suddenly stretched out its palm.

But this time, it didn't strangle Bernadette's neck, but instead, it pushed her hard.

Following this push was the collapse of the concealed space. It was a voice filled with pain as though it was resisting something.

"Leave!"

As the voice echoed, the black figure vanished.

In an instant, it appeared on the huge, black, high-backed chair in the middle of the platform.

Two cracks appeared on its face, as though two asymmetrical eyes had grown out.

However, the "eyes" didn't have any pupils. It was blood-colored.

Right on the heels of that, another crack appeared beneath the two "eyes." They too were filled with a pure, blood-red light.

This allowed the black figure to finally open its mouth.

It faced Bernadette as obvious sounds of pain resounded around it as though it was resisting something.

"Leave this place!"

After being pushed out more than ten meters away, Bernadette easily found her footing. However, she didn't follow the voice's order by leaving the Black Emperor's mausoleum. She stood there, staring blankly at the central platform. As she looked at the black figure, her expression revealed an unspeakable sadness.

She could sense and now confirm that the black figure was her father, the man who called himself Caesar—Roselle Gustav.

In the next second, more cracks appeared on the black figure's body. They ruptured from top to bottom, blooming blood-red flowers in different parts of his body.

This made Roselle look like he was left with a shadow that wrapped around a blood-red object that emitted pure light.

When Klein saw this scene above the gray fog, he naturally thought of the crimson moon high in the sky.

At that moment, Roselle seemed to have transformed into a shadow. He wanted to block the crimson moon, but openings ruptured from his body, allowing more and more moonlight to shine into the real world.

When these openings were connected together, the black shadow would completely split apart and give birth to a brand new crimson moon.

When that happened, something extremely terrifying would definitely happen.

At that moment, Roselle's black figure turned much more illusory, as though it had become an illusion.

This made him look like he had been isolated in another world. There was an invisible barrier between him and the real world.

Then, Roselle raised his right arm with great difficulty and pinched his forehead.

The frequency at which blood-red cracks appeared on his body instantly decreased to a nadir. However, the "eyes" that had already appeared blinked repeatedly.

However, this didn't bring any negative effects on the surroundings. It was as though it was just a simple change of order. The new "growth" of blood-red cracks was constantly being distorted to its original state of only having gradual activity.

After completing this, Roselle raised his head and looked at Bernadette who was dozens of meters away. He said with a hoarse voice, "You really have become an important figure in the mysterious world. You managed to come here alone.

"Come over, let me see how my little princess has grown."

Bernadette's eyes reddened as she took a step forward.

Roselle laughed again.

"Back when I made sketchbooks, textbooks, and invented all kinds of small games for you, you were just a tiny midget. Now, you're able to save your poor old father.

"I remember that you liked the clothes I designed for you when you were young. Unfortunately, you can't wear layered dresses after you're an adult…”

The Emperor rambled on, as if he had arrived in his twilight years and was someone who enjoyed reminiscing about the beautiful past.

Bernadette walked faster and faster. Above the gray fog, Klein frowned indiscernibly.

Suddenly, Emperor Roselle lowered his head and said with great force, "Stop!"

His voice carried an indescribable pain.

Bernadette was stunned for a moment before she slowed down and stopped.

She looked at the dark figure and her eyes gradually revealed an indescribable sadness.

Roselle raised his head again and coughed lightly.

"Didn't you really want to ask why the Black Emperor's mausoleum has to be engraved with the order one implemented and the style that one ushered? In fact, this wasn't necessary. I just wanted to let anyone who sees it remember my greatness…”

Before he could finish his sentence, the Emperor gripped the armrest by his side tightly. He suppressed his voice and said in extreme pain, "Don't come near me!

"I've been corrupted…”

The sadness in Bernadette's eyes deepened.

Her guess had finally been confirmed.

At that moment, the red cracks on Roselle's face began to turn chaotic. They "closed" and "opened" randomly with no signs of having a unified will.

The Emperor took the opportunity and straightened his body. He looked at Bernadette and shouted with great difficulty, "Seal me!"

Seal.… Queen Mystic Bernadette repeated the word silently. Her blue eyes quickly turned moist as a faint mist enveloped them.

Even though she had lived for many years and was no longer the little girl she had been in the past, she was still unable to contain her emotions.

However, she didn't ask for the reason, nor did she hesitate. With just a slight struggle, she firmly raised her right hand and pressed it on the pale-white metal mask.

She calmly made a decision, just like how she had faced all the major events that happened on the Element Dawn over the years.

On the surface of Pale Death, the metal instantly turned soft as it reformed into a new face with two black eyes.

In the deep-black parts of the eye, white lines appeared, forming an extremely complicated and mysterious three-dimensional symbol. It was like a long-feathered bird or a coiled feathered serpent.

The symbol absorbed the surrounding light and quickly turned corporeal. Then, it separated from Bernadette's eyes and extended its "body" before flying towards Roselle Gustav on the iron-black chair.

Along the way, the strange symbol caused the surroundings to become increasingly dim. The floor tiles and stone walls suffered another round of weathering as if the deity in charge of death had passed the final judgment.

The falling rubble and flying dust followed the corporeal symbol and came to Roselle's side. Then, they coiled around him, enveloping the illusory black figure that seemed to exist in another world.

During this process, Roselle failed to control himself several times. He attempted to leave the iron-black chair, but he ended sitting back down. He didn't resist the seal that Bernadette had exerted on him.

As the symbol fused with his figure, he immediately had a connection with Pale Death. He saw the illusory deity that lorded over the countless undead and the swollen body of a water ghosts loitering in a dark river.

Roselle's aura immediately vanished as the cracked red openings closed one after another.

What awaited the Emperor was a quiet and peaceful sleep.

As for the symbol, it was sealed within Roselle's body, constantly influencing him until Pale Death stopped responding.

In the blink of an eye, several blood-red cracks appeared on Roselle's body again. After his aura declined to a nadir, it gradually began to glow as he fought back against the corporeal symbol.

Klein, who was above the gray fog, sighed when he saw this. He clenched his fist and pressed it against his mouth.

The "curtain" he draped around himself suddenly rose up, and the entire Sefirah Castle "boiled over" in an obvious manner.

Silently, the aura of new life that Roselle had just obtained began to dissipate.

After vanishing to a certain point, it gained new life once again. Then, it was affected by the Pale Death and continued to fade away.

Using the power of the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic and Sefirah Castle, Klein directly "Grafted" new life and death, and skipped the process in between.

The corruption that Roselle suffered was no longer able to recover to the extent needed to break through the pale seal.

Following that, Klein extended his right hand and used the power of Sefirah Castle to draw out the mysterious symbol behind The Fool's high-back chair —the mysterious symbol made up of the Pupil-less Eye and the Contorted Lines.

The symbol absorbed the aura of Sefirah Castle and quickly turned corporeal. With a wave of Klein's wrist, it entered the prayer light representing Bernadette and landed on Roselle's black figure, fusing into his body.

Every time the "Grafting" vanished, this symbol that was directly related to The Fool and Sefirah Castle would draw upon new powers and complete the "Grafting" process once more.

As he constantly passed away and gained new life, Roselle's face, which seemed to be a pure shadow, obtained facial features. Then, he looked to the top of the mausoleum, as though he was looking into an infinite height.

He then retracted his gaze and looked at Bernadette. He said with an abnormally weak voice, "This seal is good. I can sleep in peace…”

With that said, he frowned slightly as his tone changed:

"Who taught you how to dress like this?"

Bernadette felt a little lost as she listened. It was as if she had returned to her teenage years.

At that time, when she had dressed up to the nines for a ball held by other nobles. Roselle would use a similar expression and a similar tone to pepper her with a series of questions.

The mist in her eyes became obvious, and she could no longer control herself. She lowered her voice and shouted, "Daddy…”

Roselle's facial features immediately turned gentle before tensing up again. He sternly said, "Leave.

"And never return!"

Bernadette opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but her vision went black as though she could see the shadow of order.

In the next second, she found herself back at the edge of the primitive island.

Bernadette stared blankly at the mountain peak in the middle of the primitive island for a few seconds before slowly turning around and walking towards the sea.

This time, she didn't stubbornly insist on walking straight without looking back. Every few steps she took, she would stop and turn back to take a look.

Soon, she returned to the Dawn and entered the captain's cabin. She opened the room that was specially used to hold her collection.

At a glance, Bernadette saw books, stacks of textbooks, clothes, and skirts. She saw the chess game that few people in the world knew, and the neat pile of wooden block toys.

She leaned against the wooden door, slowly curled up, and sat on the floor.

She raised her head to look at the dark sky outside the captain's cabin and pinched her lips with her right thumb and index finger. She whistled a melodious tune—it was a gentle, sweet, and sad melody that could calm people down.

As the melody echoed, water beads fell from Bernadette's face and dripped onto the floor.

After an unknown period of time, the captain's cabin was filled with a suppressed whimper.

"Daddy…”

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CHAPTER 1307
MEETING

In the middle of the primitive island, in the Black Emperor mausoleum.

After sending away Bernadette, Roselle didn't immediately fall into a deep sleep. He slowly raised his head and looked up once again into the infinite distance.

Above the gray fog, Klein sighed silently. He put down the Staff of the Stars and grabbed a paper figurine before shaking it.

With a smacking sound, the paper figurine rapidly thickened and expanded before flying into the translucent vortex formed from illusory mysterious symbols beside The Fool's chair.

Although Bernadette had already moved to the edge of the primitive island and Klein could no longer see the situation inside the Black Emperor mausoleum through the prayer light. However, he could use the symbol of The Fool that had merged with Roselle's figure to maintain a connection with the Emperor up to a certain extent.

After the paper figurine passed through the slowly spinning vortex, it descended into the dim mausoleum which had an unknown light source. It then turned into a human in front of the central platform.

This human's black hair and brown eyes were somewhat similar to Gehrman Sparrow's, but he didn't have clear-cut features. The lines weren't deep enough, and his bearing wasn't cold enough. There were also certain differences in his facial features. His chin and stomach had a small amount of fat induced by an indulgent society. It was Klein's original appearance as

Zhou Mingrui, the Zhou Mingrui who had been hanging inside Sefirah Castle for thousands of years beside Roselle Huang Tao Gustav.

Roselle wasn't surprised by his appearance. With one hand on the armrest, he leaned forward slightly and said, "You're here."

"I'm here." Klein nodded indiscernibly.

"You shouldn't be here." Roselle sighed.

"I'm already here." Klein very naturally participated in completing the meme populated by a popular Chinese novel by Gu Long.

Having completely confirmed the origins of the fellow in front of him, Roselle returned to his normal sitting posture, chuckling as he said, "I originally planned on asking where you're from to see there's any need for regional discrimination[1], but after some thought, there's no need for that. We're all anachronistic miserable wretches without a home."

Without waiting for Klein's reply, the Emperor's voice sank as he asked, "You know the truth about the apocalypse?"

"Yes." Klein nodded slightly.

Roselle continued asking, "You know that this is Earth?"

"Yes," Klein answered frankly.

When Roselle heard that, he laughed self-deprecatingly.

"You actually learned about it so early. I only dared to confirm it after I went to the moon and saw the true appearance of this planet from high above."

At this point, the Emperor sighed and said, "The moon is bizarre. I clearly felt terror, but I didn't even consider the possibility of being corrupted.

Then, I became more and more extreme.

"However, I did occasionally gain a certain level of clarity from the views of people around me, but I didn't dare to write it in the diary in that state. I was afraid of exposing secrets and losing my final chance.

"I eventually decided to use all the groundwork I did previously to switch to the Black Emperor pathway. Apart from the impending apocalypse with Sequence 0s being the only ones capable of protecting the people 'They' wish to protect, 'They' can hide them in other planets in the vast universe and use the corresponding authorities to rebuild a set of order for humans to survive in desolate lands. I also saw the hope of escaping my corruption, by using the Black Emperor's ability to 'resurrect.'

"As long as I became a Sequence 0 Black Emperor and was truly killed after turning half-crazy, I'd have the chance of resurrecting in the mausoleum or in the astral world. When that happened, what would return to me would be a pure Uniqueness and three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. I wouldn't be tainted at all, nor will I contain an uncontrollable madness.

"Speaking of which, I made use of the Eternal Blazing Sun and the God of Steam and Machinery to a certain extent back then.

"But the horror of the Great Old Ones far exceeded my imagination. Accompanying my revival was a new life of corruption… Perhaps only Great Old Ones can resist Great Old Ones.

"I could only terminate the revival process, and live such an ignoble existence in my final mausoleum to prevent the Great Old One from using my body to be born in the real world. That would've brought about a devastating disaster."

Klein had long guessed Emperor Roselle's condition based on what he knew and what had just happened. He wasn't surprised at all as he calmly replied, "The one who corrupted you is called the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

'She' has bewitched many believers as the embodiment of the Primordial Moon."

The facial features that appeared faintly on Roselle's face immediately changed.

He fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "I know the Primordial Moon, but I didn't know that 'Her' true honorific name is the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

"Now that I think about it, my discovery of Mr. Door's cry for help might not have been a coincidence…"

Upon hearing this, Klein was alarmed. He instantly recalled the situations happening off-island. He had some sort of premonition about what Emperor Roselle was about to say.

Roselle laughed and sighed.

"The biggest problem in the first half of my life was that I was too confident. I always had the feeling that I could reload a save file and redo things. I didn't pay enough attention to the details.

"Back then, Grimm was corrupted by the strange powers on this island. He returned here after dying and regained new life. Isn't this the influence of the Primordial Moon? After I finished all sorts of investigations and did the corresponding purifications, I felt that I was fine. But in fact, fate might've undergone a tiny change at that moment. This resulted in me encountering Mr. Door later, and was slowly guided to the moon by 'Him'…

"You can't blame Mr. Door. 'His' condition might be worse than mine."

Does the Emperor mean that he has been targeted by the Mother Goddess of Depravity the moment he discovered this primitive island? Klein sighed.

"At that time, who would've thought that the problem would be so serious?"

Before Sequence 2, understanding the cosmos and the Great Old Ones led to terrifying corruption. And without understanding it, one wouldn't be able to accurately determine how serious the problem or what kind of patchwork was needed subsequently when faced with certain situations. This made Roselle treat this primitive island as his secret base; thus not informing existences that had the right to understand the Outer Deities, Great Old Ones, and Cosmos.

"That's right." Roselle seemed to be very gratified that he had committed a mistake that almost anyone would make.

He then said, "In that ancient and secretive organization, there was almost no mention of the Great Old Ones or Outer Deities."

At that moment, Roselle paused for a moment before saying, "You should've read my diary. You should know what the ancient and hidden organization represents."

Klein nodded.

"I know which organization it is referring to. I never expected that you wouldn't dare mention the name of 'His' organization after having the level of a Sequence 0."

"I have a nagging feeling that 'He' isn't simple. 'He' might have an understanding of the Outer Deities that far exceeds our imagination, so it's better to be more careful. After all, I'm not a complete Sequence 0 true god." After Roselle said this simple sentence, his brows suddenly furrowed. "How much of my diary did you read?"

If the atmosphere wasn't that heavy and sorrowful, Klein would definitely find it irresistible to reply with "the taste of a Demoness ain't bad" as a way to tease his fellow Earthling.

Finally, he replied calmly, "Plenty."

After saying the word, he casually added, "I even found a few Cards of Blasphemy."

"Which ones?" Roselle blurted out.

Klein controlled the paper figurine's expression from above the gray fog and said in a flat tone, "Black Emperor, Tyrant, Red Priest, and The Fool."

"Phew…" Roselle exhaled as the faint crease on his brows eased. "Thankfully, it's not the Demoness, The Moon, and the Mother card."

You had to mention it yourself… Klein didn't respond as he looked at the Emperor without a change in expression.

After Roselle said that, he realized something and hurriedly coughed.

"Well we've all watched live-streams, so you should know very well how normal it is to cross-dress…"

As he spoke, he coughed again and sighed.

"Which pathway are you from?"

"Seer," Klein replied succinctly.

Roselle immediately fell silent. After a few seconds, he said, "Unfortunately, if everything is fine and dandy, you should be responsible for pulling out a large-screen television and a game console from the Historical Void. We can chat while playing. That's a romantic dream of us men."

Unfortunately, there's no electricity. I have to rely on you to invent it… Klein didn't voice out his thoughts. He maintained his tone and said, "I hope such a day will come."

Then, he pulled the topic back on track.

"I'm very curious why the Card of Blasphemy you created can't even be found by deities? Such a level of anti-divination and anti-prophecy is amazing."

Roselle immediately chuckled.

"It's because knowledge can bring power, and power can also bestow knowledge. This is the authority of a Knowledge Emperor.

"After I infused the potion formula of the twenty-two pathways with power, they naturally produced the convergence powers between Beyonder characteristics. They also gained anti-divination and anti-prophecy effects to a certain extent.

"And then…”

As he spoke, Roselle suddenly paused, as though he had sensed something amiss.

After one or two seconds, he said in an ethereal voice, "The creation of the Card of Blasphemy was a year before I held the Black Emperor ritual. Back then, I had already suffered the corruption of the Primordial Moon, and I didn't have the corresponding realization most of the time.

"Why can the twenty-two cards not be found by deities?"

Upon hearing this question above the gray fog, Klein's heart tightened as he felt his scalp tingle again.

Without waiting for his response from the paper figurine, Roselle's voice suddenly raised, bringing with it an indescribable fear.

"Don't gather the twenty-two cards!

"Be careful of the Mother card!"

These two sentences echoed in the deep interior of the Black Emperor mausoleum for a long time.

[1] Something common in China. Instead of being "racist," they look down on people from poorer regions.

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CHAPTER 1308
GOODBYE

Above the gray fog, Klein's pupils instantly widened as he subconsciously looked down at the long mottled table in front of him.

There were four Cards of Blasphemy with different patterns on the back.

At that moment, he felt a little scared and relieved. He felt as though he had been wandering about on the edge of the abyss while blindfolded, but he never fell.

If he had done his best to gather all the Card of Blasphemy, or had obtained the Mother card, with the way how he liked to put the different cards in his body to obtain the corresponding levels and special characteristics, he might've already been corrupted by the Mother Goddess of Depravity, or be pregnant with something.

However, I'm not Roselle. Even if I have the Mother card, I probably wouldn't have done so. Furthermore, in order to prevent the deities from finding it, Cards of Blasphemy are extremely difficult to gather. It's almost impossible to gather all of them… From the looks of it, this is a casual arrangement made by the Mother Goddess of Depravity. If anyone were to unfortunately obtain the Mother card, they would become one of the latent dangers in this world… Klein retracted his gaze and continued using his stand-in Paper Figurine Substitutes to look at Roselle Gustav who was sitting on the black iron seat.

At that moment, Roselle raised his body slightly. His voice was sometimes low and sometimes high-pitched.

"Everything has godhood in them…

"The Oldest One is still alive, alive in everyone's bodies!"

Klein frowned slightly. He didn't know if the one speaking was Roselle or the crimson moon in his body.

Not only did he have a certain level of understanding regarding such secrets, he had also personally experienced it before. Thus, he wasn't that horrified or panicked. He only recalled the teachings of the Aurora Order he had seen in the past:

They promoted the belief that the Creator was omnipresent and existed in every living being's body. Therefore, all living beings had godhood. Once godhood reached a certain concentration, they could become an angel. And the current orthodox deities are nothing more than slightly stronger angels. To ordinary people, as long as one was able to grasp that the essence of life was a spiritual travel, and tempered one's mind, strengthen one's spirit, and find their own godhood, as well as fuse with more godhoods, one would be able to escape their mortal coils and become an angel.

Back then, I felt that a cult like the Aurora Order had a complete set of mysticism and religious canon, just like the orthodox Churches, but now, I can interpret the truth underlying these words… From a certain point of view, it's true. The only problem is that after fusing with more godhoods, they might no longer be themselves… The True Creator actually placed the deepest secrets of this world into "His" teachings. Isn't "He" afraid that a believer might suddenly have an epiphany and learn of the underground corruption, eventually becoming a vessel for the Oldest One's revival? This Hanged Man really is a little crazy. "He" doesn't have much rationality most of the time… Klein mumbled inwardly as he waited for Roselle to say more.

Two to three seconds later, Roselle, who had been in a cycle of slumber and the obtaining of new life, sat back on his iron-black throne. He panted and didn't say a word.

Klein then controlled the paper figurine to say, "Which of the words that you have just said should be trusted, and which ones should I be wary of?"

Roselle chortled.

"Consider the answer yourself."

"Heh, isn't that how you Seers like to speak?"

He didn't wait for Klein's reply as he continued, "When I created the Pale Death mask, I sensed something: The Death of the Fourth Epoch might not have completely perished. 'He' might've left a hidden trump card for being revived. It might involve the River of Eternal Darkness. Heh heh, Death will definitely not die so easily…"

With that said, Roselle looked at Klein, who stood at the foot of the platform.

"Indeed, only by choosing the Seer, Apprentice, or Marauder pathway can a transmigrator enter Sefirah Castle. By the time I figured out this factor, it was already way too late.

"I don't know if you want to become a Great Old One or not, nor do I know if this requires a ritual. I can only tell you that this is definitely more dangerous than becoming a deity—countless times more dangerous. Perhaps the existence who stored us and threw us back into the real world is waiting for you there.

"The only suggestion I can give you is to communicate with the Genie of the Magic Wishing Lamp before you make any attempts."

Genie? Using the grudge between "Him" and the Celestial Worthy to obtain certain assistance? Klein nodded slightly and said, "Okay."

After hearing his answer, Roselle sighed and said with a smile, "If you really can become a Great Old One, you can consider saving me. Only a

Great Old One can resist a Great Old One."

At this point, he fell silent for a moment before he slowed down his speech.

"If you can't completely free me from the corruption of the Primordial Moon after becoming a Great Old One, then remember to wipe my existence off the face of the world. Destroy this mausoleum, support the creation of a new Black Emperor, and prevent me from ever being revived…"

The light inside the mausoleum seemed to dim a little. Klein fell silent for two seconds before saying, "I won't forget that."

Roselle fell silent. After a few seconds, he laughed self-deprecatingly.

"Of course, before that, you should try to save me a few more times."

Such a sense of humor didn't make Klein smile. Instead, it made his heart sink even more, making him unable to speak.

Roselle didn't continue the topic as he recalled.

"My wife passed away a long time ago. The mistresses I once had definitely had their own endings. Towards them, I feel very sorry. I've never truly loved them. I only coveted their looks and the pleasure they gave me…

"I don't have any illegitimate children. Towards such matters, a Beyonder is quite aware of that. As for the time before I became a Beyonder, I believe those ladies definitely coveted my looks and body to enjoy such pleasures. They won't leave any trouble for themselves…

"My eldest son, Ciel, should be dead for years. I don't know how many descendants he left behind. My second son, Bornova, would definitely be an angel now if nothing unexpected happens. I have complicated feelings for him. On the one hand, I'm very detached, disappointed, and resentful,

but on the other hand, I would occasionally secretly care about him. I remember how adorable he was when he was just born…

"You've already met my eldest daughter, Bernadette. Isn't she beautiful? She was pretty from a young age, obedient, and smart. She knew how to be filial to her old father, protect her younger brother, and dote on her mother. Sometimes, she acted especially righteous and appeared a little silly. There were several times when I secretly cheated while playing chess or games with her, but she didn't realize it. Such a temper made it difficult for her to accept what I did later. Of course, now, I can just push the blame onto the Primordial Moon. It's all because of 'Her' corruption. I'm rather grateful for 'Her' on this point.

"I don't know what right I have to make a request. After all, I've never helped you before, nor do I have much of a relationship with you. It's just that we're from the same era and same place—the ties as a fellow Earthling."

Upon hearing that, Klein said in a deep voice, "Your diary gave me plenty of help. It allowed me to grasp a lot of high-level knowledge when I was weak, allowing me to avoid many dangers and know how to direct my efforts in a targeted manner.

"Also, those Cards of Blasphemy have shown their use at different stages."

"Can you not mention the diary?" Roselle coughed lightly and said, "However, in the later stages, I was indeed consciously leaving a message to the next transmigrator. The only thing I couldn't be sure of is which language you know."

The Emperor slowly exhaled before saying, "My request is to help me look after Bernadette. When she needs help, provide her some help.

"Although she is about to become an important figure in the mysterious world, I still can't feel at ease as a father."

Without any hesitation, Klein got the paper figurine to answer directly.

"I'll take care of her for you."

“…Man, why does this sound a little awkward?" Roselle's tone instantly turned odd. "By the way, I haven't asked for your name. As for me, you should know very well that I'm Huang Tao."

"Zhou Mingrui," Klein answered frankly.

"Are you married? Do you have children? How old are you?" Roselle raised three questions in one go.

Emperor, why are you acting like a gossipy middle-aged woman from next door? Klein shook his head and gave a simple answer.

"No."

Roselle immediately fell silent. After a moment, he said, "You and I are of the same generation. Bernadette should call you Uncle Zhou.

"Yes…”

As he spoke, Roselle's tone suddenly became filled with pity.

"After coming to this era, I treated everything as a game in the beginning. I was having a great time playing, but I would occasionally recall my home, remembering the past where I cultivated most of my personality and hobbies.

"The longer I lived, the higher the frequency I felt this feeling. It's like the fallen leaves will always want to return to the roots of a tree. However, at the very least, I have a daughter, a wife, and two sons. There are still many things in this world that I'm worried about, and some sense of belonging to a certain extent. As for you… I can feel your loneliness, the loneliness that comes from deep within your bones."

Upon saying that, Roselle suddenly sighed.

"If only we were still living in that era. I'll go to work punctually every day and work overtime from time to time. Whenever I'm free, I'll visit my daughter's extracurricular lessons, pick her up, bring her home stuff my wife constantly reminds me about. Every weekend, we'll either head out for some fun or head to my parents' place to accompany them…

"When one day I'm exhausted from life, I'll use an excuse that you as my friend are treating me. As men, we can sit by the street and eat some skewers, drink some alcohol, brag, curse our superiors, reminisce about the days of our youth, and urge you to quickly find a girlfriend… When I wake up the next day, I'll be able to have the zeal to continue facing life again…"

Klein listened quietly without interrupting the Emperor's prattle.

Roselle's voice gradually lowered as he smiled.

"Goodbye, my friend.

"I hope we can really meet again one day."

His figure quickly turned illusory, as though he had disappeared from the world, leaving only a faint shadow hovering over the iron-black throne.

Roselle Gustav had returned to his eternal slumber.

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CHAPTER 1309
ADDITIONAL LESSONS

After circling the primitive island three times, the Dawn finally made its way off into the distance which was perennially covered in storms.

Bernadette slowly retracted her gaze and fixed it on the Sage Frontlet that remained suspended in the air.

As a Clairvoyant, she clearly saw the opportunity to advance. She knew that she had completed the corresponding ritual, preventing a disaster that involved a higher order of power.

However, the price she paid was to personally seal her father, the father she had missed and sought for more than a hundred years.

"How ironic…” Bernadette looked at the vertical eye embedded with diamonds and sighed softly.

After leaving Intis, she had two big wishes. First, she wanted to investigate the truth behind the matter and see if she had misunderstood her father. Second, she wanted to follow her father's footsteps and see if there was a possibility of reviving him.

Bernadette had already fulfilled her first wish. The truth was that she had indeed misunderstood her father. This curtailed her pain and conflicted feelings. Her hatred for her father had completely dissipated, but it also added to her guilt.

With this kind of guilt and yearning all this time, she tried her best to fulfill her second wish, but the outcome wasn't pleasant.

If there hadn't been any hope from the beginning, she might not have had such a huge reaction. However, she had clearly seen the light and seen her father, but she had no choice but to personally place him into a state of slumber.

After a moment of silence, Bernadette's slightly unfocused eyes became clear again.

She no longer hesitated and no longer blamed herself. She no longer had all kinds of negative emotions. She firmly raised her right hand and drew out ancient words that shimmered with a stellar radiance in the void. She summoned the spirit world creature who was half-man, half-wind, and she retrieved the Sage supplementary ingredients from it.

As for the rest, as there was no need for them to be specially preserved, they were in the collection room of the Dawn.

Not long after, Bernadette used Pale Death to shatter the Sage Frontlet. She concocted the potion that could allow her to advance to Sequence 2.

Looking at the bubbling Sage potion with each bubble containing a transparent eye, Bernadette firmly raised her right hand and brought the glass bottle to her mouth.

She knew that what she needed at this moment wasn't sorrow, nor corny emotions, but determination and the will to forge forward. This was because if she wanted to help her father, Emperor Roselle, escape the corruption and completely revive, she needed a higher Sequence and greater strength.

Because of this, she was willing to bury the pain in the deepest part of her heart and not let it affect her mental state. It was only when there was no one around at night that she could retrieve it and savor it alone.

With the Sage potion entering her mouth, Bernadette's body turned illusory at a discernible pace.

She broke down into thick and complicated knowledge, changing into an existence that was a flux of information.

The entire Dawn, as well as the surrounding winds, storms, lightning, seawater, and waves, all lost their sense of reality. It was as though they had been restored to the most fundamental blocks of information.

For most of Sequence 3 Beyonders of the Mystery Pryer pathway, such a state was extremely dangerous. If one's willpower wasn't strong enough, their luck wasn't good enough, and they weren't prepared enough, the knowledge that they had transformed into would be infiltrated by all kinds of information within seconds. They would be washed away, assimilated, and thus quickly lose consciousness. They wouldn't be able to reassemble their bodies, turning into a very strange and difficult monster to deal with in mysticism.

A Knowledge Demon!

This was also known as an Information Creature.

Bernadette had relied on the Sage Frontlet and had previously transformed into a flux of information on several occasions. Although it was limited to two to three seconds and didn't last too long, it was still considered experience. At that moment, she tried her best to maintain her consciousness and establish a connection with the information produced in the spirit world by preventing a high-level disaster.

The information had a clear imprint belonging to her, and it involved a very high level of power. It was exceptionally "solid" and couldn't be dispersed by other information for short periods of time. It helped her to stabilize her consciousness and slowly gather the dissipating flux of information around her body.

During this process, Klein, who was above the gray fog, tapped the edge of the long mottled table with the help of the prayer light. He used a Miracle Invoker's ability of changing the probability of certain developments and

actions to a certain extent, and he bestowed Bernadette with a certain amount of good luck.

Time ticked by. There were several times when Bernadette wavered on the border of losing consciousness, but in the end, she managed to tide through it. She gathered all the information that belonged to her and began to reconstruct her body.

At that moment, she gradually felt the concern Admiral of Stars Cattleya had for her. She felt the members of the Element Dawn and her crew making their daily prayers.

This stabilized her condition better, allowing her to resist the ancient will that was slowly developing in her body.

At this moment, a series of secret information came from nowhere. Taking the opportunity while Bernadette was reforming her body, it attempted to fuse with her.

This was interference from the Hidden Sage!

As an embodiment of this world's knowledge and information, as a quasi-Sequence 0 existence of the Mystery Pryer pathway, the Hidden Sage had a certain influence on Beyonders of a lower Sequencer than "Him."

Without giving Bernadette the chance to use the pale-white mask, the "curtain" draped over Klein gently rose.

Space-time distorted around Bernadette, completely isolating her from the outside world. Even information couldn't be interchanged.

Grabbing this sudden moment of peace, Bernadette completely reassembled her body and used her own anchors to balance out the terrifying will that was surfacing in her body.

At that moment, she had truly become a "She," a Sequence 2 angel of the Mystery Pryer pathway—an important figure in the mysterious world that could be addressed as a secret existence.

Right on the heels of that, she saw the distorted space around her return to normal. She saw a series of hidden information surging towards her.

She stretched out her right hand and grabbed the information with ease, extracting the useful information contained within.

Just as Bernadette was about to return to reality from the spirit world, an orange light suddenly bloomed in front of her eyes.

The light instantly condensed into a fat elder with a short white beard.

The elder smiled and said, "Ma'am, I'm Orange Light Hilarion."

Orange Light… Bernadette was puzzled. She didn't understand why Orange Light Hilarion had suddenly appeared in front of her—they hadn't interacted much before.

As the leader of the Element Dawn and a former Mysticologist, she wasn't unfamiliar with the Seven Lights of the spirit world. She even knew how to pray to Seven Lights, as well as the ritual needed to receive the corresponding advice. She knew that the seven lustrous lights were a symbol of the spirit world, and they contained endless knowledge of different domains. They were definitely at the angel level.

Orange Light Hilarion added with a smile, "A great existence wants me to inform you of the knowledge regarding the Great Old Ones, the Outer Deities, and the Cosmos, so that you have a relatively accurate grasp of the state of this world and the corresponding corruption."

"Which existence is it?" Bernadette asked, puzzled and cautious.

She had vaguely guessed the answer, but she still found it quite unbelievable. After all, the Seven Lights in the spirit world were also important figures in the mysterious world. Even if a Sequence 0 true god wouldn't find it easy to get "Them" to do "Their" bidding.

Orange Light Hilarion chuckled and replied, "The greater ruler above the spirit world."

The great ruler above the spirit world.… Bernadette repeated the honorific name, and her thoughts raced.

Hilarion glanced at her and smiled.

"'He' also has another title:

"Mr. Fool."

…

Somewhere out at sea, the Future which was cruising on a safe sea route.

Cattleya suddenly jolted awake from her dream as her forehead was covered in cold sweat.

In the dream just now, she saw the Queen lying on the ground drenched in blood. Her chest was torn open, and a baby-like monster crawled out of it.

As a Mysticologist, a Mysticologist who had advanced with a drop of the Snake of Fate's blood, Cattleya believed that her dream wasn't without any reason. It was definitely a premonition.

It was obvious that the dream she had wasn't pleasant.

While feeling uneasy, Cattleya sat up and put on her cloak. She attempted to pray to Mr. Fool, hoping that this mighty existence would give her some hints or to protect the Queen.

Soon, a scene appeared before her eyes.

Queen Mystic Bernadette walked out of the spirit world and returned to Dawn, allowing the ship to gradually distance itself from the nameless island.

Cattleya immediately heaved a sigh of relief and sincerely thanked Mr. Fool.

After finishing her prayer, she opened the window of the captain's cabin in joy, causing starlight to condense into a long bridge that reached the deck.

She put on her heavy glasses and walked along the resplendent bridge of starlight to the deck where she proceeded to stroll leisurely in the quiet night.

When she arrived at the bow of the ship, Cattleya saw Frank Lee tinkering with bottles.

"What are you doing?" Cattleya subconsciously frowned.

Frank looked up and said with a bright smile, "My ideas encountered a setback so I can't proceed any further for now. I asked Nina to get me some soil from the bottom of the sea to study the microbes in it."

With that said, Frank said with a look of anticipation,

"When I have my next vacation, I'd like to go to the depths of the North Sea or the poles where it's a world of ice and snow. There might be many ancient microorganisms buried beneath the thick layer of ice there, from the Fourth Epoch, the Third Epoch, or even the Second and First Epoch. This will bring me plenty."

You won't have any vacations for the time being… Cattleya said inwardly.

…

Klein conjured a box and placed the four Cards of Blasphemy inside. After sealing them, he immediately returned to the real world and headed for the nearest Evernight cathedral.

He planned on informing the Evernight Goddess in the form of a prayer of the hidden dangers of the Card of Blasphemy, reminding "Her" to pay attention to such problems. He didn't want the Earth Mother, Lilith, to obtain the Mother card or The Moon Card.

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CHAPTER 1310
ENVOY

The prayer hall in the Evernight cathedral was as dark as before. Only the holes on the walls allowed some light to seep in, like stars in the night.

Klein sat in a corner that wasn't eye-catching. He took off his tall hat and began praying like a pious member of the congregation.

He simply mentioned how Roselle had revived in his last mausoleum, and focused on the corruption of the Primordial Moon. He deliberately emphasized that, in order to prevent the "crimson moon" within him from being born in the real world, Roselle had chosen to terminate the process of having his Black Emperor Uniqueness and three Sequence 1 characteristics return to him.

At the end of the prayer, Klein pointed out the hidden dangers of the Cards of Blasphemy, and he expressed his concerns about the whereabouts of the Mother card and The Moon Card.

In fact, Roselle only mentioned the need to be careful of the Mother card and didn't mention The Moon. However, Klein knew that the two pathways of Earth and Moon belonged to the Mother Goddess of Depravity. Therefore, to be cautious, he specially added The Moon Card.

This was also the main reason he was worried about Earth Mother Lilith.

Compared to most of the twenty-two pathways, the High-Sequence Beyonders of the Planter and Moon pathway had a huge advantage. That was that they didn't need to worry about the Primordial One from awakening in their bodies. They didn't need to worry about dissociation

from approaching the world underground. This was because the Beyonder characteristics they possessed didn't directly come from the Primordial One which led to no corresponding mental imprint. However, if they were to directly go underground and enter the Chaos Sea, no matter who it was, they would encounter corruption. It was just that the extent would be different.

This advantage was very likely due to the fact that the Sanguine Ancestor Lilith was more special than the other ancient gods. After all, "She" didn't need to divert a large part of "Her" energy to resist the will of the Primordial One awakening within her. And back then, the invisible barrier protecting this world was still sufficiently sturdy, separating the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the other Great Old Ones from Earth, making it difficult for "Them" to exert too much of an influence on the situation inside.

But with the passage of time, this advantage gradually became a problem.

As the underground corruption became weaker and weaker, the invisible barrier also became weaker and cracks began appearing. Under such circumstances, Earth Mother Lilith's situation became worse. This was because "She" was facing the intrusion of the Mother Goddess of Depravity that was ever increasing in potency and terror. In this aspect, the original Creator—the Oldest One—who was dead was definitely inferior to the living Mother Goddess of Depravity.

Considering how Outer Deities who had transcended Sequences had an influence on Beyonders from their own pathway, Klein felt that he couldn't afford negligence on such matters.

After he finished his prayer, he waited for nearly five minutes. After confirming that there was no response, he stood up, put on his wandering magician's tall hat, and walked out of the cathedral that belonged to the Evernight.

To him, this was mainly a disclosure obligation. As for what the Evernight Goddess planned to do with it, or if "She" would remind him of certain matters, it was beyond his control.

In short, Klein could only temporarily believe that the Evernight Goddess knew the relative importance of matters.

…

Backlund, at the Harvest Church south of the Bridge.

The top-hatted Emlyn White got off his carriage and looked at the sun covered by the clouds and mist.

On the way to the entrance of the cathedral, he gently rotated the ring on his left hand, as if to flaunt his identity.

The ring was semi-translucent in color, as though it was made from light-red amber. There was a blood-red gem embedded on its tip—a reward Emlyn had received a long time ago—Lilith's Ring.

After becoming a demigod, Emlyn could suppress the effect of bloodthirst from the ring to a certain extent. Every day, he only needed to drink three bottles of human blood to be immune to the corresponding negative effects. Therefore, in order to showcase his special identity as the Ancestor's Blessed, he began wearing this ring permanently.

After entering the Harvest Church, Emlyn automatically removed his top hat.

At this moment, Cosmi, Ernes, and the other Sanguine in Backlund, who were waiting for Bishop Utravsky, stood up one after another. Looking down at the aisle, they greeted softly, "Good morning, My Lord."

Emlyn looked ahead and nodded indiscernibly.

"Is Mistral still not here yet?"

"Count Mistral set up a chapel at home," Ernes simply explained.

Emlyn didn't comment on this. He walked forward and casually said, "He will still have to come when Mass is held."

He looked around before saying, "Where's Bishop Utravsky?"

"The bishop is waiting for you behind. The Church's envoy has arrived." Ernes controlled his facial expression as he answered Emlyn's question politely.

The Church's envoy… Emlyn rotated the light-red ring on his left hand and walked to the back of the cathedral.

Soon, he saw Father Utravsky and the slightly curly black-haired envoy the Church with a tall nose and deep eyes.

"This is the archbishop, His Grace Loreto," Father Utravsky introduced the envoy to Emlyn.

He stood by the window, blocking most of the light.

"Good morning, Your Grace," Emlyn replied with the etiquette of the Church of Earth.

Loreto smiled and spoke in rather awkward Loenese.

"There's no need to address me as Your Grace. Although you aren't an archbishop, you have the status of an archbishop. From today onwards, you will be a hierophant, a high-ranking deacon of the Church. You will be in charge of the Sanguine matters in Backlund."

Without giving Emlyn any time to digest this information, Loreto continued, "I came to Backlund under the Holy See's orders. I'll tell you

everything that needs to be taken note of within the Church."

"Please speak," Emlyn suppressed his glee and said politely.

Loreto's expression immediately turned serious.

"First of all, the most important point is that, be it the clergymen of the Church or the believers of the Earth Mother, as long as you claim that you have obtained a revelation, they are individuals who have been enticed by demons—with no exceptions.

"If anyone reports something like this to you, or if you have obtained a revelation personally, please inform Bishop Utravsky as soon as possible and report it to the Church."

Father Utravsky didn't mention this before… This request sounds very strange, as though there's some suspicion… Emlyn frowned as he looked at Father Utravsky who was standing by the window.

"The bishop never said anything about taking note of such matters…"

Before he finished his sentence, Emlyn suddenly realized that he came off as criticizing Bishop Utravsky, but he couldn't find any better explanation in his haste.

Almost at the same time, he understood what was odd about what Archbishop Loreto had said.

This was telling everyone that the Earth Mother you sensed isn't the real Earth Mother!

This is saying that a large number of the revelations us Sanguine received from the Ancestor are fake. It's from demons or evil gods… The look in Emlyn's eyes sank as he tried to maintain his composure.

At this moment, Loreto didn't mind and smiled.

"Bishop Utravsky didn't tell you because he didn't know either."

Father didn't know… In that instant, Emlyn actually felt a little sympathetic towards Bishop Utravsky. He felt that as a Feysacian, a hierophant who had changed faith in his later years, he had been ostracized by the other members of the Church of Earth.

Sensing the change in his gaze, Loreto added, "That's because he's a Blessed. He doesn't need to care about the temptation of demons and evil gods."

Bishop Utravsky nodded and said calmly, "The revelations of Earth Mother are in 'Her' Holy Bible, in those lines of teaching. Anything other than that is heresy."

Emlyn was somewhat puzzled, but he couldn't think of any question. He grunted and said to Loreto, "Then what is the second point that needs paying attention?"

Loreto made his expression turn serious.

"If you receive a revelation, don't blindly believe it. Please immediately seek confirmation from Bishop Utravsky."

"Why?" Emlyn was puzzled.

This was basically telling him that the only response he would receive was either from evil gods or demons.

Loreto deliberated over his words and explained in detail,

"In this world, there are many evil existences. 'They' will pretend to be deities, and bewitch the clergyman in an act of enticing believers.

"That's because the two main pathways of the Church of Earth Mother are related to life. Therefore, the effects they receive are more severe than the

other Churches. From time to time, there are people who will take the wrong path and attempt forbidden life experiments; thus, slowly degenerating.

"In order to prevent such a development, we reorganized the Church a long time ago under the guidance of the Mother's will to establish the system of a Favored and Blessed."

Favored and Blessed… Emlyn's understanding of the Church of Earth was limited to the Holy Bible and part of the scriptures. He was momentarily at a loss.

He had never taken the initiative to ask Father Utravsky about the Church of Earth Mother.

Loreto glanced at Emlyn and nodded slightly.

"The Favored are clergymen who have won the Mother's favor and are from the two pathways of Earth and Moon. The Blessed refers to people who have obtained the Mother's blessing and are from other pathways.

"The latter is less affected by the demons and evil gods. It can help us verify the authenticity of the revelations.

"Under such circumstances, even if it's a decree issued by the Holy See, there has to be at least a second-in-command Favored. Otherwise, it can be regarded as null and void."

As he spoke, Loreto took out a document and unfolded it in front of Emlyn. Apart from what the archbishop had just said, it included the details of him accepting the mission and appointment as an envoy.

At the end of the document, there were a few names. The first was from the Holy See of the Church of Earth, Matriarch Roland, and the rest were all names that Emlyn didn't know. He barely recognized the last one to be Father Utravsky.

Father Utravsky's handwriting is really ugly… As Emlyn mumbled to himself, he began to have a strong sense of doubt regarding the Blessed and Favored system.

Why were the Blessed less enticed by evil gods or demons?

Why were they able to verify a revelation, but the Favored couldn't?

As his thoughts raced, Emlyn suddenly noticed a detail:

The Blessed aren't from the two pathways of Earth and Moon!

Therefore, the problem didn't lie in the Favored, but the two pathways themselves? Emlyn vaguely felt that his guess was the truth.

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CHAPTER 1311
NEW MISSION

Emlyn vaguely sensed that there might be some abnormalities in the two Beyonder pathways of Earth and Moon, but he didn't ask Archbishop Loreto about it directly.

He doesn't seem like he would answer… It's better to wait for the next Tarot Gathering to ask The World, The Hanged Man, and the others… Emlyn nodded indiscernibly, indicating that he already knew the difference between a Favored and a Blessed as he muttered to himself.

He didn't consider seeking Mr. Fool's answer, because he felt that there was no need since the corresponding problem wasn't too important. After all, the Sanguine's Dukes, Marquises, and Counts were still alive and well, and there hadn't been any particularly negative news regarding the Church of Earth Mother.

At the same time, his previous guess also made Emlyn connect these to the influence the Primordial Moon, an existence which was perhaps an evil god or a high-level Devil in disguise, had on the Moon pathway. "He" had once caused many Sanguine who had prayed to "Him" to lose control, turning into monsters that only knew how to mate and reproduce.

Emlyn suspected that this was one of the evil existences that sent the fake visions and revelations.

With no more questions from him, Loreto put away the document in his hand and thought for a moment before saying, "This is the problem that requires special attention.

"In addition, I hope that you can set up three to five Beyonder teams in Backlund. They should mainly be members of the Sanguine."

Emlyn was always law-abiding. The only crime he did was steal blood at the hospital. He subconsciously raised his question, "Does the Church of Evernight and the Church of Storms have any objections?"

Loreto said with a benevolent smile, "This was a request from them.

"As most of the forces of the Church of Steam have withdrawn, there is a lack of official Beyonders in Loen.

"Although the Church of Evernight and the Church of Storms have also recruited a group of Machinery Hivemind members who don't wish to leave Loen, and the lower-ranking clergymen, they are ultimately just a minority. Furthermore, they still need to handle the purge in Feysac and the independent colonies overseas. Therefore, they hope that they can provide some help.

"This is quite beneficial for our proselytizing in Loen. However, you have to remember that, here, we have to restrain ourselves. We can't freely proselytize. Just be on the same level as the remnant Church of Steam. Of course, our believers won't be able to catch up to the Church of Steam for a long period of time. This requires a generation, two generations, or even three generations of effort."

Yes, maintaining the present scale and having a certain degree of development is enough… It's too troublesome to proselytize… Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief and calmly replied, "Okay."

…

In the Sonia Sea, City of Generosity, Bayam.

Alger wore a bishop's robe embroidered with symbols of lightning and waves. He wore a metal Storm Sacred Emblem and stood at the peak of the

coastal mountain range, looking out at the other side of the forest.

There were very few trees there. The surrounding hills and short mountains had been flattened, revealing a hidden harbor.

It was a private harbor that belonged to the Resistance. It was definitely not comparable to Bayam's port, but it was of medium size, enough to sustain many people's lives.

A city with an unconstrained and crude style had been built near the harbor. The city wasn't huge, probably only one-fifth the size of Bayam or smaller.

In the center were two towers. One was a spire, the other steeple. They were all strangely silver, reflecting blinding light under the sun.

Surrounding the twin towers were many paved roads made of cement. They led to buildings that were mainly made of stone or were connected to open squares and training grounds. The green trees lining the sides of the street exuded a feeling of grandeur.

Alger knew that the city didn't only consist of residents from the City of Silver, but also people from Moon City.

Many of the latter were extremely deformed. They were temporarily unwilling to interact with Bayam, as well as the residents of the other cities on the island. They only purchased their necessities through the people of the City of Silver.

It was said that they planned on building a city that belonged to them deep in the forest, and would only leave a path to the new City of Silver.

These are all believers of Mr. Fool. I'll have to slowly integrate them into the entirety of the Rorsted Archipelago… For now, I'll temporarily not disturb the deformed and allow the residents of the City of Silver to bring normal-looking Moon City residents to Bayam… Alger seriously considered his subsequent actions.

After settling down the residents of the City of Silver and Moon City, he had actually completed the mission that Mr. Fool had given him. However, he believed that he was still far from being able to exchange for Sea God's identity, authority, and status. Therefore, he did his best to deal with the problems left behind by the "great migration."

To be frank, Alger was most worried that Mr. Fool didn't give him anything to do. If that happened, he didn't know how long it would take for him to make enough contributions.

Accompanying the new City of Silver's establishment and the immense vibrancy it exuded, he acutely sensed danger.

There was more than one Sequence 4 demigod in the City of Silver and Moon City, and they were Mr. Fool's loyal believers. Perhaps, Mr. Fool would one day bestow the identity, status, authority, and power of Sea God to one of them!

There are two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in the City of Silver, a Sequence 3 saint, three Sequence 4 saints, and nearly ten Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, as well as a few demigod Beyonder characteristics that can temporarily be used as Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts… There are three demigods in Moon City, five Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, and a large number of potion formulas… This… Alger only made a slight calculation before realizing that the two factions that came under Mr. Fool were a little terrifying.

All of them combined was equivalent to a quarter of the Church of Storms!

According to what Alger knew, the number of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts each Church had numbered between five to eight. There were fewer than four Grounded Angels active at present. In this aspect, they were indeed much stronger than the combined Moon City and City of Silver.

However, the orthodox Churches had no advantage in numbers when it came to Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts and saints, especially the latter.

Due to an all-out war, with the brass increasing the number of saints by nurturing them, the Church of Storms only had around twenty saints.

The Church of the Sea God doesn't have a demigod yet, but it won't be long before a new Sea God will appear… As for the angels under Mr. Fool, there's The World, the Death Consul, and the angel of the Fate pathway… There are the saints from our Tarot Club… The more Alger thought about it, the more alarmed he became. He realized that he was a little slow in this aspect.

Perhaps it was because he couldn't extricate himself to take an objective look at things, and although he had always been amazed by such matters, he finally came to a clear realization today:

Unknowingly, Mr. Fool's faction had already developed to a level that was comparable to an orthodox Church. Even if there was a certain gap, it was only due to the lack of accumulation that needed to span across years.

And it hadn't even been three years since Alger joined the Tarot Club!

If I hadn't experienced all these changes myself, I definitely wouldn't have believed it. Alger sighed inwardly as he fervently wished to do something for Mr. Fool so that he could quickly accumulate the contributions needed to transform into Sea God.

When that happened, he could truly cast his gaze towards the Book of Calamity and attempt to complete the request of the elven queen, Cohinem.

Retracting his gaze, Alger glanced at Bayam at the foot of the mountain. He saw that this city, which hadn't suffered any serious damage in the war, had once again lit up. It could also be called the most prosperous city in the Sonia Sea.

At that moment, the priests, bishops, and believers of the Church of the Lord of Storms were cooperating with the new government civil servants and the Church of Sea God to build schools and hospitals to the children in

the slums and the natives with no financial capacity that would provide education, medical treatment, and assistance.

As Alger watched the people walking along the streets like ants and the colorful buildings that were different from the vast majority of Loen, the corners of his mouth curled up slightly before he wiped away his smile.

He narrowed his eyes, unsure what he was experiencing or enjoying.

At that moment, a grayish-white fog suddenly appeared in front of him.

Following that, he saw the ancient palace and blurry figure in the middle of the fog. He heard Mr. Fool's words:

"A mission. Monitor a man named Verdu Garcia."

Along with the revelation, plenty of miscellaneous information rained down and drilled into Alger's mind, allowing him to know the exact situation of Verdu Garcia.

He was a member of the Abraham family that had concealed his identity. He had recently left Desi County and had come to the Rorsted Archipelago.

Alger was thrilled. He bowed his head respectfully in response. "By your will."

…

Klein knew that Verdu Garcia Abraham had left the Northern Continent and was heading to the Rorsted Archipelago, as Dorian Gray had mentioned this when he prayed.

He knew very well that the person named Verdu yearned to save Mr. Door so that the King of Angels could return to the real world.

The reason why Klein had gotten Miss Magician to inform the Abraham family of one of the rituals that helped Mr. Door escape was because the trust between the two parties was insufficient. If he were to hide it or lie by saying that an angel needed to be hunted for the ritual, the Abraham family would definitely suspect Fors and make her continue contacting Mr. Door and try to confirm it through other means.

Once they discovered anything, Klein would lose control of the Abraham family, preventing him from nipping the problem in the bud.

If it had been a few years ago, Klein wouldn't have been too worried about such problems. However, as the apocalypse approached, the infiltration of the Outer Deities would only increase. It was possible that a member of the Abraham family would come into contact with a corresponding item or believer and obtain the correct ritual.

Therefore, Klein believed that the ritual that was extremely difficult to complete could be used to effectively gain the trust of the Abrahams, allowing them to deepen their faith in Mr. Fool and become more devout. Then, he could monitor the extreme ones among the devout and grasp their trajectories, and interfere with them in time.

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CHAPTER 1312
FULLY AUTOMATIC WISHING MACHINE

Midseashire, Limon City.

Jasmine wrapped a scarf around her face and exited the apartment.

She had heard that the annual Limon Carnival had begun, so she wanted to visit it at the municipal square.

Because of the war last year, the carnival hadn't been held. This had greatly disappointed Jasmine. After that, she suffered the greatest trauma in her life. From then on, she hid at home and didn't dare to go out.

Perhaps it was because she had been confined at home for too long—one that was very cramped—Jasmine had been eager to go on the streets recently. She wanted to walk around just like she did in the past.

As she turned her gaze, she saw her reflection in the large glass window by the side of the street.

Her figure was pitch-black without any other color. Her long dress reached her ankles, and the veil of her hat covered half of her face. From the bottom of her eyes to her neck, there was a scarf wrapped several times around her neck. Both of her hands were wearing a pair of knitted gloves.

This was completely different from the cheerful and lively Jasmine in her memories.

In the previous war, a cannonball had destroyed her original home and resulted in a fire. She suffered burns to the face, causing her body to be covered in wounds.

If not for the fact that she was lucky enough, Jasmine would've died from the serious injuries. But even so, she felt like her life had ended from that very moment.

Her nose had been burnt away, leaving only two black holes. There were many traces left behind by the fire on her face, neck, and hands. If she were to walk in the dark, she would pass off for a devil perfectly.

Jasmine clearly remembered one thing: on the first night of moving to this apartment, she had washed up in the public bathroom before sleeping. Just as she walked out of the door, she saw a youth walk over. The youth had also seen her.

Under the crimson moonlight, the youth revealed an expression of extreme horror, as if he would jump up at any moment. He turned around and ran away.

Finally, he controlled himself and took a few steps to the side, not daring to look at Jasmine's face again.

This pierced through Jasmine's fragile heart. From that day onwards, she never left the house again. Even if she had to wash up, she would wait until it was late at night.

In this aspect, she was very grateful to her parents because they didn't say a word. They did their best to maintain their lives, relying on their original savings and the work they later found to barely support the family. They didn't need Jasmine to work outside for a salary.

After walking a distance, Jasmine saw the main venue of the carnival—Lemon City Municipal Square.

There was a sea of heads and all kinds of reveling emotions. The enthusiastic atmosphere made Jasmine subconsciously stop in her tracks.

She didn't dare approach, afraid that someone would notice that she was dressed strangely, afraid that she might accidentally drop her scarf.

After hesitating for a few seconds, she finally stopped. She found a clean spot by the street and sat down. She stared intently at the municipal square.

After an unknown period of time, Jasmine sensed someone beside her.

It was a young man in a long black robe and a tall hat. He was like a magician from a circus.

The municipal square is over there… Jasmine wanted to remind him, but after she quivered her lips a few times, she didn't part them.

She didn't dare to speak to anyone.

However, the young man took the initiative to walk over. He took off his hat and bowed slightly.

"Miss, do you know what this machine is for?"

Machine? Jasmine subconsciously looked up and dazedly followed the young man's gaze.

Under the streetlamp, a small wardrobe-like machine was sitting there at some point in time.

Its surface was a brass color with a few transparent glass, gears, and bearings embedded in it. The components were exposed, looking very crude.

Jasmine retracted her gaze and shook her head, indicating that she didn't know what the machine was.

At the same time, this also expressed her intention to reject conversing.

"It's called a 'Fully Automatic Wishing Machine,'" the young man introduced with a smile. "It's my invention. It can automatically fulfill the wish of someone who operates it. By the way, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Merlin Hermes, a wandering magician."

Fully Automatic Wishing Machine… Jasmine realized that she could understand every single word but failed to understand the combined name.

"You can give it a try. As the first user to experience it, it's free," Klein, who had taken on the identity of Merlin Hermes, said with a smile.

Jasmine shook her head, refusing the conversation.

Klein didn't give up. He looked at her and said, "For example, you can make a wish to be restored with your original looks."

These words were like a sharp arrow that shot into Jasmine's heart. She stood up in shock and retreated hastily in an attempt to leave.

She suspected that he had already seen her current appearance.

"If you don't give it a try, how do you know that your wish won't come true? It's free," Klein said unhurriedly as he looked past her into the background.

Jasmine gradually slowed down and finally stopped.

If she could be restored with her original looks, even if she had to pay a huge sum of money, she would still be willing to do so.

However, she knew that the wish in her heart couldn't be granted by money.

I don't have to pay anything… It's a free try… What if it comes true… Jasmine's thoughts were in an upheaval, and she slowly turned around as if

she was being enticed by a devil.

"Really?" she asked in a hoarse voice.

Klein pointed at the machine.

"I can retreat ten meters, and all you need to do is to turn the wrench on the machine.

"You don't have to remove your hat and scarf."

The last sentence moved Jasmine into action as she quickly nodded and said, "Okay."

Not long after Merlin retreated a certain distance, Jasmine moved closer to the machine, gingerly grasping the wrench on the "door."

She was actually very worried that this was part of a prank that involved pulling the wrench, such as being splashed by water. This was something that would happen every year during the carnival. She and her friends had often played such pranks on others, but compared to a wish that could be fulfilled, she felt that it was an acceptable risk.

Even if it was proven that having her wish granted was impossible, it could still be treated as her experience at the carnival.

"Remember to make your wish before you turn it," Klein reminded her from not too far away.

Jasmine collected her thoughts and silently voiced her wish.

"I want to return to my former self before the burns."

With that, she turned the wrench nervously and expectantly.

In the next second, the "door" to the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine opened. A normal wooden cane reached out and tapped Jasmine's forehead.

What Jasmine didn't notice was a golden ring embedded with rubies that had appeared on her hand.

When the wooden cane retracted back into the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine, the golden ring with the rubies disappeared as well.

As the gears turned, Jasmine saw the machine's "door" slowly close.

That's it? she thought blankly.

She didn't experience the feeling of having her wish fulfilled, nor was she being pranked. Everything seemed so strange.

"Congratulations. Your wish has been granted." Klein walked back and clapped gently like a witness to a magical event.

My wish has been granted… How is this possible… Just as this thought flashed through her mind, she suddenly felt something beneath her scarf.

The spot where there were only two black holes left had been propped up!

Jasmine slowly raised her hand and touched her face, clearly sensing the presence of her nose.

And the quality of her breathing proved this point.

She suddenly turned around, her back facing Merlin Hermes. She walked to a shop by the side of the street and cast her gaze at the glass window.

Then, she removed the scarf covering her face.

Eyes that weren't big, a nose that wasn't too well-defined, and her lips that weren't too full—the freckled face of a girl was reflected on the window.

Jasmine subconsciously raised her hand and covered her mouth. Her eyes glistened.

After a few seconds, she raised her arm and wiped her face with her sleeve. She turned to look at Merlin Hermes and said, "Are you a god?"

"I'm just a magician who likes to create miracles." Klein smiled as he pointed at the machine beside him. "The thing you should thank the most is that—the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine."

"Fully Automatic…" Jasmine's emotions stirred as she subconsciously repeated.

Klein nodded and said, "Yes, a Fully Automatic Wishing Machine that can operate without any external help.

"You can understand it as a gas meter. As long as you throw in a coin, you can get a wish granted like how you obtain gas.

"The specific steps are very simple. Throw one penny in and make your wish before turning the wrench.

"Remember, only three wishes can be fulfilled."

While explaining, Klein inwardly mocked himself, *If I were to unfortunately die one day and become a Sealed Artifact, I hope it's something similar to the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.*

After leaving the capital of Midseashire, Constant City, Klein changed the method of granting other people's wishes to prevent himself from being too bored.

One had to learn to seek joy in mundane work.

How miraculous… Jasmine couldn't find the words to describe how she felt inside.

Her exhilarated emotions calmed down a little.

"Will it… I mean will this Fully Automatic Wishing Machine stay here forever?" Jasmine asked hesitantly.

Klein smiled and said, "No."

"It could stay here for three days, or maybe not that long. Perhaps it would disappear when the sun rises.

"But it won't disappear forever. Perhaps one day, you will see it at the corner of the street again."

Jasmine's mind was in a mess and she was unable to sort out her thoughts. All she could do was bow to the machine and say seriously, "Thank you, Mr. Fully Automatic Wishing Machine."

Then, she bowed at Klein.

"Thank you, Mr. Hermes."

As soon as she said that, Jasmine recalled the words Merlin Hermes had just said. Filled with anticipation, surprise, and embarrassment, she asked, "Three wishes can be granted?"

"Yes, but it won't be free in the future. You will need to pay a penny," Klein replied, unfazed by the question.

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CHAPTER 1313
THE THIRD WISH

Jasmine was excited, but she was still worried.

"What kind of price has to be paid?"

From her point of view, a prior free attempt didn't mean that the subsequent wishes were without a price.

Klein adjusted his tall hat and smiled.

"The penny you paid is the price. The corresponding change that you have to bear after achieving your wish is also the price."

Jasmine nodded without completely understanding him. Without any hesitation, she reached into her pocket and attempted to take out a few copper pennies for her wish.

However, her pocket was empty except for a handkerchief.

Having stayed home all this while, she hadn't had any contact with money.

She had relied on walking to go from home to the municipal square instead of taking a trackless public carriage.

"I-I… Can I go home first?" Jasmine asked, both vexed and embarrassed.

"Of course, this is your freedom, but I can't guarantee that the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine will always be waiting for you here," Klein said with the tone of a magician. "Sometimes, it's very willful."

Jasmine tersely answered, thanked him, and turned around, jogging in the opposite direction of the municipal square.

The more she ran, the more relaxed her body became. She found herself in her formerly healthy state before she was burnt, transforming back into a teenage girl in her prime.

To her, this was a scene that would only appear in a dream.

Of course, as an ordinary person, she gradually felt exhausted after running for a while. She had no choice but to slow down and begin walking slowly.

The cool night breeze blew, revealing resplendent stars peeking through the clouds high up in the sky. The trees by the side of the street swayed gently and scattered the swaying shadows on the ground. All of this was so quiet and beautiful. Jasmine only felt her body and mind relax, and all her worries disappeared.

This was the first time she was in such a good mood ever since she was injured. Unknowingly, a smile appeared on her face.

After walking for about five minutes, she suddenly heard someone shout her name.

"Eh, Jasmine?"

Jasmine turned her head and saw a familiar face. It was her former neighbor, Mrs. Hamil.

"Good evening, Mrs. Hamil, I haven't seen you in a long time. Are you going to the carnival?" Jasmine, who wasn't wearing a scarf, said with a heartfelt smile.

Mrs. Hamil was a woman with a head of white hair. She carefully sized up Jasmine and said, "I haven't seen you since you moved away. I heard that you were injured in the previous blast?"

"Yes, but I've recovered." Jasmine nodded heavily.

She then asked, "How is Jolie now?"

Jolie was Mrs. Hamil's eldest daughter, and was her former playmate.

Mrs. Hamil's expression instantly wore a shade of gloom.

"The Feysacians did unspeakable things to her, and she ended up dying…"

Jasmine was taken aback, thinking back to her experience while feeling sad.

A Feysacian soldier had rushed into her house in an attempt to do unspeakable things to her, but he only gave her a kick and left when he saw her disfigured face.

"Poor Jolie." Jasmine sincerely tapped her chest four times in a clockwise fashion, outlining the stars.

It was only after she heard what had happened to her friend that she realized that she might have been relatively lucky.

After bidding farewell to Mrs. Hamil, Jasmine walked back to her apartment.

When she got home, she felt much better and her mood was back to normal. She started to look forward to the expression her parents would have when they saw her appearance restored.

They probably wouldn't keep the pain deep in their hearts and pretend that nothing has happened. They would definitely cry with joy and hug me… Jasmine took the key that was hanging around her neck like a necklace, and as she thought about it, she opened the door.

The room was dark. None of the candles or the gas wall lamps were lit.

On the bed outside, light and heavy snoring could be heard from her parents, forming a contrast with the bustling municipal square.

They're asleep… Yes, they've been working hard… Jasmine gently closed the door and walked to her parents' bed. With the crimson moonlight shining in through the window, she cast her gaze over.

Daddy has a lot of white hair, and his wrinkles have deepened… Mommy keeps frowning when she sleeps. Her face is flaking; it's dry, and coarse… Only then did Jasmine realize that she hadn't seriously looked at her parents' faces for a long time. She didn't know that they had aged so much.

Before the war, her father was an accountant with a pretty good income. They could afford to rent a terrace house and allow his wife to not work so as to focus on taking care of the family. But now, he could only work at textile factories and do all kinds of strenuous labor. Jasmine's mother had no choice but to leave her family and become a textile worker.

Daddy's health is getting worse and worse. He's always coughing, but he has passed the recent Civil Servant Unified Examination. When the interview results are announced, he will have a decent job… Mommy keeps complaining that her arm is getting worse… Jasmine looked at her parents intently and didn't wake them up.

She had already thought of her second wish.

Softening her footsteps, Jasmine entered the room inside and poured out the last few pennies from her piggy bank that she had previously almost emptied.

Then, she left the apartment and boarded a trackless public carriage.

She was afraid that the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine would be gone if she delayed any further.

At that moment, there were a lot of passengers on the public carriage. Most of them were heading to participate in the carnival. Jasmine looked around and saw that there were no seats, so she had no choice but to support herself as she stood on the aisle, squeezing with plenty of people.

Ten minutes later, she reached her stop and turned into that street.

When the brass-colored machine embedded with a few pieces of glass appeared before her eyes, Jasmine silently heaved a sigh of relief and quickly approached.

During this process, she surveyed her surroundings and didn't find the magician by the name of Merlin Hermes.

"It really is fully automatic. There's no need for him to be by my side?" Jasmine muttered in puzzlement.

She didn't waste any time. She took out a penny and placed it inside the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

"I wish for my parents to be healthy again. I hope that my family will become rich." Jasmine softly voiced her wish. She closed her eyes and waited for the miracle to happen.

In the next second, she heard the clanging sound as though a coin had rolled out from the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

Jasmine opened her eyes in shock and looked ahead, only to see that the penny she had just put into the machine had landed on a small tray around the coin slot.

This wish can't be fulfilled? Uh, a wish can't contain too much content? My wish was actually two wishes… With the experience of being cured of her burns, Jasmine didn't suspect that there was something wrong with the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

She thought seriously and stuffed the penny into the coin slot. Then, she lowered her head and made a wish softly.

"I hope my parents are healthy again."

This time, she heard a soft knock sound out from the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

Tak!

Seeing that the copper coin remained inside the machine, Jasmine knew that her wish had been fulfilled. She couldn't wait to go home and check on her parents' situation.

Suppressing her excitement, she inserted another penny.

She had originally planned on making her family wealthy, but remembering that her father was basically going to become a civil servant in Limon City, and that her family income was guaranteed, she couldn't help but have other thoughts about it.

When she was ten years old, she already knew that she wasn't good-looking. It wasn't that people around her would despise her and say that she wasn't good-looking, but amongst her playmates, there were two rather beautiful girls. This allowed them to be accorded with greater treatment and experience the kindness of the world.

Such a comparison only served to make Jasmine inevitably dream of becoming prettier as she grew older. But reality proved that dreams could only be dreams.

However, this time, her dream could turn into reality, because she had a miraculous Fully Automatic Wishing Machine in front of her.

If I can make myself beautiful, I can find a good husband, and I can improve my family situation.… Jasmine seemed to have heard the devil

whispering in her ear. She closed her eyes uncontrollably and made a wish:

"I wish to become extremely, extremely, extremely beautiful."

She used "extremely" thrice to accentuate the beauty she wanted.

Just as she finished speaking, the "door" to the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine opened once again. A silver-white mask was pushed out and covered her face.

Jasmine quickly opened her eyes and happened to see the mask disappear.

At the same time, she felt something connect to her.

She turned around in anticipation and once again walked to the shop by the side of the street. Using the light from the gas lamps and the glass on the window, she saw her current appearance.

For a moment, Jasmine couldn't describe the exact changes in her facial features and outline. All she knew was that at this moment even she was mesmerized by her beauty.

Her nose had become sharper and her lips had become fuller. Her eyes became bigger and limpid. Her skin was as tender as milk pudding. She only had slight similarities to her previous self.

"Is… Is this a miracle…” Jasmine couldn't help but let out a heartfelt sigh of amazement.

She looked at herself, intoxicated. It took her great effort to finally retract her gaze before bowing at the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

Following that, she walked towards the public carriage stop. On the way, eyes kept turning to look at her.

Bang!

A man, who was too focused on her, slammed into a gas lamp post.

Jasmine pursed her lips into a smile. Without a word, she boarded the trackless public carriage.

There were still many people on board, and all the seats were taken.

Just as Jasmine was trying her best to find a spot, several men lifted their buttocks and straightened their bodies. They looked at her and smiled.

"Miss, you can sit here."

Jasmine was momentarily stunned. She hadn't expected to receive so much kindness.

She didn't decline and sat down. She smiled at the man who had given up his seat.

"Thank you."

The man's expression became extremely animated as he said humbly, "This is what a gentleman should do."

Jasmine still retained the habits from when she was previously cooped up at home, so she didn't say anything else. She quietly sat there until she reached the stop near her apartment. Then, she got off the carriage.

After a few steps, she suddenly felt that someone was looking at her. She quickly turned her head to look.

It was a drunkard. He was staring at Jasmine with an indescribably disgusting look.

Jasmine jumped in fright and briskly walked to her apartment. However, the men she met along the way revealed similar looks, as though they could turn into beasts at any moment.

At that moment, Jasmine felt as though she was walking in the wilderness.

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CHAPTER 1314
MIRACLES ARE ONLY FOR A MOMENT

Previously, Jasmine enjoyed the gazes from the men, but now, all that was left was anxiety and horror.

She hastened her footsteps again as though she was being chased by Feysacians.

Finally, before the men could get close to her, she rushed into the apartment and got rid of them.

Phew… The girl patted her chest and secretly decided to stay out less at night.

Only then did she realize that extraordinary beauty had its disadvantages.

After calming down, Jasmine went up the dimly-lit stairs to the third floor and returned home. She used the key she carried with her to open the door.

She carefully approached her parents' bed and used the moonlight to examine their faces.

Compared to when she left the house not too long ago, her parents' faces were rather ruddy. Their white hair and wrinkles had lessened significantly, and their snoring was almost non-existent.

Their health has really been restored… Jasmine couldn't help but smile, clearly relieved.

Sensing the commotion, her mother's eyelids twitched as she slowly opened her eyes.

Jasmine held her breath and restrained her smile, preparing to give her mother a surprise.

Her mother sat up and looked over, her expression suddenly becoming extremely terrified.

"Who are you?" asked the woman with a shrill voice as she shoved her husband forcefully.

Who am I? Jasmin was stunned by the question and didn't know how to answer the simple question.

At that moment, her father woke up as well. He looked at the beautiful girl in front of him with suspicion and vigilance.

"Get out! Otherwise, I'll call the police!" Jasmine's mother left the bed and picked up a candle stand beside her, using it as a weapon.

"We don't welcome burglars." Jasmine's father rather politely issued an order for Jasmine to leave.

He knew that he had to do his best not to pressure the burglar. Otherwise, it easily led to extreme responses from the other party.

If not for his wife and daughter, he wasn't too afraid of fighting the burglar. But now, his entire family was at stake.

Jasmine finally snapped out of her daze and hurriedly said, "Daddy, Mommy, I am…”

Before she could finish her sentence, her mother started to shove her repeatedly as she was pushed out of the room by her father.

No one cared about what she said. Under such circumstances, no one cared.

Thud!

The door to her apartment closed before her very eyes. It left her feeling lost and helpless.

She wanted to knock on the door and use the key she carried with her to prove her identity, but at that moment, she heard her mother shout to a patrolling police officer downstairs, "There's a burglar, a burglar!"

Burglar… Daddy and Mommy don't recognize me anymore… Will they think that I've murdered myself… Will the police believe the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine… Jasmine's heart tightened, and she subconsciously decided to leave the apartment first to avoid the police. She would then find her father and mother to explain to them carefully at dawn and use their common memories to convince them.

Tap. Tap. Tap. She bowed her head and, under the watchful gazes of her neighbors, walked down the stairs and rushed out of the building.

She ran all the way to a nearby alley and avoided the approaching police officer from the main street. Gasping for air, Jasmine stopped in her tracks. Tears uncontrollably rolled down her face and fell to the ground.

Suddenly, a hand reached over and covered her mouth, dragging her to a secluded corner of the alley.

"How much? I'll pay however much it costs…" A voice filled with drunkenness rang in Jasmine's ears. It was as if he had mistaken her for a prostitute and could no longer resist her allure.

Jasmine tried her best to struggle, alarmed, afraid, and desperate.

Just as she was about to break down, the drunkard released his hand.

"Miss, are you alright?" A hoarse male voice sounded.

Jasmine dashed away from the drunkard before turning around to see a police officer in a black-and-white checkered uniform.

"He… He…" As Jasmine spoke, she began to cry.

The policeman looked at her sympathetically and said, "We will take legal action on him. However, Miss, you'll need to return to the police station with me to record your statement."

Jasmine was in a state of extreme panic and extreme helplessness. She subconsciously nodded.

Not long after, she sat in the police station's testimony room nearby. Facing her was the same police officer and his colleague.

The policeman deliberated over his words and asked, "So you're telling me, he didn't ask you if you were a prostitute, and you didn't do anything that might come off as soliciting customers?"

He was worried that his words would hurt the beautiful girl in front of him.

Jasmine held a coffee cup and lowered her head to take a sip.

"Yes, I just reached the alley."

"Alright, let's end it here. Miss Jasmine, can you tell us where your house is? We will get someone to send you back." Another policeman tried to get in her good books.

Recalling his parents' reaction and the disgusting gazes, Jasmine couldn't help but shudder. She said in tears, "I had a quarrel with my parents and can't return home for the time being. Perhaps you can take me to the nearest hotel…"

At this point, she remembered that she was only left with a few pence. There was no way she could stay in a good hotel, and the cheap motels were practically dangerous to her.

The first policeman was taken aback.

"Okay."

On the way to the nearest hotel, the policeman hesitated several times before finally saying, "If, I mean if—you plan on becoming a street girl, you can come to me. There's no need for you to go through that much effort…"

Upon hearing this, Jasmine felt on the brink of mental collapse. It was just different from when she first saw her face after the fire.

This made her feel extremely insecure and she remained silent.

Fortunately, the police officer didn't force her and sent her to the entrance of the nearest hotel.

"There's no need to go in with me. I'll go by myself." Jasmine rejected the policeman's suggestion of sending her to her room.

After the police officer left, she quickly walked out of the hotel without completing the check-in procedures.

She wanted to go to the municipal square, to the place where the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine was to cancel her previous wish.

Such beauty was terrifying!

After taking a few steps, Jasmine removed the scarf around her shoulders and wrapped it around her face in layers, just like how she left her home that very night.

Back then, there were still burn scars on her face. Her missing nose and damaged lips made her look like a devil.

When she arrived at the municipal square on a trackless carriage, she entered the street once again and saw the brass Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

Jasmine's heart immediately calmed down. She quickened her pace and arrived in front of the machine.

Then, she was at a loss. She didn't know how to cancel her last wish.

"Your first wish was a free trial, and it wasn't counted in the three wishes. So you have one more wish." Jasmine suddenly heard Mr. Merlin Hermes's voice.

She turned her head and saw that across the street, under the dim yellow light of the street lamp, the magician wearing a tall hat was looking calmly at her.

"Good, good." Jasmine hurriedly took out a copper penny and inserted it into the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

"I hope my previous wish is canceled," she said with her eyes closed as she gripped the wrench and spun it.

Tak!

She heard the dull thud once again.

When she opened her eyes, she rushed to a nearby shop. She stopped in front of the glass window and removed the scarf wrapped around her face.

She saw herself again. She was no longer a pretty girl.

Jasmine instantly relaxed, and instinctively turned her head to look at the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine, but found that it had disappeared along with Mr. Merlin Hermes.

"Praise the Lady. Thank you, Mr. Hermes." Jasmine sincerely tapped her chest four times in a clockwise manner.

She used her last copper penny to head home on a trackless public carriage.

Along the way, no one gave up their seats to her.

When her figure vanished from the street, Klein appeared again, holding a silver mirror with ancient patterns.

"Great Master, why didn't you add the line that 'excessive greed will only turn something good into something bad' or 'wishes always have a price?' This will make the whole matter seem even more philosophical. It will be elevated into a fable." On the surface of the mirror, silver words appeared.

Klein smiled and said, "The biggest problem was that I couldn't use normal methods to satisfy her 'extremely, extremely, extremely beautiful' wish. Lie can only adjust her looks to a certain extent.

"Therefore, I had no choice but to use one of the effects of a Sealed Artifact that originated from a Demoness to 'Graft' it onto her. That resulted in her stunning beauty and terrifying charm. This made the surrounding men unable to resist her."

The Sealed Artifact belonged to Xio, a relic of Demoness Shermane.

Due to a problem with Xio's storage abilities, Shermane's Beyonder characteristic fused with the box containing it, becoming a Sealed Artifact with shockingly negative effects. This caused Xio's younger brother to look at the box strangely.

In order to resolve this problem, Xio made a wish for Mr. Fool to seal the item for her.

After saying that casually, Klein looked at the magic mirror.

"Arrodes, are you consoling me?"

"No, the main problem was that she's too greedy. If she only wanted to become beautiful and didn't add so many 'extremely's to the wish, then the result would've been pretty good." On the surface of the mirror, silver words quickly appeared.

"Indeed. That will be within the extent that can be achieved by Lie." Klein nodded and said to Arrodes, "Lie's adjustments can indeed be permanent, but it's a structure that is ultimately different from the original muscles, skin, and bone structure. After more than a decade, when she's gradually showing signs of age, the adjustments and the differences will slowly magnify, making her face appear rather strange and stiff. That can only be fixed periodically by becoming a Faceless."

Having said that, Klein smiled and shook his head.

"A lie is ultimately a lie."

Then, he walked towards the other end of the street and continued, "Besides, even if she really becomes beautiful, it's still uncertain whether she will lead a better life in the future. It's true that beauty allows her to obtain a lot of resources and allow her to marry a 'prince.' However, her personal upbringing, character, and knowledge are unlikely to support such a lifestyle.

"Yes, I can't rule out the possibility that she's good at studying, being capable of using all kinds of experience to fully enrich herself, and ultimately direct herself to possibly having a good life. However, that's a whole other story.

"Heh heh, miracles are only for a moment, but fate is often a long-lasting event."

In the conversation with Arrodes, Klein gradually vanished from the end of the street.

His understanding of Miracle Invoker had deepened again.

…

After returning to her family apartment, Jasmine didn't attempt to open the door. She used a lot of courage to knock on the door.

The door opened and her mother appeared in front of her.

"Oh, you're finally back." Her mother first heaved a sigh of relief, then asked in an abnormally horrified manner, "Y-your face?"

Jasmine forced a smile and said, "I've been cured, by a mister who's good at creating miracles.

"Mr. Fully Automatic Wishing Machine."

Just as her parents suspected that their daughter had been influenced by demons, a few policemen in black-and-white checkered uniforms walked up the stairs and came over.

Leading the policemen was a lady. She had light blue eyes and a smile that quietened others.

"Miss Jasmine, we have some questions for you," the lady said politely.

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CHAPTER 1315
SUMMARY REPORT

Jasmine felt that she should have been afraid, but she found it difficult to have much strong emotions facing the female police officer in front of her. She felt like her body and mind had unknowingly settled down after crying for a long time.

She looked at her parents who had a complicated expression and asked hesitantly, "Okay, what questions do you have?"

The female policeman with the rank of superintendent pointed at the door and said, "Let's talk inside."

She didn't get Jasmine's parents to leave. She only ordered the two police officers with her to guard by the door.

After closing the door, she pulled a crude round stool over and sat down without standing on ceremony, looking very relaxed.

This immediately made Jasmine and her parents less tense.

"You may call me Ma'am Grey." The officer introduced herself and pointed at another chair and the bed. "Have a seat."

When everyone in the room found their seats, she smiled at Jasmine and said, "I received a report saying that there were some incomprehensible things happening around you. For example, a male's desire for committing sexual assault had far exceeded normal standards. This doesn't mean that there are no bad people or criminals among them, but the ratio is too high, so high that it's strange."

At this point, she swept her gaze across Jasmine's face.

"From what I know, you were seriously injured during the fire and was permanently disfigured. But now, I can't tell any of that. What do you have to say about this?"

Jasmine's heart tensed up again. She didn't dare hide anything and said in a panic, "I went out tonight to the municipal square to attend the carnival. While I was passing by a particular street, I encountered a wandering magician who called himself Merlin Hermes. He said that he had invented a machine called 'the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.' All I had to do was insert a penny, softly state my wish, and turn the wrench, then my wish would be granted.

"He said that I was the first user, so I could experience it for free once. Th-then, I was restored to my original state, having all my injuries healed.

"Officer, that's what happened. You must believe me."

With that, she glanced at Mrs. Grey and her assistant before looking at her parents, trying to get their approval.

However, her parents clearly said:

"How is this possible?

"How can there be a machine that can automatically grant the wishes of others?

"How can there be something as good as granting a wish cost only a penny?

"Besides, the first user experienced it for free!"

Grey and her assistant didn't show any obvious expressions, making Jasmine unsure if they believed her or not.

"Continue." Seeing her pause, Grey nodded encouragingly.

Jasmine hurriedly mentioned how she returned home to get some coins before recounting in full how she wished for her parents to regain their health and how she wanted to become beautiful. Finally, she said, "I was indeed very beautiful. Even I couldn't move my eyes away. This made me experience a lot of kindness, but later on, the surrounding men started to frighten me…

"In addition, Daddy and Mommy didn't recognize me and chased me out of the house. I was scared, very scared. I returned to the machine and made a third wish. Yes, that Mr. Merlin Hermes said that the first wish was free, and wasn't part of the three wishes. In short, I returned to my original appearance and met you."

Upon hearing these words, Jasmine's parents instantly thought of the beautiful "burglar" from before.

Then, they realized that their bodies were indeed much healthier than before. Their vision had recovered and their arms had sufficient strength. Everything seemed different.

They began to believe Jasmine's description, but they felt even more terrified. It was as if they had encountered a demon, exactly the same as those stories in folklore.

Grey nodded gently.

"I've seen many matters that are beyond your imagination, but this is the first time I've heard of something like a Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

"Compared to a wishing lamp or wishing pool in folklore, this is too modern."

After a pause, her expression turned serious.

"As an experienced law enforcer, I'll give you three suggestions.

"First, don't believe in such things again from now on. Under most circumstances, the easy granting of wishes brings about a huge disaster. There's nothing wrong with describing it as the temptation of demons."

Jasmine nodded heavily, indicating that she wouldn't dare to do it again—that final experience still left her feeling afraid.

"Secondly, go to the cathedral as soon as possible and repent to the bishop. Get him to purify you." Grey looked around and said, "Your entire family must go."

Seeing that Jasmine and her parents were about to say that they already had this in mind, Grey turned to Jasmine.

"My department still lacks some staff. You can consider joining us. This way, I can monitor your situation at any time and deal with any abnormalities in time. As for the salary, trust me, it's about the same as a civil servant."

The salary is about the same as a civil servant's… I can be protected… There's something that nice? Jasmine asked in disbelief, "What department is it?"

Grey smiled and said, "I'll give you an address. Come to my office tomorrow, and I'll fill you in on the details."

"…Alright." Jasmine was in a state of panic and unease. She would grab a life-saving straw the moment it appeared.

…

A week later, Jasmine officially joined the Nighthawks in Limon City and became a civilian staff member.

"Captain, the telegraph device has broken down," she said carefully as she knocked on Grey's door.

Grey put down the documents in her hand and rubbed her temples.

"Report this to the police station and let them handle it.

"Seriously, I could've gotten the help of the Machinery Hivemind in the past. It was done in a quick and effective way. Now, sigh…"

By the time Jasmine left, Grey picked up the documents and began to read them carefully.

This was a piece of information that the Nighthawks had gathered regarding the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

After Jasmine, this happened more than once!

After flipping through the documents, Grey spread out a piece of paper, picked up a fountain pen, and began writing the official document for the Constant archbishop and the Holy Cathedral:

"There have been many supernatural incidents in the city in the past week. It involves a special machine called 'the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.' According to the intel, it was created by a wandering magician who calls himself Merlin Hermes, but we haven't ruled out other possibilities. At least, I think that Merlin might be an illusion created by this machine, so as to lure people into making wishes…

"This machine is of a brass color embedded with opaque glass. Its surface has gears, bearings, rivets, metal pipes, and other components exposed on its surface. It seems to be a product of modern industrialization…

"Case 1: A young girl who was disfigured by a fire, had met the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine at the municipal square… Her first wish was to revert back to her original appearance, and it was granted normally…

Her second wish was to restore her parents' health, which was also granted normally… Her third wish was to become, extremely, extremely, extremely beautiful. Then, she no longer looked like herself, and she had an irresistible charm to the men around her…

"She claimed that she was the first user of Fully Automatic Wishing Machine, which allowed her to have one free wish. With that, she canceled her third wish…

"Case 2: A retired soldier who participated in the war to defend Limon was left with serious mental damage. He met the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine by the river… His first wish was to restore his mental state to a state before the war, and it was granted normally… His second wish was to become a little more handsome so as to reach the standards of the male models on magazine covers. He also had it granted normally… His third wish was to obtain 100,000 pounds and become a tycoon. Then, he caught the fancy of the owner of the Limon United Steel Company who wished to marry him—a lady with a wealth of nearly 200,000 pounds…

"This retired soldier didn't wish to accept her with her having a weight of more than two hundred pounds and her shorter-than-average height. Furthermore, she's a violent middle-aged woman. He prepared to leave Limon and head south. If there comes a day when he doesn't want to work hard anymore, he can easily obtain the rights to a wealth of 100,000 pounds… In a sense, his wish was granted, but he's unwilling to accept it…

"Case 3:…

"Case 4:…

"Case 5: A public school teacher met the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine near a Storm cathedral… Her first wish was to make herself look better, and not be ostracized by her students because of her looks or be spurned by her colleagues. This was granted normally… Her second wish was to obtain a better position, which was also granted. As her teaching standards were high enough and she was no longer restricted by her looks, she quickly

became the most popular teacher among the students and began taking on the duties as vice principal…

"Her third wish was to have a husband with impeccable looks, family background, personality, and ability. Finally, she got a doll who could speak, move, and have a certain level of intelligence. It had living characteristics and looked rather handsome. It was carved by the best master and could have any personality one wanted. It was very capable in every aspect. Other than not being human, it really had no flaws…

"Case 6:…

“…

"Summarizing these cases, we have obtained some preliminary guesses.

"The Fully Automatic Wishing Machine can appear anywhere in Limon. It's extremely random, and there's temporarily no discovered pattern for it…

"Most of the wishes that are made can be fulfilled normally. However, a small portion will be distorted, and the latter is basically concentrated on the third wish. Of course, it's also possible that the person will let themselves loose by the time they make the third wish and thus, make excessive demands…

"The wishes it granted were mostly related to appearance, but it covered a wide scope. It was almost omnipotent…

"The frequency of its appearances is also irregular…

"This is a classic example of a mystical item that needs to be sealed. Furthermore, it clearly exceeds the grade of a Grade 2 Sealed Artifact. I hope the archbishop and high-ranking deacons will personally deal with it, or give an effective sealing method…”

…

On the steam locomotive out of Limon, Klein observed his digestion of the Miracle Invoker potion.

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CHAPTER 1316
AN UNKNOWN CITY

If I keep accumulating it bit by bit, it won't be long before I can respond to Moon City's prayers and cure their deformity, thus creating quite a miracle… In addition, I've also concluded the acting principles of a Miracle Invoker. It's only a matter of time before I digest it if I follow them. I might even finish within the year… Klein retracted his gaze from outside the window, raised his left arm, and controlled the monster puppet on his hand to entertain a child across him.

This made him look more like a wandering magician.

If he was willing, he could even use Life's Cane or the "Grafting" ability to imbue this sock puppet with living characteristics.

While entertaining the child, Klein's thoughts scattered as he considered where the marionette city needed to be "built" for the advancement ritual.

A marionette city needs sufficient interaction to develop a corresponding region in the spirit world. This means that it isn't enough to leave it in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Ignoring the fact that it's sealed there, there's no way of directly connecting it to the spirit world. All I can do is rely on the little specialness it has. Even if there's no problem with it, it's difficult to create any interactivity with a place that lacks intelligent life…

If it's placed in the Northern and Southern Continent or the sea colonies, I have to be careful. Before the ritual is about to succeed, I definitely can't expose the fact that it's a marionette city. Otherwise, it will be affected, damaged, or even attacked by Zaratul, Amon, and my other enemies…

Yes, I have to give a sufficiently good reason for a marionette city to appear. Then, there won't be any abnormalities with the interaction between the traveling merchants and the surrounding humans. I have to make every marionette a living person. They have their past, present, and future. They follow their own trajectories of fate…

This means that a marionette city is extremely complicated. I need to split out many Worms of Spirit to deal with it. This also has the risk of losing control by doing so…

If they are husband and wife, they should act like husband and wife. When faced with something they are fond of, they should show joy. Perverts should be hated… This way, foreigners might hear embarrassing sounds while staying in the marionette city…

I'm still just an innocent child…

This is a large-scale reality show, or rather, a high-end version of "playing house." It has to be able to deceive the audience…

As Klein lampooned inwardly, he silently counted if he had enough marionettes.

Previously, he had gone to the Forsaken Land of the Gods several times and converted a large number of them. There were all kinds of monsters that might not have Beyonder characteristics. He also consciously controlled batches of rats, cockroaches, mosquitoes, and flies, hoping to make a more uncommon side of the city real enough.

I'm barely able to support a small city, so just a few more visits to the Forsaken Land of the Gods would do… Just as this thought flashed through Klein's mind, a scene suddenly appeared in front of him.

At the top of the Giant King's Court which was bathed in the light of dusk, the open door slowly and heavily closed.

This was like a pair of invisible hands closing the entrance to the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

This… Klein's eyes darkened as he vaguely guessed that this scene meant that the True Creator was about to seal off the Forsaken Land of the Gods again.

This was the prophetic power that came from his angel-level spiritual intuition and premonition for danger.

It was about to happen a few minutes or a few seconds later.

Did the True Creator capture Amon? Or has "He" already given up? "He" once again sealed off the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Does "He" not want others to enter again? Isn't this too petty? Klein mumbled inwardly, feeling a little disappointed.

Of course, he barely had enough marionettes. Even if he lacked them, he could make up for it at sea.

…

Backlund, Empress Borough.

Audrey had just changed her clothes and sent away her maidservants. Just as she was about to leave, she saw Susie walk in.

"What's the matter? You should be out on your stroll at this time?" As an experienced Spectator, Audrey immediately sensed that something was amiss.

During this period of time, she had been busy making use of the influence she had in a few foundations to help the workers, farmers, and injured veterans with their hardships. She had allowed them to wait for a new job opportunity or for their plantation's production in a new season. She had a lot less interaction with Susie than usual.

At the same time, Audrey was secretly guiding the workers of lower socioeconomic status from the various unions in Backlund to gather their strength together.

Her previous experiences made her understand that counting on the kindness of the upper class wasn't reliable or long-lasting. A single person appeared puny and powerless in the face of the government, nobles, and powerful merchants. Only by summoning the combined strength of a large number of civilians could a balance be formed.

The Loen Kingdom had unions in different industries a long time ago, but the upper echelons of these associations were easily bribed. Instead, they became effective weapons against ordinary workers.

Susie glanced at Audrey with a rather normal expression, but her mouth seemed to be out of control. It vibrated the air and let out a deep male voice.

"Miss Audrey, I'm the president of the Psychology Alchemists, Eric Drake. I wish to meet you and discuss with you about becoming a councilor of the Psychology Alchemists. I'm at the nearby park."

Having said that, Susie heaved a long sigh of relief and regained her original voice.

"Audrey, there's a strange guy looking for you. I… I can't remember what he looks like. H-he directly placed the words he wanted to say into my mind island!"

Audrey's pupils dilated slightly before immediately returning to normal. She calmly nodded and said, "Where is he at the park?"

As she spoke, Audrey secretly conjured a Virtual Persona and entered Susie's mind island through the sea of collective subconscious. She checked if it was still distorted by some external consciousness or knowledge.

"I don't remember… I was having my stroll," Susie said as she recalled.

Then, she wagged her tail slightly and said, "I don't think you should go. It's dangerous."

After confirming that Susie didn't have any latent problems with her Virtual Persona, Audrey exhaled and said, "It will be even more suspicious if I don't go. That way, danger will be unavoidable. It might even affect the rest of the people in the house."

Besides, this is also an opportunity. Just as Mr. Hanged Man said, since the end of the world is coming, all the hard work and attempts that will not bring disaster are meaningful… Audrey added inwardly before saying, "I will protect myself.

"Susie, did anything happen to you just now?"

Susie barked and said, "No.

"Audrey, are you really going?"

"Yes." Audrey gave a clear answer.

"Then can you bring me along? Just like before, I'm just a dog in their eyes," Susie mustered up her courage and said.

"No, there's no need. I'll be back very soon. Believe me, I'll be blessed by a deity," Audrey replied with a faint smile.

After comforting Susie, she used her Psychological Invisibility and left the luxurious villa like she usually did.

When she was far away, in a corner on the first floor, a servant who was cleaning suddenly bowed his head and softly said words that he had never learned before:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…”

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

The figure sitting in The Fool's seat naturally looked at the newly formed prayer light and realized that the believer was extremely unfamiliar.

It's identical to Miss Justice's home environment… I can suspect that it's a result of guidance created by a Virtual Persona's invasion of the mind island… Miss Justice used this method to avoid any surveillance and pray for blessings… The figure quickly came to a conclusion and transferred the corresponding situation to his true body.

A few seconds later, Klein entered Sefirah Castle and allowed the Worms of Spirit to burrow into his body.

Miss Justice is becoming more and more like a High-Sequence Spectator… Klein praised inwardly as he cast his gaze at the crimson star representing Justice.

…

In the park with a lake.

As soon as Audrey entered, she saw a large carriage drive over. The carriage driver was an ordinary middle-aged man wearing an old hat and a dark-colored jacket.

However, in Audrey's eyes, this carriage driver didn't exist because he didn't have a corresponding island of consciousness or mind.

In other words, the carriage driver was just an illusion, a fake, and the controller of the carriage was the horse itself.

A few seconds later, the large carriage stopped in front of Audrey. The door creaked open.

"Please come in." A deep male voice came from inside.

Audrey lifted the ends of her skirt slightly and boarded the carriage. She saw a man sitting on a black wheelchair.

His pale yellow eyebrows were long and his hair was neatly combed back. There were some wrinkles on his forehead, and his face was abnormally pale.

"Mr. Derlau? Aren't you already dead?" Audrey recognized the man in front of her and expressed her surprise perfectly.

"To a Spectator, death only represents the end of one's identity. In other theatrical plays, I'm still alive," the elderly gentleman who was sitting in a black wheelchair replied with a smile. "Apart from the former royal family's medical consultant, the former chancellor of Backlund Medical School, I'm also King of the Black Throne Barros Hopkins at sea. I'm the famous hermit, Eric Drake, etc.

"Then how should I address you?" Audrey asked politely as she watched the door close automatically from the corner of her eye.

The old gentleman stroked the wheels on both sides of his wheelchair and said, "You can call me Mr. President, or you can continue calling me Mr. Derlau."

He then pointed to the seat on the left side of the carriage.

"Have a seat. Let's head somewhere first before discussing you becoming a councilor of the Psychology Alchemists."

Audrey nodded slightly and calmly sat down.

Without hiding anything, she cast her gaze out of the window and was surprised to find that in the blink of an eye, the park had turned into an unfamiliar city, one that was shrouded in darkness.

The city was filled with extremely mysterious and beautiful buildings that gave off a dark feeling. There were gentlemen wearing top hats and trench coats, as well as women in complicated and dark dresses.

As Audrey swept her gaze, she saw a gentleman with short black hair beside a carriage, revealing sharp canine fangs in his mouth.

This was a werewolf.

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CHAPTER 1317
"PRIDE"

"What is this place?" Audrey asked without much change in her expression, as though she was asking about the location of the ball tonight.

Pauli Derlau, who claimed to be the president of the Psychology Alchemists, cast his gaze out the window as well. He smiled and said, "This is the city in everyone's heart.

"It's present wherever there are people."

Audrey nodded in thought.

"In other words, you can enter this place from any corner of human society?"

Derlau stroked his wheelchair and said, "That's right."

He didn't explain further and instead pointed at the pedestrians outside the carriage.

"Everything here has a corresponding psychological symbol; they are called 'Bestial Desire.'"

Bestial Desire… Audrey repeated the word silently. As she maintained her dignified posture, she cast her gaze even further.

Among the pedestrians, there were werewolves, as well as walking upright bears. There were cats with lazy expressions, and there was a strange man with a face of a spotted spider, a huge mouse with red eyes, a python with

its tongue sticking out, and a canine creature that studied every creature that passed it by with eyes filled with the desire to mate…

They were either wearing a top hat and trench coat or an exquisite and complicated long dark dress, doing their best to imitate humans in every detail, but they were unable to truly resemble a human.

The carriage traveled through the darkness of the night, traveling between pedestrians and all kinds of Gothic buildings. Soon, they arrived at a cathedral in the middle of the city.

The cathedral was more than eighty meters tall, propped up thanks to the numerous black columns. Each pillar was embedded with a certain number of skulls. Some of them came from humans, while others came from different creatures. However, their empty eye sockets were tilted downwards, as though they were observing at every living creature that entered the cathedral.

Just like most buildings here, every detail in the cathedral could be said to be exquisite, but they formed the elements that leaned towards nightmare, horror, terror, and mystery.

After getting off the carriage, Audrey saw a grand but empty hall through the main door.

In the depths of the hall stood a huge cross. Curled around the cross was a grayish-white dragon statue.

Unlike ordinary cathedrals, there were no pews for believers to pray, nor were there places for candle stands. However, in front of the dragon statue, there was a small long table. On both sides of the long table were five seats, and the seats at both ends were empty.

Pauli Derlau wheeled himself to the end of the long table where the seat of honor was. Then, he pointed to his left.

"Please take a seat."

Audrey slowly followed behind him. She looked around and casually pulled out a chair before sitting down.

She wasn't too close to the president of the Psychology Alchemists, nor was she too far away. She perfectly showed her vigilance and didn't show any signs of guilt.

Pauli Derlau raised his hands and clasped them together before placing them on the surface of the long table.

"Miss Audrey, I have something to ask you."

"Please speak." Audrey turned her head slightly and responded with her green eyes.

Derlau nodded slightly and said, "I would like to know how you advanced to Sequence 4 Manipulator. Where did you get your potion formula and Beyonder characteristic?"

Audrey replied frankly, "It was from a deal.

"A client wished to receive the help of a Spectator demigod, and had paid the Manipulator potion formula and Beyonder characteristic as an advance."

Derlau immediately laughed.

"That actually happened? These generous conditions resemble a father finding an excuse to give his daughter a present.

"Can you tell me exactly what kind of help you provided?"

"Kill another demigod. In this matter, control of one's mind was rather crucial." Audrey simply explained.

Her attitude was very calm, as if she was talking about the homework given to her by a teacher.

Derlau's long and fluffy eyebrows twitched as he said, "And you succeeded?"

"The results are obvious enough." Audrey gave an answer rather tactfully.

Derlau sized her up and realized that the noble girl on his left was a Manipulator who could kill other demigods.

Audrey read his thoughts and added, "I was just one of the participants."

Derlau nodded and said, "Do you know where the client's Manipulator potion formula and Beyonder characteristic came from?"

"He didn't tell me straight with regards to this question." Audrey gave an answer with a sentence she had long planned out.

"He? Can you tell me who he is?" Derlau asked after some deliberation.

Audrey had been guarding against the other party's Virtual Persona from infiltrating her mind island. However, she had yet to notice anything abnormal since the beginning.

This made her suspect that the other party didn't need to infiltrate her mind. All he needed to do was observe the fluctuations of the surrounding sea of collective subconscious to understand her true thoughts.

She didn't make any attempts to hide and calmly replied,

"This concerns an agreement between us. I believe honoring one's promise is a moral standard that the entire world approves of. And in mysticism, this comes into play at a deeper level."

Having said that, Audrey took the initiative to say, "If you can't really trust me because of my inability to mention this, I'm willing to accept this.

"I can only remain an ordinary member and use my contributions in exchange for the psychological research materials that are available to me."

Derlau smiled when he heard that.

"Everyone has their own secrets. This is very normal. What I need to assess is whether your secret will affect the safety of the entire Psychology Alchemists."

He looked deeply at Audrey and said, "Then can you tell me how you got to know such a client?"

"I remember that I once reported that, before joining the Psychology Alchemists, I'd already come into contact with some people in a mysticism circle and got to know a few Beyonders," Audrey said a truth that couldn't be any truer.

As for what the real logical order to the answer was, it was another matter.

Furthermore, the matter regarding Hvin Rambis's "disappearance" which stemmed from the investigation of Fors and Xio was something both parties had never talked about but had definitely acknowledged.

Derlau retracted his hands from the table and placed them by his chest.

"There's another thing I would like to ask: when was the last time you met Hvin Rambis?"

Audrey frowned slightly and said, "I remember that I've been asked before."

After Hvin Rambis's death, she didn't immediately cut off any contact with the Psychology Alchemists. She continued to maintain a certain connection with the upper echelons through Hilbert, Stephen, and Escalante. Only

when the war reached Backlund did she realize that she couldn't contact the members of the Psychology Alchemists cell for various reasons.

"I need to confirm it in person," Derlau said calmly.

Audrey nodded gently and said, "The last time I met Hvin Rambis was in Viscount Glaint's mansion. At that time, I hypnotized my two Beyonder friends I knew, as per his instructions, and asked them why they were investigating Viscount Stratford and who the mastermind behind this was.

At that time, Councillor Hvin Rambis was nearby, ensuring that nothing went wrong with the hypnotism. After he received the answer, he quickly left.

"After that day, I never saw him again."

As she answered, Audrey was still guarding against the invasion of her mind island. However, it was calm there, and nothing happened.

This didn't make Audrey feel relaxed. Instead, she became even more wary. She didn't even dare to think about anything related to Mr. Fool and The World Gehrman Sparrow.

She was only certain of one thing: As long as she was exposed to danger, Mr. Fool would definitely provide her with protection.

"It's identical to your previous answer." Derlau nodded slowly.

He then looked into Audrey's green eyes and said frankly, "I can't use mysticism methods to trace the origins of the Beyonder characteristic in your body. This means that the person who provided it has an unimaginable existence behind him."

Audrey nodded slightly but forcefully, expressing that she agreed with his assessment.

"I can't force you to not cooperate with other Beyonders or make deals. It's unrealistic. I just hope that you can promise not to reveal anything about the Psychology Alchemists to anyone. At the very least, when you wish to entrust certain missions to others, you have to package them and hide the secrets," Derlau said calmly as he retracted his gaze.

Audrey replied without hesitation, "I promise not to tell any living creature that isn't qualified to know about matters regarding the Psychology Alchemists."

She took the initiative to amplify the concept all the way to that of a living being to make up for any loopholes in her promise.

As soon as she finished speaking, she felt her thoughts surface from her mind island.

These thoughts intertwined, turning into an illusory net that seeped into Audrey's mind island, turning into her subconscious.

As this "restriction net" came from Audrey's spirituality, she would be incapable of removing it even if she became an angel. She would lose the intention of talking about the Psychology Alchemists when she faced non-members of the Psychology Alchemists or people who didn't qualify to know about them.

And she wouldn't realize this.

He didn't invade my spiritual island. Just my words alone made the promise turn something substantial… While Audrey was alarmed, her expression didn't show.

Of course, she didn't completely restrain herself, as being surprised by such means was an instinctive reaction from a Manipulator.

Based on this point, she suspected that either there was something wrong with this city that existed in the heart, or that Derlau, the Psychology

Alchemists president, wasn't just at the level of a saint.

Seeing Audrey make her promise, Derlau pointed at the long table in satisfaction and said, "From now on, you are a councilor of the Psychology Alchemists.

"You can choose a persona mask as your codename."

As he spoke, seven grayish-white masks appeared on the long table. They were rather illusory and abnormally cold. Five of them were placed in front of the corresponding seats, as though they already had a master.

"The remaining two persona masks are Wrath and Pride," Derlau introduced. "They come from the Holy Bible of the Creator from the Third Epoch."

Audrey thought for a second before reaching out her hand to the mask that didn't contain any anger.

"I choose Pride."

Derlau looked at her and chuckled.

"That was the choice Hvin Rambis made back then."

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CHAPTER 1318
SEVEN COUNCILORS

Audrey's right hand paused for a moment before returning to normal. She picked up the mask known as Pride.

"A 50% chance isn't low," she replied to Pauli Derlau simply.

This was to say that picking the mask that Hvin Rambis had worn before wasn't a surprising coincidence.

With that said, Audrey wore the cold gray mask on her face.

Almost instantly, she felt that she had an additional Virtual Persona that had appeared in her mind island.

This didn't stem from the outside world, but rather, a magnification of what she knew to the extremes.

"They received very little education. They have to make the right choice under my guidance.

"Not everyone has enough intelligence. On the contrary, most people are very stupid.

"Those workers are impulsive and irrational. They are easily enticed by tiny perks and have no foresight. Only with me thinking for them, guiding them, and making decisions for them can they be saved.

"They are worthy of pity, but they aren't worth communicating with.

"…”

These thoughts echoed in Audrey's mind, almost making her believe that this was the truth. After all, this was partial feedback she had received from her previous observation and experience. It wasn't something that had been fabricated out of thin air.

With a sweep of her gaze, Audrey saw herself from the smooth surface of the long table.

On the cold gray mask, her eyes moved upwards, fixing it to her forehead as though she could only see things high above without a care about anything else. It was funny, strange, and secretly horrifying.

Audrey fell silent. A few seconds later, she said in a deep voice, "Is this Pride?"

If it wasn't for the fact that she had long escaped her misconceptions through the exchange between Mr. World, Mr. Hanged Man, and Ma'am Hermit, she might've been truly affected by Pride's persona.

As for what would happen after being affected, she couldn't tell.

"You recovered much faster than I expected. It looks like you haven't lost yourself in the experience of manipulating others," Derlau said approvingly.

Audrey replied thoughtfully, "Mr. Hvin Rambis has always appeared a little proud…”

Derlau clasped his hands at his chest and said, "You could tell?"

"Only occasionally. Some details," Audrey replied in two short sentences.

Derlaua sighed and shook his head with a smile.

"This mask's influence on Hvin Rambis was worse than I expected. Besides, he usually put on a very good disguise.

"Under this premise, I don't find it strange that he has gone missing. His arrogance will make it impossible for him to see the path beneath his feet. It will make him look down on Beyonders who are weaker than him, and this will often bring great danger."

Audrey resisted the urge to recall Hvin Rambis's death, and asked in deliberation, "These seven personalities can amplify the corresponding knowledge and emotions to help us realize our own problems, so that we can deal with them directly. At the same time, they will also bring some negative effects, and unknowingly change its wearer's personality?"

Derlau nodded slightly.

"In the mind domain, it's very difficult to obtain external help that's pure and without danger. One has to have enough internal strength to avoid the corresponding negative effects.

"You have walked the right path for you to realize this."

Audrey was just about to take the opportunity to discuss some questions about the mind domain when she suddenly saw a mask on the table disappear.

She subconsciously turned her head and looked at the entrance of the cathedral. She saw a figure walk in through the door.

This figure was wearing a three-piece formal wear suit, and he had a half top hat in his hand. He wore the mask that had disappeared earlier on.

The mouth on the mask was opened wide until it reached close to the ears. Its mouth remained open, as if it wanted to swallow everything that its eyes could see.

"This is one of the councilors of the Psychology Alchemists, Mr. Gluttony." Derlau did the introductions.

Following that, the remaining councilors of the Psychology Alchemists arrived one after another. They were Mr. Lust, Ma'am Greed, Miss Sloth, and Mr. Envy.

As a senior Spectator, Audrey was the first to notice the difference in their masks:

Greed was similar to a Gluttony. His mouth reached his earlobes, but it wasn't open. Furthermore, his eyes were closed.

Lust was similar to Pride, but its eyes were different from ordinary people. They had sunk to the middle of their noses, as though they were looking at people from the bottom.

Envy's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth were slightly slanted, and had a gloomy temperament.

Sloth's eyes were tightly shut, and its mouth naturally drooped, giving off the feeling that the wearer was sleeping.

Seeing all the councilors present, Derlau smiled and said, "Let's wait for another friend. He will be the seventh councilor. Heh, eighth, I forgot to count myself."

Just as he said that, a figure entered the cathedral's main door.

This figure wore a shirt, vest, a black trench coat, and a half top hat. At a glance, he was a rather fashionable gentleman.

However, after some observations, Audrey realized that there was a huge rabbit under the human clothes. Its eyes were bright red and its fur was snow-white.

The rabbit walked inside, one step at a time, and stopped at the side of the long table. It happened to be beside Audrey.

"Unfortunately, you only have one choice." Derlau smiled as he pointed at the Wrath mask on the table.

The rabbit let out a male human voice:

"I've always been very gentle. It's a good opportunity for me to experience wrath."

As it spoke, it picked up the persona mask and wore it on its face.

The mask's eyes were wide and its mouth was wide open, as though an angry roar would shout out at any moment.

After Mr. Wrath sat down beside Audrey, Derlau clapped his hands and said, "I formally introduce the two councilors who will be joining our council.

"This is Miss Pride. This is Mr. Wrath. They are both demigods and have deep attainments in the domain of the mind.

"In addition, Miss Pride will be in charge of the greater Backlund area of the Loen Kingdom."

Upon saying that, Derlau looked at Audrey and said, "You might not be aware, but we are rooted in the masses of psychologists, psychiatrists, and the corresponding aficionados. Our strength is mainly concentrated in large cities and not small cities and villages. Therefore, every councilor is responsible for a city and the surrounding area."

Then, Derlau continued, "Mr. Wrath is in charge of the Lenburg capital, Azshara;

"Mr. Lust is in charge of the Intis capital, Trier;

"Ma'am Greed is in charge of the Feysac capital, St. Millom;

"Miss Sloth is in charge of the Feynapotter capital, Feynapotter City.

"Mr. Envy is in charge of the Intis Republic's Tilisi City;

"Mr. Gluttony is in charge of the Loen Kingdom's Constant City."

After the introduction, Derlau added, "Our Psychology Alchemists' mission is exploration, discovery, and research. We do not care about affecting the scope, member numbers, resources, etc. Therefore, we do not have any councilors in the Fog Sea, the Berserk Sea, the Sonia Sea, and the Southern Continent. Of course, there will often be members who go out to the sea to explore the ruins of the Southern Continent in search of ancient history. Heh heh, I forgot that I'm the King of the Black Throne on the Five Seas."

St. Millom, Constant, Tilisi… Nearly half of the councilors of the Psychology Alchemists are in the Midseashire region… Audrey acutely sensed a problem.

She came from a noble family, and had received good education since she was young. She was no stranger to the geographical location of every city in the Northern Continent. She knew that Feysac's St. Millom, Loen's Constant, and Intis's Tilisi were big coastal cities of Midseashire.

Although they couldn't compare to the three major cities of Backlund, Trier, and Feynapotter City, each of them was quite large. Furthermore, there were many medium-sized cities around them. This made the Midseashire coast become the most vibrant economic zone in the Northern Continent, an area with the biggest population.

Under such circumstances, it wasn't too surprising that the focus of the Psychology Alchemists was placed on Midseashire. Audrey generally didn't think that the Psychology Alchemists weren't too interested in expansion.

After the councilors got to know each other, Derlau turned his head and said to Audrey, "Miss Pride, due to the war, Backlund's Psychology Alchemists suffered great losses. We have lost contact with many of the members. I will give you a specific list in the future. You will be in charge of confirming the whereabouts of the members and then organize them again.

"In this process, I suggest that you don't use your real image and name to finish the tasks. Create a virtual identity to complete them. Hvin Rambis didn't do well in this aspect. I think he's a little too proud."

Audrey nodded slightly and agreed.

Derlau retracted his gaze and said, "The second thing to discuss today is the whereabouts of the mind dragon in East Chester County of the Loen Kingdom.

"The dragon worshiping customs of the Hartlarkh village haven't been weakened in the past two years. I suspect that the mind dragon is still influencing it in some way. Perhaps we can use it to find its whereabouts.

"Who is willing to handle this matter?"

After raising the question, he recalled that the newly joined Miss Pride and Mr. Wrath didn't have enough knowledge of the corresponding situation. He simply explained the explorations the Psychology Alchemists had previously done, as well as the problems that his entire archaeological team members encountered.

Audrey had actually participated in some matters in the early stages. Now that she had a suitable reason to intervene, she couldn't help but feel her heart palpitate.

It wasn't that she really wanted to hunt the mind dragon, but rather, she wanted to communicate with it and grasp more knowledge and secrets of the mind domain.

However, she wasn't in a hurry to raise her hand. As a councilor participating in the council for the first time, she would rather miss an opportunity than be eager to showcase herself.

"This is Loen's matter. It's not suitable for us to interfere." Mr. Lust surveyed the area and said, "Unless Miss Pride and Mr. Gluttony don't have the time for it."

Audrey waited for a few more seconds. Seeing that the Gluttony didn't say anything, she looked at Derlau and said, "I will try to investigate, but I need more detailed information."

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CHAPTER 1319
LIFE-PRESERVING INCANTATION

Seeing that Audrey was willing to attempt the investigation mission, Derlau nodded and said, "I'll give you the detailed information later, but I have to warn you that this matter is rather dangerous. You must not be careless."

Upon saying that, Derlau paused for a moment and said, "If you encounter an accident, and you can't solve it by relying on yourself. You can try to say a name. This will bring you salvation."

"What name?" Audrey asked as she had a guess in mind.

Derlau's expression immediately turned solemn.

"It comes from the Holy Bible of the Third Epoch's Creator. It involves the highest mystery of the mind domain, and it has a close relationship with something of the Psychology Alchemists.

"It's 'Adam.'"

Adam… Audrey didn't find it surprising at all, but she showed her puzzlement on the surface, as though she didn't know what this name meant.

Derlau didn't explain and instead said, "As a councilor, you should be in charge of a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. However, you and Wrath have just joined the ranks, so there must be an observation period first. Besides, the former committee member of the Backlund region, Hvin Rambis, has lost a

rather important Sealed Artifact. We are considering whether we should change the usage method of Sealed Artifacts and allow usage only via an application.

"In other words, all the Sealed Artifacts will be kept in this mind city. You usually won't hold onto them, and can only use them temporarily after an application for particular incidents."

The woman in charge of Feysac's capital's St. Millom immediately shook her head.

"There is a very serious flaw in this method. That is that we are unable to deal with any sudden accidents. Be it enemies or monsters, once we encounter them, we will not have the time to apply and retrieve the Sealed Artifact.

"I believe that the current method is good enough. Everyone wields a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact to deal with accidents. When there's a need, we can apply for other items."

Derlau laughed and said, "This was indeed better in the past. But now, you don't have to worry.

"As long as you have the chance to resist an accident, then you can directly enter this mind city to avoid the enemy and obtain the item.

"If there's no chance, just as I said, reciting the name 'Adam' will do."

You said "Adam" twice. That entity is probably already watching. No, "He" might have been watching from the very beginning… Audrey's heart almost beat faster when she heard that.

"Then how do we enter without your invitation?" Mr. Envy asked as he nodded.

Derlau pointed at his face and said, "From this council meeting forth, you can take your persona mask out of this city.

"No matter where you are, as long as there are at least two humans around you, yes, other than you, you will be able to wear the corresponding persona mask and enter the city.

"And these seven masks are illusory. They are closely connected to what you know, and there's no need to store them in a special way. With just a thought, you will be able to take them out of the sea of collective subconscious."

At that moment, the man, who was wearing the Gluttony mask and exuded a feeling that he was lost in indulgence, thought for a while and said, "Will bringing the persona mask out of this city affect our mental state and true personality?"

"There will be some effects that need attention. But I believe that you are all experts in the mind domain. You have the ability to resolve problems in this aspect," Derlau said frankly.

Audrey was a little worried that these seven persona masks had something to do with Adam, but she didn't dare think about it in the mind city. She forced herself to rein in her thoughts and replied to what Derlau had said before, "I can accept the two safekeeping methods of the Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. I'll patiently wait for the probationary period to end."

"Miss, you aren't proud," Miss Sloth, who looked like she was sleeping, commented with a smile.

After discussing the mind dragon in East Chester County, the other five councilors began introducing things that were worth paying attention to in their respective areas as an exchange of information.

During this process, Mr. Gluttony, who seemed to be capable of eating an entire cow at any moment and wore ten rings, said, "The Constant region

hasn't been peaceful recently. There have been many miracles happening one after another.

"First, Constant City was rebuilt overnight. Second, Belltaine City's citizens collectively lost their memories of a certain period of time. Third, a powerful archmage who grants the wishes of others for pleasure has been wandering the eastern shore of the Midseashire. He's called Merlin Hermes. Related to this, there's an item known as the 'Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.'

"Other than that, I also noticed something strange. Many rats, cockroaches, and crows in Constant City have lost their souls, days after the city was miraculously restored."

"Why were you able to sense this problem?" Mr. Lust looked up at Gluttony from the bottom.

Gluttony gulped and said, "I've been researching the mind problems of ordinary creatures recently. Rats, cockroaches, and crows are my experimental subjects."

The councilors immediately started discussing the direction of this research before the meeting officially entered the third stage.

Their academic exchange enriched Audrey's knowledge quite a bit. She listened very seriously and would occasionally share her thoughts and insights.

"Alright, this conference will end here." After a while, Derlau clapped his hands.

Audrey subconsciously wanted to stand up and lead the other councilors into bowing and bidding farewell. However, she quickly came to her senses and continued sitting there, being the penultimate person to stand up.

Before leaving, she asked curiously, "Mr. President, does this city have a name?"

"Yes." Derlau laughed. "The Garden of Eden."

Garden of Eden… Audrey saw that the other councillors were walking towards the door and asked thoughtfully, "There are many cathedrals here. They should represent a faith. Uh, I wonder which existence the 'residents' here believe in?"

Derlau nodded and replied solemnly, "The omnipotent and omniscient Creator."

…

Garden of Eden… The omnipotent and omniscient Creator… If this wasn't created by Adam, I'll write my name backward! Above the gray fog, inside the ancient palace, Klein looked at the crimson star representing Miss Justice and silently muttered to himself.

In addition, to recite "Adam" when faced with danger as a response would indicate a problem without concealing anything.

Ever since Miss Justice entered the Garden of Eden, the true vision provided by Sefirah Castle had been suppressed. Klein could only use Audrey's point of view to observe the surroundings, just like how Queen Mystic Bernadette's fixed viewpoint back on the primitive island. To a certain extent, this also showed the status of the mind city, Garden of Eden.

Klein gently tapped the edge of the long mottled table and conjured a pen and paper to write his thoughts.

This wasn't something he couldn't analyze based on his own thinking. Instead, when facing an existence like Adam, he needed to repeatedly ponder and analyze the details. Thus, the words that formed on the paper

helped him to read them back and forth so as to notice and make up any missing details.

"Basic premise; Adam has already advanced to Sequence 0 using the full-scale war from before. By becoming a true god, 'He' can be known as a Visionary.

"Miss Justice happened to become a Sequence 4 Manipulator after Hvin Rambis's death. She may be able to convince others, but she can't convince Adam.

"What does Adam want? Setting up a Sequence 4 saint doesn't match 'His' identity as a Visionary unless 'He' has another ploy up 'His' sleeves…

"His real target is the mind dragon, or is it me who's backing Miss Justice?

"Care and vigilance must be enhanced on this matter. We must not be careless.

"In the Garden of Eden, the cathedral that the Psychology Alchemists councilors were using is similar to Adam's corpse cathedral. However, it's only a little similar. The stone columns on its exterior are inlaid with several skulls. There is no corresponding layout inside, and the color is dark-black and very gloomy. What does this mean?

"What does that grayish-white dragon coiling around the huge cross symbolize? The first step in resurrecting the Creator has been successful?

"Uh, Adam is already a Visionary. If 'His' father or the original Creator returns, 'He' would be the first one to be unlucky. 'He' is willing to sacrifice 'Himself'? This is the meaning of being 'zealous'?

"That rabbit is suspected to be Hermes… However, as an angel of the Spectator pathway, it doesn't make sense for 'Him' to not be able to remove Miss Messenger's transformation curse after so long, especially since 'He'

has a Visionary who can provide help… Hmm, did Hermes do it on purpose?

"Yes, the president of the Psychology Alchemists, Derlau, mentioned that to the Spectator, death only represented the end of one's identity. He can still participate in other theatrical plays in other aspects as another identity…

"By combining them together, does this mean that once the Spectator pathway reaches Sequence 3 or Sequence 2, they can separate the identities they once held and make them become living people? And even if these identities were to die, it wouldn't lead to the deaths of their real bodies?

"It does look like the preamble to becoming a Visionary…

"Hmm, the rabbit that Hermes turned into after being cursed was separated as an identity which later directly participated in the Psychology Alchemists? What does 'He' want to do? Back then, when the Twilight Hermit Order communicated, 'He' was sitting beside the Emperor…"

After Klein was done writing, he put down his fountain pen and carefully read the contents a few times, his heart clouded with mystery and puzzlement.

In the end, he could only decide to continue observing and be vigilant.

And at this moment, Audrey had already taken the carriage she used, exited the Garden of Eden, and returned to the park in Empress Borough with the man-made lake.

She wasn't in a rush to pray to Mr. Fool, hoping that there would be a better way to seal the Pride mask. She returned to her luxurious villa as though nothing had happened.

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CHAPTER 1320
MIND MAIL

Susie was sitting by the door, waiting for Audrey to return.

At that moment, the golden retriever immediately went up to her as soon as she saw her approach. She even gave a rather talented showcase of her acting by barking and wagging her tail.

She didn't ask on the spot; instead, she kept accompanying Audrey back to her bedroom before asking in concern, "Is it over?"

Audrey tersely acknowledged, indicating that there was no problem.

"Is there anything I can help you with?" Susie pressed.

"Not yet." Audrey shook her head slightly.

Due to Susie's concern, she instinctively recalled her previous experience, but to her surprise, she realized that she couldn't recall the image and name of the Psychology Alchemists president. To recall even the information that she had learned from The World Gehrman Sparrow, she had to focus quite a bit.

To be frank, in front of Beyonders below the demigod level, she could do similar feats as a Manipulator. However, to influence a saint in the mind domain and make it impossible for them to sense it was almost impossible unless the other party was hypnotized, unconscious, or enslaved.

That gentleman's level is probably higher than I expected… Audrey controlled her emotions and calmly made a certain judgment.

She gave Susie a look and got the golden retriever to stand guard outside the door. In her mind, she outlined the character mask that represented Pride.

Just as she was thinking about this, she felt a slight fluctuation in the sea of collective subconscious around her.

With just a thought, Audrey reached out her left hand and grabbed it. She took out an abnormally cold, illusory grayish-white mask.

As long as I seriously think about it, will this Pride mask come to my side? Or should I say that it has already existed in my subconscious and has been following me? As Audrey carefully examined her mind island, she signaled with a thought that made the Pride mask vanish.

The ice-cold, illusory grayish-white mask quickly turned transparent and melted into the surrounding sea of collective subconscious.

Audrey still couldn't determine where this Pride mask had gone. Why did it appear in such a timely manner each time?

This made her increasingly wary. She decided to pray to Mr. Fool and make the wish of sealing the mask.

Just as she was thinking of doing a few more experiments to obtain more knowledge from Pride, she saw the sea of collective subconscious begin to resonate without using her Manipulator Beyonder powers.

A beam of light came from afar as it grew larger and more obvious. Finally, it turned into an illusory letter.

This letter stopped in front of Audrey's mind island as though it was searching for a path to complete the "delivery."

Audrey naturally wouldn't let any foreign object enter her mind world. She hurriedly reached out her left hand and touched the illusory letter.

Seeing that her fingers were about to touch the surface of the letter, Audrey suddenly stopped.

Her experience and intelligence told her at the same time:

Don't touch anything in the mysticism world rashly. This was especially so for the mind domain. Otherwise, it would easily lead to corruption and produce mental problems!

With this in mind, Audrey produced a Virtual Persona and put on the black long-veiled glove, Hand of Horror.

After making the necessary preparations, she reached out to grab the illusory letter and watched as it peeled away its outer layer and flipped over one page at a time.

This was all the information related to the mind dragon in East Chester County.

To use the sea of collective subconscious to transmit information… The higher-ups of the Spectator pathway are truly amazing… As a Manipulator, Audrey had been trying her best to maintain her initial yearning towards the mysticism world. It was a pure and innocent pursuit of "dreams" and "magic."

This was one of the ways to prevent herself from losing herself in the "Manipulating" experience of things, and not be assimilated by the sea of collective subconscious.

After flipping through all the information, Audrey let the illusory letter melt into the sea of collective subconscious.

She was still in no hurry to pray to Mr. Fool. According to her previous arrangements, she went out to be busy over other things.

At dusk, before the banquet at home began, she found some time to quickly make a prayer in her bedroom and make a wish.

In the next second, Audrey saw the grayish-white Pride appear from the sea of collective subconscious in front of her. The illusory feeling slowly vanished as a tiny amount of metallic luster flashed.

For some reason, this persona mask had a certain substantial feel to it as though it was bordering between illusory and realism.

This meant that it was isolated from Audrey's mind island in a physical sense.

Of course, it also lost the ability to return to the sea of collective subconscious.

Audrey held Pride and attempted to remove Lie that had turned into an emerald necklace, overlapping the two together.

Just as she had expected, the half-illusory, half-real Pride embedded itself into Lie, turning into a blob of patterns that roughly looked like a human face.

In the future, I'll use this method to carry it with me. I won't allow the persona mask to have any contact with my mind or body until I need to use it… Audrey's mind raced as she sincerely thanked Mr. Fool.

She then left for the banquet hall.

Along the way, she met her father, Earl Hall.

"Good news." Earl Hall laughed.

Audrey didn't hide her surprise.

"Alfred's coming back?"

This was her other brother.

"You actually guessed it?" Earl Hall said in surprise, "In the next half of the year, he will return to Backlund as a general."

Half a year… Susie is already a Dreamwalker… Audrey thought for a moment and asked, "Father, when are we returning to East Chester County?"

As the war had just ended and there were many things in the kingdom that needed to be done, the nobles didn't return to their respective fiefs during New Year's. They remained in Backlund all this time. It was already the end of February.

Earl Hall nodded and said, "About April."

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Mind Mail… Be careful of viruses, don't click on them without thought… As Klein sighed, he threw the curtain that represented the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic back into the junk pile, allowing it to cover all the items there.

He had just fulfilled Miss Justice's wish using the "Grafting" ability he named. He connected the illusory concept of the persona mask to an ordinary metal mask, and he gave the Worms of Spirit, who were on duty at Sefirah Castle, an order to recharge the powers from time to time to prolong the "Grafting" effect.

From the description of Mr. Gluttony from the Psychology Alchemists, Zaratul seems to have found Constant City. I have to be even more careful… Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table with his finger, causing Worms of Spirit to appear from his body.

His figure vanished from Sefirah Castle.

…

Winter County, Amantha mountain range, Cathedral of Serenity.

Leonard obtained a document from the Pope.

This was the first thing he was responsible for after becoming a high-ranking deacon.

After returning to his room, Leonard leisurely leaned back and placed his feet on the desk. Then, he opened the document in his hand and began reading.

A wandering magician, Merlin Hermes, grants the wishes of others for pleasure… The newly rebuilt Constant City… Fully Automatic Wishing Machine… Sequence 4 of the Seer pathway is Bizarro Sorcerer, Sequence 3 is Scholar of Yore, and Sequence 2 is Miracle Invoker…

Leonard read until he suddenly fell silent.

After a few seconds, he suppressed his voice and asked, "Old Man, how many angels of the Seer pathway are active across the land?"

Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

"This is acting. There should only be one Miracle Invoker who still needs to act.

"You should know who I'm talking about."

Leonard looked at the information in his hand again and mumbled, "He's having quite a good time…”

He had already decided that the main purpose of this mission was to act as a Nightwatcher and digest his potion. He could also travel in passing. As for handling the matter, what mattered was to find a reasonable explanation.

After flipping through the thick documents in boredom, Leonard retracted his feet and stood up.

He was going to retrieve a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact that a high-ranking deacon like him could own.

To other saints of the Church of Evernight, this was quite a headache. This was because the negative effects of Sealed Artifacts weren't easily endured. It was even more so when one needed to carry them for a long period of time. However, if one chose a Holy Artifact that was more compatible with him, there would be a problem of powers overlapping.

As for Leonard, he didn't need to worry about this problem. As long as the Sealed Artifact he was interested in had a living characteristic, he could get Old Man's help. By parasitizing it with a Worm of Time, it significantly reduced the negative effects of the Sealed Artifact, making it as obedient as the Word of the Sea.

Therefore, the main thing to choose is its powers… Leonard whistled and walked out of the room.

…

Monday afternoon, in the ancient palace above the gray fog.

Dark red beams shot out, materializing into different figures.

Derrick hadn't needed to count his heartbeat for a long time. All he needed to do was take a look at the wall clock and calculate the time difference with Backlund to know how much longer before the Tarot Gathering happened. At that moment, he stood up with Miss Justice and the other

members of the Tarot Club. He bowed to the end of the long bronze table and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Fool."

After taking their seats and paying their respects, Emlyn glanced left and right and said, "I want to know if there's something special about the Planter and the Moon pathways compared to the other pathways?"

After raising the question, he didn't hide it and instead added frankly, "I recently learned that the internal system of the Church of Earth is different from other normal systems. It's split into two categories—Favored and Blessed…”

After Emlyn finished his simple description, Alger, Cattleya, Leonard, and company looked at each other, unable to provide a reasonable explanation.

Of course, every member present, including Derrick, could tell that the internal system of the Church of Earth was abnormal.

At this moment, they heard a soft sigh.

This sigh seemed to come from an era more ancient than ancient. It came from Mr. Fool, who sat at the end of the long mottled table.

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CHAPTER 1321
THE SIX SPECIAL PATHWAYS

The Fool Klein slowly surveyed the area. He didn't provide an explanation to everyone as they had expected. Instead, he reined in his sigh and asked with a smile, "Where do you think the twenty-two Beyonder pathways originate from?"

This was one of the three most important questions in mysticism, with no consensus for the answer. Every school of thought had its own theory; no one could convince anyone.

Cattleya deliberated for a moment before replying, "The essence of the world is knowledge, and the essence of knowledge is data. Humans are data, and the Beyonder characteristics of the twenty-two pathways are data. All things are a form of data, and this is how it was born."

She had offered the Moses Ascetic Order's theory, but that was not her own point of view.

"The seven Churches believe that the Beyonder characteristic originated from the original Creator. 'He' transformed into all things, including the deities, humans, sea, land, and Beyonder characteristics," Leonard briefly explained. "Of course, this is an explanation given to deacons and above. The official Beyonders below Sequence 6 don't need to know so much."

Then, he glanced at Emlyn and said, "The Life School of Thought believes that the world is split into three levels. The material world, the world of the spirit, and the world of absolute rationality. Beyonder characteristics are the projections of certain things from the world of absolute rationality into the

material world and world of the spirit. Therefore, characteristics can't be destroyed. It only reassembles."

From the looks of it, the world of absolute rationality that the Life School of Thought promotes might be referring to the river of fate… The Fool Klein thought of Will Auceptin, but he remained silent and didn't interrupt the conversation between the members of the Tarot Club.

Emlyn returned a glance at The Star and said, "As one of the rulers of the Second Epoch, us Sanguine believe that Beyonder characteristics do come from the original Creator. Then, the various characteristics accumulated and produced the ancient gods. The ancient gods then created different races."

This was the Sanguine's explanation for the First Epoch, and Emlyn already had some doubts about it. After all, he had encountered many secrets thanks to the Tarot Club.

Alger nodded slightly.

"Although there are many explanations for the origins of a Beyonder characteristic, most of them point to the original Creator. The orthodox Churches, Aurora Order, and the City of Silver share such a belief."

"In other words, Beyonder characteristics originating from the original Creator is quite the prevalent understanding?" Audrey asked thoughtfully.

The Psychology Alchemists mainly studied the mind world and the sea of collective subconscious. They lacked complete theories regarding the origins of the Beyonder characteristics.

"Roughly." Alger didn't conceal his views.

At this moment, The Fool Klein sighed and said, "Not all of them."

He didn't proceed on to give a long story, but gave a rather vague answer.

Not all of them… Mr. Fool means that Beyonder characteristics indeed originate from the original Creator, but not all of them. A small number of them are special cases? Is this the reason for the specialness of the Planter and Moon pathway? Alger instantly thought of a lot and grasped the essence of the problem.

As it had nothing to do with her, Fors continued listening leisurely. At this moment, she asked curiously, "Honorable Mr. Fool, your meaning seems to be that most Beyonder characteristics originated from the original Creator, and the two pathways such as Planter and Moon are an exception. Then where did they come from?"

The Fool Klein said simply, "The Cosmos."

Cosmos… Emlyn was alarmed when he heard that. He realized that the matter might be more serious than he had imagined.

The Tarot Club had already shared the danger of the underground corruption and the cosmos. All of the members knew that these two concepts led to corruption simply from understanding it.

When Audrey, Cattleya, and company looked at each other, The Fool Klein maintained his hint of a sigh and added, "Not just these two."

He and the Seven Lights had always maintained their contact and had already confirmed that six of the Beyonders of the twenty-two Beyonder pathways belonged to Outer Deities.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, what other pathways come from the cosmos?" Audrey habitually raised her hand and asked curiously and warily.

The Fool Klein replied succinctly, "Prisoner, Criminal, Lawyer, and Arbiter."

The first two came from the Mother Tree of Desire, and the latter two, along with the Nation of Disorder, came from the Son of Chaos.

Chaos gave birth to order, and order came with its own shadow.

Arbiter… Fors turned her head in surprise and glanced at Xio.

She had just thought that this matter had nothing to do with her. She could only watch and not worry about it. Who knew that the trouble was right at her doorstep?

Xio frowned slightly and looked at the end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I usually don't sense any abnormalities, nor have I received any divine epiphanies. Uh, other than those from you."

The Fool Klein smiled and said, "The Arbiter and Lawyer are relatively better."

According to his understanding, the influence the Son of Chaos had on both the Arbiter and the Lawyer pathway wasn't deep. It was incomparable to the Mother Goddess of Depravity's influence on the Moon and Planter pathways, and the Mother Tree of Desire's influence on the Criminal and Prisoner pathways. This Outer Deity had gone silent, as though "He" had disappeared.

Fors and Xio secretly heaved a sigh of relief. At the same time, they became more wary of the future.

With Mr. Fool not explaining further, Emlyn composed himself and said, "The uniqueness of the Planter and Moon pathway comes from the cosmos. The divine epiphanies I sensed are likely a form of corruption?"

Alger looked at Mr. Fool at the end of the long, mottled table. Seeing that "He" had no intention of speaking, he nodded and said, "Probably so."

This is a test for me… Emlyn sighed and said,

"I've already grasped the names of the High-Sequence potions of the Planter and Moon pathway. I'm somewhat puzzled about two of them."

After becoming a Sanguine Earl and a high-ranking deacon of the Church of Earth, he obtained the corresponding clearance to access plenty of information that he had never been able to.

Seeing the other members of the Tarot Club look over, The World Gehrman Sparrow raised his hand to pinch his chin. Emlyn thought and said, "The Moon pathway is as follows: Sequence 3—High Summoner; Sequence 2—Life-Giver; Sequence 1—Beauty Goddess. The Planter pathway is as follows: Sequence 3—Pallbearer; Sequence 2—Desolate Matriarch; Sequence 1—Naturewalker.

"What I don't understand is that the names of the two potions—Beauty Goddess and Desolate Matriarch—have certain gender inclinations. What are your thoughts on this?"

"…” For a moment, no one from the Tarot Club spoke. They looked at each other and thought of a possibility.

A few seconds later, Audrey controlled her gaze and said in deliberation, "I remember that Sequence 7 of the Assassin pathway is called Witch. Assassins who consume this potion become Witches."

…*This is a test for me.*… Emlyn's lips moved slightly, unable to say a word.

When he learned the name of the potions, he already had a certain premonition, but he wasn't willing to accept it. He hoped that he could obtain another explanation from the Tarot Club.

Don't worry. You have a low chance of becoming an angel. Even if you can, you won't have the chance to be a Beauty Goddess.… Klein mumbled inwardly, but he didn't say any words of "comfort."

Everyone fell silent. Leonard coughed and took the initiative to say, "I'll share some matters."

He spoke at a moderate pace regarding Merlin Hermes, the rebuilding of Constant City overnight, and the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

As he spoke, he shot a glance at The World Klein.

The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he made The World Gehrman Sparrow look ahead.

"I'll be leaving the eastern coast of Midseashire soon."

*Eh… These were all done by Mr. World? Can he already create such miracles? As expected of an angel, a "Him"…*Audrey recalled the information the Psychology Alchemists councilor, Mr. Gluttony, had shared. She was both surprised and impressed.

She didn't use her Spectator's powers to conceal her reaction. This was because everyone had expressed the same emotions, except for Mr. Star, who clearly knew about it.

Merlin Hermes… Wandering magician… Fors noted the name deep down and secretly decided to distance herself from this name whenever she heard it in the future.

This didn't mean that she was still afraid of Gehrman Sparrow, but she knew something:

It definitely wasn't safe around Gehrman Sparrow. Something would always be happening in some way or another.

Of course, an instinctive sense of fear was inevitable. It was just like how a seed of "fear" sown when one was young would remain even when one became an adult.

Granting wishes for pleasure… Fully Automatic Wishing Machine… Is this The World Gehrman Sparrow's "acting"? Alger and Cattleya had similar thoughts simultaneously flashing through their minds. Then, they thought of something:

Ever since some time ago, Mr. Fool had made everyone pray to "Him" in the form of a wish before granting them.

"He" is helping The World digest the potion, or is it that "He" and The World are from the same pathway? After "He" awoke, "He" also exhibits similar characteristics? Little Sun said before that Mr. Fool's actions were a miracle, allowing the city's residents to directly move from the Forsaken Land of the Gods to outside Bayam City… With the fact that The World Gehrman Sparrow is still acting, this shouldn't be something he can do… Alger nodded indiscernibly as he made a guess about the pathway Mr. Fool was in.

About to leave the eastern coast of Midseashire? Then my investigation will be even easier. I can just come up with a simple conclusion. At most, I can just directly report that Gehrman Sparrow has become a Miracle Invoker and is acting… Anyway, the people who should know are already aware… Leonard mumbled silently and didn't ask further.

At this moment, The World Gehrman Sparrow looked around and asked, "What do you know about the King of the Black Throne, Barros Hopkins?"

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CHAPTER 1322
HOLD OFF ON SOMETHING UNRESOLVABLE

Upon hearing The World Gehrman Sparrow's question, the other members of the Tarot Club had three reactions:

"Who is that? I seem to have heard of him… He's one of the Four Kings?"

"Who is that? Why haven't I heard of him before…"

"Oh, I forgot to ask about the Psychology Alchemists. I was planning on using a more tactful method to seek some suggestions…"

The first reaction came from Alger, Cattleya, and Fors, who had lived at sea for a period of time. The second reaction came from Leonard, Emlyn, Xio, and Derrick. The third reaction belonged to Audrey alone.

Getting no answers, The World Gehrman Sparrow didn't ask further. His main goal was to use this as a reminder for Miss Justice to bring up the matter for discussion in a way that could bypass the promise she made.

Of course, if Miss Justice were to seek help from Mr. Fool, Klein would also use "Grafting" to temporarily connect the bindings formed from her subconscious to a paper figurine, providing her with a period of time that she could freely recount things.

This was also a high-level application of Paper Figurine Substitutes. With Klein's current level, he could easily do it within Sefirah Castle. If he were

in the real world, he would have to rely on the Worms of Spirit above the gray fog to control the "curtain" and provide responses.

At that moment, Audrey thought for a moment and said, "Do you still remember that I once pursued the whereabouts of a mind dragon and went to a place where they had customs of worshiping dragons?"

Alger, Cattleya, and company nodded. Only Leonard and Xio expressed their lack of knowledge of this matter.

As this wasn't an important matter, Fors didn't mention it when she first briefed Xio of the "general knowledge." After that, she was frightened by Angel of Imagination Adam, and rarely talked about the secrets shared by the Tarot Club in the real world.

Audrey deliberated for a moment before continuing, "It's been almost two years. A secret organization that doesn't trust me too much suddenly mentioned this matter and has entrusted me with further investigations. They said it's a form of observation. What motives do they have?"

She didn't think it was a coincidence.

Emlyn recovered and laughed.

"This should be a test."

To him, he was still very far from reaching Sequence 1 Beauty Goddess, and he had no intention of transferring to the Planter pathway. Therefore, he didn't need to worry about the corresponding problems for a long period of time. There was no need to worry too much about it.

*Emlyn's ability to say the word "test" shows how much he has improved… Of course, this is also because the Sanguine has done too many similar things to him, having to trouble Mr. Hanged Man into telling him that "this is a test"…*The Fool Klein was very satisfied with Emlyn's answer.

Of course, he didn't believe that the answer was correct. He only felt that Emlyn's ability to think up to this level was already pretty remarkable.

Audrey said disapprovingly, "I suspect that they already know that I'm problematic. They even know where my problem is and which faction is involved. There's no need to test me further."

After leaving the Garden of Eden, she had been thinking a lot. She remembered that Mr. World had once said that the Twilight Hermit Order wanted a war that would sweep the entire world.

Based on the current situation, this goal has been achieved in the past year.

In other words, the Twilight Hermit Order or Angel of Imagination Adam must've used this opportunity to gain quite a number of benefits and experience the corresponding growth.

And before that, Mr. Fool informed them that Adam was ever closer to the level of a deity.

Combining all this information, Audrey had a preliminary judgment that Angel of Imagination Adam had a high chance of already reaching the divine throne and becoming a Sequence 0 Visionary.

Even if "He" wasn't there yet, "He" wasn't too far!

If such a deity who wielded the mind domain cast "His" gaze over, Audrey didn't believe that her secret could be hidden.

At present, she could only console herself that the leader of the Twilight Hermit Order, the mastermind behind the Psychology Alchemists wouldn't place too much importance on a Sequence 4 Manipulator. On the one hand, she had made all sorts of preparations to deal with the possible "accidents."

"Perhaps that organization is trying to figure how many members we have in the Tarot Club and what their identities are," Emlyn replied with a smile

as he continued on his train of thought.

Audrey thought for a moment and nodded.

"That possibility can't be ruled out."

As she said this, she shot a glance at the end of the long, mottled table and realized that Mr. Fool was only listening to her leisurely without giving her the correct answer.

This made her feel a lot more at ease. At the same time, she silently decided that she had to be more careful. She had to be able to resolve problems herself, having already reached Sequence 4.

In any Orthodox Church or secret organization, Sequence 4 was the strongest person in control of an area.

At this moment, Alger, who had heard their conversation, proposed a brand new possibility:

"If that secret organization really doesn't trust you, then it might be an excuse for them to do an observation. Their main goal is to cooperate with us, the Tarot Club, and Mr. Fool."

He didn't know why Miss Justice didn't mention the Psychology Alchemists directly. All he could do was carefully go along with her.

Hmm… This is equivalent to me becoming an ambassador of the Tarot Club to the Psychology Alchemists? Audrey nodded slightly and said, "That's also possible.

"Then what should I do next?"

Alger thought for a moment and said, "Stall for time."

Good idea… Fors and Emlyn both expressed their agreement.

After Alger gave the overall strategy, he added in detail, "Try to stall for time and find excuses not to go until the final moment.

"When you arrive there, start investigating from the periphery and use caution as an excuse to slow down your investigation.

"If you really can't delay any further, you can deliberately make mistakes in certain matters and create some commotion so that the mind dragon can detect it early and eliminate any traces.

"If that secret organization really has any additional motives, the longer you delay, the more they won't be able to sit still. If they get impatient, they will expose the problem."

Cattleya nodded.

"This is the most suitable response for now."

"I understand. Thank you, everyone." Audrey also felt that Mr. Hanged Man's suggestion suited her thoughts.

However, she didn't delay a certain matter. She immediately turned her head and looked at the end of the long, mottled table. She bowed and said, "Honorable Mr. Fool, has Angel of Imagination Adam advanced to Sequence 0?"

Not bad. To be able to be aware of this point… The Fool Klein leaned back in his chair and chuckled.

"Only with the apocalypse approaching did 'He' finally take that step."

The level of the Garden of Eden had virtually confirmed that Adam was definitely a Visionary.

Angel of Imagination Adam has become a god? This news immediately reverberated in Derrick and company's minds, leaving their minds in

upheavals for a long time.

Indeed… Audrey pursed her lips and expressed her gratitude before asking, "What kind of payment do I need to make for this answer?"

The Fool Klein surveyed the area and said with a smile,

"There's no need.

"It's a reminder."

After this topic ended, because most of the Tarot Club members were still immersed in the impact of Adam becoming a true god, no one spoke for a moment.

After a few seconds, Derrick looked around and probed, "The City of Silver has already plowed the surrounding fields and planted wheat and other crops, but the harvest will still take some time. I wish to know what we can do to earn gold pounds and purchase resources?"

After the initial aid, the Church of the Sea God and the government of the Rorsted Archipelago stopped providing free aid. After all, their financial strength was rather limited. In this situation, the City of Silver and Moon City each sold a batch of Beyonder characteristics and monster hides in exchange for a large amount of funds that could be used to purchase various resources.

However, with the entrance to the Forsaken Land of the Gods closed, they were unable to replenish Beyonder characteristics and monster hides. It was also impossible for the City of Silver and Moon City to give up their military strength either, selling large amounts of combat resources and wasting the opportunity of nurturing their descendants. Therefore, once all the gold pounds, gold, and jewelry were used up, they would undoubtedly fall into a predicament.

For this reason, the six-member council had been troubled over how to earn gold pounds from the outside world and how to establish a stable financial system. This was a little beyond their capabilities.

The Beyonder characteristics that the City of Silver and Moon City had previously sold were mainly purchased by the Church of the Sea God and the Rorsted Archipelago government. They were used to establish official Beyonder factions under them. After all, the number of Beyonders needed to cause damage, and the number of Beyonders needed to stabilize an area was on completely different levels.

In addition, the entire Rorsted Archipelago only had Sea God Kalvetua and the demigod cardinal of the Church of the Lord of Storms. This was slightly insufficient for a new government, especially since the Church of Storms and the Church of Sea God weren't allies.

After hearing Little Sun's plea for help, the other members of the Tarot Club began to seriously consider what the City of Silver and Moon City residents could do.

Audrey thought for a moment and asked, "What are you best at?"

"Combat," Derrick replied without any hesitation.

Alger nodded slightly when he heard that.

"Although the world war has ended, law and order hasn't been restored in the colonies of the Southern Continent. It's still very chaotic there, and small-scale wars occur from time to time. You can try to form two to three mercenary teams and be hired by any faction."

Private military contractors… Klein gave an even more modern name to the suggestion.

"This is a good idea." Derrick's eyes lit up when he heard that.

Alger asked again, "Combat is a survival instinct. Other than this, do you still have anything you want to do?"

Derrick replied in embarrassment, "Many people wish to be chefs and brewers, as well as hope to work at candy factories…”

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CHAPTER 1323
DEVELOPMENT PLAN

After hearing the City of Silver citizens' wishes, a thought suddenly surfaced in Klein's mind:

Why is everything related to food…

Alger thought for a moment and said to Derrick, "You can make people with such thoughts join the industry association in Bayam. Seek out suitable teachers through the association, and directly invite people with specialties in such fields to teach in the new City of Silver and provide generous salaries.

"Of course, the prerequisite is that you have to get the residents to grasp the language of the Rorsted Archipelago as soon as possible. On this basis, Loenese, ancient Feysac, and Dutanese have to be taught too."

After The Hanged Man finished speaking, The Hermit Cattleya gave her suggestion:

"Other than organizing the mercenary teams, you can also try to apply for civil jobs in the various cities of the Rorsted Archipelago to handle supernatural matters."

Although the Rorsted Archipelago government and the Church of the Sea God had obtained a batch of Beyonder characteristics and the corresponding potion formulas from the City of Silver and Moon City, they were unable to nurture enough Beyonders in a short period of time. Sequence 9 was relatively still alright. The chances of someone being selected for their good mental strength and physique to lose control from

consuming the potion were actually very small. If one were to further advance, acting might not necessarily be successful, and it also required time.

Under such circumstances, as long as the residents of the City of Silver became members of the official faction, they wouldn't be worried about losing their jobs in the future.

Of course, the Rorsted Archipelago's government would definitely control the number of applicants. The City of Silver wouldn't be able to completely resolve everyone's employment problems using this route.

Klein agreed with Ma'am Hermit's suggestion. Furthermore, he believed that there was a need for him to give a revelation to Danitz, allowing the Rorsted Archipelago government and the Church of Sea God to increase the number of official Beyonders to a certain range.

This wasn't to help the City of Silver's residents and the majority of the deformed people in Moon City find jobs, but to deal with the impending apocalypse, the deeper corruption of the Outer Deities, and the gradually increasing frequency of supernatural incidents.

At that moment, Cattleya glanced at Miss Justice and continued speaking to Derrick.

"You should now have a large amount of liquid funds. You can try to invest in the mines, spice plantations, farms, and purchase fertile land and forests with rich produce. They're all very cheap now. Yes, although the Church of the Lord of Storms can still influence the archipelago, and although the new government promises to protect the local businesses, there are still a large number of people from Loen, Feysac, and Intis who lack confidence. They wish to cash out and return to their countries as soon as possible."

That Oracle named Danitz recently bought a spice plantation… Derrick recalled what he had heard before and immediately felt enlightened.

Cattleya's suggestion gave others inspiration. Audrey immediately added, "When negotiating, it's best if you invite some professional lawyers. If not, you'll be fooled easily. Well, if you think there's a need, you can bring along a Psyche Analyst from the city.

"Also, you have a medium-sized port that can develop the corresponding economy…

"While the official Beyonders of the Rorsted Archipelago's government and the Church of the Sea God are lacking in generation knowledge, you can set paid classes designed for outsiders in the New City of Silver's Savant schools. Well, remove the knowledge that will easily clash with the orthodox Church…

"The railway connecting the new City of Silver and other cities must be built as soon as possible…"

Derrick was taken aback when he heard that. He hurriedly raised his hand and said, "Sorry, I need to memorize what was just said."

I forgot that he has no foundation in economics… Audrey reflected on herself, closed her mouth, and smiled as she signaled for Little Sun to seek help from Mr. Fool.

After Derrick conjured a pen and paper and wrote down the previous suggestions, Audrey, Emlyn, The Star Leonard, and the other members of the Tarot Club offered their ideas one after another. They also rebutted the suggestions that weren't mature or pragmatic enough.

This intense scene lasted for nearly half an hour before ending. Derrick looked at the adequately thick pieces of paper in front of him and couldn't help but smile.

He seemed to have seen the beautiful future of the City of Silver.

Sitting at the end of the long, mottled table, The Fool Klein sighed for some baffling reason as his heart felt a lot heavier.

If one didn't consider how the apocalypse was about a decade away, the discussion would've been pleasing regarding the promising future that awaited the City of Silver.

However, the arrival of the apocalypse wouldn't change because of the will of humans. Even saints and angels couldn't do it.

Looking away from the paper in front of him, Derrick deliberated and said, "We have already built the temple and cathedral meant for Mr. Fool. We wish to proselytize to various cities in the archipelago. What do we need to pay attention to?"

Alger frowned slightly and said, "Have you written a Holy Bible? Have you designed the Order of Mass and prayer details?"

"Yes." Derrick nodded heavily.

That was based on his knowledge of the miracles Mr. Fool had shown, combined with the religious scriptures left behind by the Creator. Furthermore, the City of Silver had also prayed to The Fool seeking "His" thoughts on the matter, "His" attitude was a tacit agreement.

"Has the internal system of the Church been set up?" Alger continued asking.

Derrick subconsciously looked at Mr. Fool, who was shrouded in layers of grayish-white fog, and turned around.

"Currently, it's following the internal system of the other Churches. The Chief of our six-member council will hold the role of archbishop, and a number of enthusiastic citizens have been appointed as bishops and priests."

The City of Silver didn't set up an organization to deal with Beyonder matters within the Church, since most of them were Beyonders, and there were already the corresponding organizations in place previously.

Alger saw that Mr. Fool didn't object nor agree. He controlled his desire to teach and nodded slightly.

"You can try that out first."

He paused for a moment before saying, "However, there are two things to take note of. First, don't badmouth the other Churches, lest there be conflict. Second, it's to respect the current Oracle. In the absence of a leader appointed by Mr. Fool, the Oracle is the representative of a deity."

Third, don't engage in religious harassment during proselytizing… Besides, I have serious doubts about the eloquence of the bishops and priests of the City of Silver. I'll need to get Danitz to find professionals to train them… The Fool Klein, who was listening quietly, muttered inwardly.

He didn't express his opinion on the Holy Bible written by the City of Silver, because it was a little awkward, but if he objected to certain descriptions, it would also damage The Fool's image.

With this in mind, Klein couldn't help but lampoon.

Perhaps one day, when Will Auceptin reads the Holy Bible of the Church of The Fool, he would blurt out in surprise: When did I become an angel under The Fool?

Then, Leonard's grandpa, the awakened Mr. Azik, and Miss Messenger, who has been trying hard to recover, will add, "What? Me too?"

After the conversation regarding the City of Silver and Moon City came to an end, Cattleya looked around in anticipation and said, "Which of you has a Sequence 3 Beyonder characteristic of the Mystery Pryer pathway?"

She had already digested the Mysticologist potion for quite some time, but she had only obtained the potion formula from the Moses Ascetic Order. She was still far from obtaining the Beyonder characteristic or the main ingredients.

Although she was one of the ten key members of the Moses Ascetic Order, the corresponding resources became more valuable the higher the Sequence. Even an ancient organization wouldn't squander them freely. Furthermore, Cattleya came from the Dawn and was less affected by the Hidden Sage, so she wasn't that trusted in the Moses Ascetic Order.

To Cattleya, who had already digested the potion a long time ago using the Snake of Fate's blood to advance to a Mysticologist, Sequence 3 should've been a relatively easier stage. However, she was bottlenecked by the ingredients. It might not even be possible for her to obtain one for years or even more than a decade.

Hence, she had no choice but to seek help at the Tarot Club.

Derrick recalled the demigod characteristics that the City of Silver had and slowly shook his head.

At that moment, The World Gehrman Sparrow said with a hoarse chuckle, "I suggest you ask Queen Mystic directly."

Bernadette had already become a Sequence 2 angel. If she had an additional Clairvoyant Beyonder characteristic in her, she could attempt to separate it.

Of course, Klein couldn't be certain that the Sage potion that Queen Mystic consumed contained the previous Sequence 3 and Sequence 4 characteristics.

Ask the Queen? Cattleya got some clues from The World's answer and suspected that something had happened to the Queen.

"Okay." She controlled the urge to ask.

Klein continued controlling The World and said to Ma'am Hermit, "I have a long-term mission: Help me collect information regarding the Hidden Sage's sudden coming back to life.

"You can raise the corresponding remuneration now. Or you can wait until there's a need in the future."

Klein was still puzzled over this matter. Although it could be described as a Uniqueness suddenly coming to life, it should've happened a long time ago if it was possible.

Cattleya thought for a moment and said, "That wouldn't be an issue."

After another round of exchanges, the Tarot Gathering ended and the members returned to the real world.

In the captain's cabin of the Future, Cattleya nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge and thought about how to write the letter to the Queen.

During this process, she strolled to the window and saw Frank Lee promoting the alcohol-free volcano beer brewed by sea microorganisms to the crew.

He really has the drive… Just as Cattleya sighed, she suddenly frowned.

At the Tarot Club just now, Mr. Fool mentioned that the Planter and The Moon are two rather special pathways. They come from the cosmos, and they are prone to corruption. The divine epiphanies they receive are questionable.

Frank is a Beyonder of the Planter pathway…

Besides, he once complained that the Church of Earth Mother didn't understand the true will of the merciful mother… Cattleya's eyes that were blocked by the heavy lens narrowed slightly.

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CHAPTER 1324
HANDLING

After staring at the deck below, Cattleya left the captain's cabin and walked to the cabin's entrance. She waited until Frank Lee carried a bucket of alcohol-free beer over.

"Captain, do you want a cup?" Frank raised the large bucket of beer with one hand.

Cattleya shook her head firmly and asked in a seemingly casual manner, "Is this the will of the benevolent mother?"

"No," Frank said rather seriously. "I just feel that drinking liquor that has been altered by a modified sedative isn't good for the body. I hope that they'll be able to accept this drink that has no alcohol inside, other than the smell of alcohol. Of course, this is only a preliminary result and it doesn't involve liquor. After all, it can't use distillation to enhance its taste."

Cattleya was momentarily at a loss for words as she nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge. After two seconds of silence, she said, "Do you hear the benevolent mother's voice or divine epiphanies?"

"No." Frank didn't think much of it as he shook his head.

Phew… Cattleya secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

At that moment, Frank casually added, "The benevolent mother's will is in the ears of the wheat, in the milk of cows, in the growth of mushrooms, and in every corner of nature. One can feel it without the need to experience the divine epiphany."

Cattleya's gaze immediately shot towards Frank's eyes. She didn't find any signs of madness, only pureness.

Without another word, she nodded slightly and walked forward. She crossed Frank Lee and arrived on the deck.

After taking in the sea's vista for a few minutes, Cattleya returned to the captain's cabin. She unfolded a letter and wrote:

"I wonder what's your take regarding Frank's actions? He claims that he doesn't obtain any divine epiphanies, and believes that the benevolent mother's will is hidden in every nook and cranny of nature."

This was a letter to Gehrman Sparrow. Cattleya believed that just by adding such a question, he would be able to understand what she was implying.

After folding the letter, she took out a gold coin and began to summon the terrifying messenger.

…

Ma'am Hermit wrote me a letter immediately after the Tarot Gathering ended… It shouldn't be related to the Hidden Sage. It can't be that fast… Klein was on a cruise ship, traveling on the Tussock River.

Wearing a black robe, he took the letter from Miss Messenger's mouth and opened it. He finished reading all the content with a glance.

This… Klein frowned slightly.

Perhaps it was because Frank had shown enough danger and "madness" in his usual behavior that he had actually neglected the possibility of this Druid being affected by the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

Frank had once been placed on trial by the Church of Earth Mother for a forbidden experiment, and then he was placed on a wanted list… If Earth

Mother hadn't been corrupted, and the Church of Earth's operations were rather normal, then it means that they believe that Frank is problematic… However, if there's concrete evidence, Frank, who went to the court, probably wouldn't have lived… Klein's mind raced as he attempted to find clues based on his understanding of Frank.

There's no problem with the relevant actions. The prayer posture and his usual prayer gestures are different. It's just like how when the Beyonders of the Church of Evernight pray, they won't draw four stars on their chests at times. At most, they'll just go through the final motions…

Apart from this small problem, there's something wrong with Frank in every aspect. He's like a child raised by the Mother Goddess of Depravity… As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein had two contradictory guesses.

Either Frank's corruption was very hidden, making it impossible for the Church of Earth Mother's tribunal to be certain, or he wasn't affected by the Mother Goddess of Depravity at all. It was purely because he had a mental problem that made him look like a Blessed of an evil god.

Regardless of which guess it was, Klein believed that the subsequent development wouldn't be good.

He remembered very clearly that Frank's mushroom experiment had a breakthrough because he had been given an assistant who believed in the Primordial Moon. And the Primordial Moon was one of the manifestations of the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

That also meant that from that moment forth, regardless of whether Frank had any problems in the past, he could very well have entered the eyes of the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

This wasn't a good thing.

Of course, I can't eliminate the possibility that Frank is excessively crazy, causing the Mother Goddess of Depravity to just look away… Klein mumbled in amusement, hoping to make the best out of it.

This was nearly impossible. The horror and strength of a foreign god wasn't something a demigod could understand.

Klein even suspected that if it wasn't for the overly intense response that would destroy the anchors of the deities, allowing "Them" to attack each other in a frenzy, resulting in the Beyonder characteristics to gather and awaken the Oldest One, the Outer Deities might've already destroyed the sun and destroyed the ecosystem of the world. They weren't able to do anything to the Oldest One's barrier, but they were free to do anything to the star outside the barrier.

Sometimes, Klein wondered if the astronomically observed sun was real or not. Perhaps it was just the Eternal Blazing Sun that hung "Himself" there.

So far, there shouldn't be any major problems with the mushrooms that Frank invented. I've already dealt with them above the gray fog… Furthermore, the residents of the City of Silver and Moon City didn't show any abnormalities. Yes, after they left the Forsaken Land of the Gods, they abandoned farming mushrooms because they lacked monster corpses and had sufficient food… The more Klein thought about it, the more fearful he felt towards it.

If it wasn't for the fact that the Mother Goddess of Depravity's powers that could penetrate the original barrier was still extremely limited, Klein suspected that the Cards of Blasphemy and mushrooms would've left him corrupted. Sefirah Castle would have unknowingly changed owners.

These were things that had been placed above the gray fog for a long time and didn't undergo any special sealing.

Compared to the flamboyant Mother Tree of Desire, the usually low-key Mother Goddess of Depravity was far more terrifying!

Mr. Door and the Emperor were silently corrupted by "Her."

As expected of an existence that stands atop the Outer Deities despite losing two Beyonder pathways and a sefirah… Klein sighed inwardly. He took out a pen and paper and prepared to write a reply to Cattleya.

At that moment, he realized that Miss Messenger had been waiting by his side the entire time without returning to the spirit world. The eight eyes of the four heads stared at him unblinkingly.

"What do you think of Frank?" Klein hesitated before asking, "I mean, other than his nickname."

The four heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand spoke one after another:

"He only…" "Appears like…" "An adopted son of…" "An Outer Deity…"

In other words, Frank wasn't affected by the Mother Goddess of Depravity previously. He was simply crazy… Klein heaved a long sigh of relief.

He then asked, "What about now?"

As Frank Lee summoned Reinette Tinekerr every time he wrote a letter to Gehrman Sparrow, Klein believed that Miss Messenger, who had a very high status, had a relatively clear and accurate grasp of the state of the Mushroom King.

"I…" "Don't…" "Know…" "Either…" Reinette Tinekerr's four heads answered one after another.

Following that, "She" added, "His body…" "Temporarily…" "Hasn't been…" "Corrupted…"

Does that mean that you can't tell if his psyche is affected? That's right, other than his low level, Frank's usual actions resemble more of an evil god than me… Klein lampooned as he took out a gold coin and flicked it.

With this medium, he quickly entered a dream divination state.

At the same time, he was prepared to activate Sefirah Castle to cut off the Outer Deities from watching.

Scenes flashed past as Klein saw several futures.

Yes, the greatest threat right now is that Primordial Moon believer. I have to separate him from Frank, or things will become extremely troublesome and dangerous… If Frank doesn't come into contact with anything related to the Mother Goddess of Depravity in the future and doesn't advance to a demigod, there shouldn't be any problems… If only one of these two conditions is satisfied, the chance of an accident happening will increase greatly. If both are satisfied at the same time, I can't see the developments at all… Klein snapped awake as he interpreted the results of the divination.

Perhaps because Frank's level was too low, and he wasn't too affected by it, Klein's divination happened smoothly without encountering any danger.

Phew… He silently exhaled and caught the gold coin.

Then, he realized that Miss Messenger's eight red eyes were focused on the gold coin in his palm.

Klein twitched his eyebrows, expressing his doubts.

"It…" "Has…" Sefirah Castle's…" "Aura…" Reinette Tinekerr's four blonde, red-eyed heads shook up and down.

This is one of the five gold coins I often use for divination. It has already been tainted by the aura of Sefirah Castle? This way, it can be considered a mystical item to a certain extent. However, the effect will be drained over time… Klein carefully looked at the gold coin in his hand and made a rough judgment based on his spiritual intuition.

This gold coin could increase the accuracy of divination and enhance a user's ability to resist any interference.

To Klein, this was a pleasant surprise. He decided to use the actual gold coin rather than its historical projection.

Retrieving the gold coin, Klein wrote a reply to Ma'am Hermit and handed it to her through Reinette Tinekerr.

…

After giving Gehrman Sparrow's messenger another gold coin, Cattleya unfolded the letter and quickly scanned it.

After reading it, she felt her shoulders weigh down a little.

Without any delay, Cattleya took out another piece of paper and wrote:

"Your Majesty,

"I dreamed of you finding that primitive island and successfully returning…

"The situation of that descendant of the Emperor is getting worse. If he continues staying on the Future, I suspect he'll go crazy. If you don't mind, I want to send him over to you."

"What we need to take note of is that, although he claims to no longer believe in the Primordial Moon, no one has ever confirmed that.

“…

"My greatest worry now is that it's difficult to obtain the main ingredient of a Clairvoyant… If you have returned, I wish to find a time to return the Magic Wishing Lamp to you…”

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CHAPTER 1325
MORE THAN HALF A YEAR LATER

City of Generosity, Bayam, in a rented apartment lit up with gas lamps.

Verdu Abraham, who was wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, held a thick stack of information. He was reading seriously under the dim light, drawing a symbol and recording what he deemed useful information from time to time.

He left Loen and came to the Rorsted Archipelago mainly to avoid being watched by Dorian and his other family members, and focus on studying mysticism. He wanted to find an effective way to save Ancestor Bethel Abraham, or rather, reduce the difficulty of the known ritual.

However, he hadn't made any headway after half a year. It was as though he had no other choice other than hunting a Bizarro Sorcerer, a Parasite, and a Secrets Sorcerer.

This made Verdu rather depressed, but he was clear about how dangerous a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was. Even if he was willing to sacrifice himself, he was unable to truly control it. He was unable to guarantee the final outcome.

And the most important thing was that he couldn't find any Bizarro Sorcerers or Parasites. They were all saints that were hard to track, with styles that were known for being strange and bizarre.

Phew… Verdu put down the stack of documents in his hand and muttered silently, *Don't tell me I can only place my hopes on The Fool like Dorian and the others?*

Upon thinking of The Fool, Verdu couldn't help but frown. This was because there were more and more half-giants promoting The Fool's faith in Bayam City, so much so that even he, who rarely went out, heard of it.

This made him suspect if he had arrived near the headquarters of the Church of The Fool.

If it wasn't for the mysterious knowledge that was spread in secret in the Rorsted Archipelago was far beyond Verdu's expectations—many of them were things that the Abraham family didn't know of, and were extremely useful—he would've left Bayam last month and headed for the Southern Continent.

I can't stay here any longer. I need to buy ship tickets to East Balam as soon as possible… Just as Verdu made a decision, he began to waver. *Dorian and The Fool probably wouldn't expect me to hide in the area that's under their headquarters' jurisdiction. Emperor Roselle once said that the most dangerous place is the safest place…*

After some hesitation, Verdu put down the documents and switched off the lights. With the moonlight from the window, he walked towards the bedroom.

At the corner of the balcony in his room, a figure suddenly jumped out of the darkness and jumped over the railings.

The figure was like a feather, light and weightless. It landed from a height ten meters above the ground, without making a single sound.

Right on the heels of that, the figure moved through the shadows to the vicinity of the Church of the Sea God and went up the bell tower.

Then, "he" took out a pen and paper and wrote the report on tonight's surveillance before stuffing it into a crack.

After the figure left, a howling wind suddenly sounded above the bell tower about fifteen minutes later.

The report was pulled out from the crack by an invisible hand. As it swept through the wind, it rose and fell into the distance like a bat spreading its wings in the dark night.

Not long after, the report plummeted like it had been bound to a rock, landing on a hand that extended out in a hidden corner of the garden.

This hand belonged to the cardinal of the Church of Storms, Alger Wilson.

He then unfolded the report and began to read it in the darkness. He was completely unaffected by the lack of light.

Even in the dark sea, Alger could see everything around him clearly.

Verdu is becoming more resolute in his intention of leaving Bayam… Alger nodded indiscernibly as he came to a conclusion.

Over the past half a year, he had been monitoring this member of the Abraham family according to Mr. Fool's instructions, but he hadn't noticed anything abnormal about him.

After Verdu left the Rorsted Archipelago, his mission would be completed.

However, Alger didn't wish for it to end just like that. He believed that he hadn't made enough contributions. All he did was simply monitor a Sequence 7 Beyonder without any special characteristics.

The Hermit had already obtained a Sequence 3 Beyonder characteristic from Queen Mystic, and had gathered the corresponding supplementary ingredients and was busy preparing the ritual. This made Alger deeply

stressed. Of course, he had also done many things according to Mr. Fool's intentions, but even he felt that there was a huge difference from doing those tasks, with the identity, status, and strength of Sea God.

For a moment, Alger wanted to use all sorts of methods to force Verdu Abraham to expose himself, but in the end, he gave up on the idea. This was because he couldn't be sure of Mr. Fool's attitude towards the target.

Previously, when the City of Silver and Moon City sold Beyonder characteristics and potion formulas, Alger had purchased some from the Tarot Club. He had used it to secretly nurture a team of Beyonders who were loyal to him. This was how he had people monitoring Verdu.

Currently, this less-than-ten-member team was mostly at Sequence 9, while only a small number of them had been promoted to Sequence 8.

As for where Alger had obtained the money for purchasing Beyonder characteristics and potion formulas, the answer was very simple:

As a cardinal of the Church diocese, Alger could easily "save" a sum of money for himself. And during that period of time, the minerals, farms, spice plantations, and factories in the Rorsted Archipelago were sold at below intrinsic value. As long as one had the funds to buy them, they could earn a lot after a short period of time.

More importantly, the Church of Storms's headquarters was quite interested in the Beyonder characteristics and potion formulas sold by the City of Silver and Moon City. They provided a large sum of money for their purchase. The go-between was without a doubt the cardinal of the Rorsted diocese, Alger Wilson. It was understandable that some losses were inevitable during such situations.

Reining in his thoughts, Alger decided to sell some mysticism knowledge in Bayam's Beyonder circles through his Shadow Guards. He wanted to bait Verdu Abraham and keep him in the vicinity for as long as possible.

The main reason is that the City of Silver's preaching has frightened that gentleman.… Alger shook his head and muttered inwardly.

He then destroyed the report in his hand and walked back into the cathedral.

…

The sky had just lit up, and a young man walked out of the hotel, leisurely enjoying the scenery of Bayam's morning.

He had just bought the "Teana" beverage that was packaged with the fruit's shell when he suddenly felt a huge shadow appear beside him.

The youth turned his head and looked up bit by bit only to find a 2.5-meter-tall half-giant walking over.

"Excuse me sir, do you have a moment to talk about our lord and savior, Mr. Fool." The half-giant bent his back and tried his best to make his smile appear amiable.

The youth drank a mouthful of Teana and pointed to the side. He smiled and nodded.

"Sure, but not here."

He then walked to a place where they wouldn't be in the way. The seemingly oppressive half-giant followed warmly.

"Go ahead." The youth didn't hide his curiosity at all.

The muscular half-giant's expression turned solemn.

"My Lord claims to be The Fool. In the past, the present, and also in the future, 'He' is the great ruler who dominates the spirit world. 'He' is also the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck. 'He' is also the landmark when every living being seeks eternal life.

"My Lord lives above the real world and the spirit world. 'His' benevolence spreads across Heaven and the land. There are a total of six angels under 'Him'…

"The Angel of Mercury is the embodiment of fate, my Lord's most cherished angel. The Angel of Death has followed my Lord for the longest period of time and is the consul of the Underworld. The Angel of Redemption is my Lord's bugle, the messenger of 'His' revelations. The Angel of Life is the crystallization of wisdom itself. 'She' is the indestructible spirituality that resides in everyone's body."

Upon hearing that, the youth laughed.

"Your Lord is really impressive. He actually has so many angels to serve him."

"Not only that," the half-giant replied gently. "There's also the Angel of Retribution beside the Lord's throne. 'He' is the Lord's lightning, the Lord's rage, and the Lord's palm. It's all the judge of the fallen and the ones who aren't chaste.

"In contrast to the Angel of Retribution is the Angel of Time, "He" is a 'king' of ancient times. "He" eventually submitted to my Lord and now strikes the bell of Heaven."

"Impressive, impressive." The youth sincerely sighed.

Upon hearing such a response, the half-giant couldn't help but smile. Then, he described the various miracles that Mr. Fool had performed as succinctly as possible. Finally, he said, "It's already been fifteen minutes. I won't waste your time. If you're interested, you can go to The Fool's cathedral on 16th Phillips Street. This is the biggest cathedral in Bayam City. Heh heh, the rest are still in planning."

The young man nodded.

"I'll pay a visit if I'm free."

After watching the half-giant turn and leave, the youth took out a crystal monocle from his pocket and wore it on his right eye.

…

The half-giant walked straight back to a restaurant and changed into a chef's attire.

"Baldur, you went proselytizing again?" the restaurant owner asked with a smile.

When the industry association recommended this half-giant to learn culinary skills from his restaurant, he had been rather reluctant. He always felt that the other party could kill him with just a swing of his arm, and he didn't seem like someone with any culinary talent.

However, he was now very pleased with Baldur. Not only was he humble, obedient, and willing to take hardship, he had quite the intimidating demeanor. This scared off the gangsters who had placed their sights on the restaurant.

The only problem was that he would go out every morning to proselytize The Fool.

Of course, the restaurant owner couldn't say anything since it wasn't working hours, so he didn't mind.

Baldur smiled honestly and walked into the kitchen. He said to his good friend, Bonn, who had come from Moon City to seek refuge with him.

"I can teach you how to roast fish today."

Bonn looked rather normal, but his eyes appeared awkward with one looking up and the other looking down. He was one of the citizens from

Moon City who wasn't very deformed, and he had the courage to interact with the people outside. He nodded.

"I have to pray in a moment. Mr. Fool sent a revelation to get all the residents of Moon City to pray to 'Him' at nine in the morning. We are to wish that we are no longer deformed."

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CHAPTER 1326
SUCCESSFUL "MASS"

Regarding the matter of praying to Mr. Fool, Baldur raised both hands and feet in agreement. He didn't have any intention of pressing Bonn.

He prayed for more than a minute after waking up in the morning and before sleeping at night. He would thank Mr. Fool for bringing the pure sunlight, delicious food, and a life of no despair.

"Alright, I'll prepare the ingredients for today first." Baldur smiled as he nodded at Bonn.

A few minutes later, he brought many bags of ingredients into the kitchen, as if he was carrying a few rolls of curtains.

At this moment, Bonn found a chair and sat down. He sincerely prayed to Mr. Fool.

"The great ruler who controls the spirit world, The Fool that doesn't belong to this era, I wish to be blessed by you. I hope that you can fulfill my wish of escaping from my deformity…”

In the cathedral on Philips Street, in several areas in Bayam, in the New City of Silver, and the New Moon City that was located in a forest, prayers echoed softly simultaneously.

The extremely self-conscious Xin, Rus, and company vaguely guessed that Mr. Fool was planning on granting such a wish. As they prayed, their bodies trembled, unable to control themselves.

They yearned to be like normal people.

They were also looking forward to the bustling and lively Bayam. They yearned for the grilled fish made from a secret recipe, the candy factories, and delicacies from all over the world. They yearned for a life to drink, chat, sing, and dance.

In the ancient palace above the gray fog, The Fool Klein, who was sitting at the end of the long bronze table, saw bits of pure light light up one after another, forming a majestic sea of stars in front of him.

The prayers overlapped and echoed inside Sefirah Castle as ripples appeared.

Klein closed his eyes and took it in for a few seconds. He raised his right hand and bent his middle finger, rapping the edge of the long mottled table.

An invisible force spread out like waves on the surface of water. It surged into every prayer point of light and landed on the residents of Moon City.

Xin suddenly felt something and raised her hand to touch the middle of her face.

The next second, she felt her nose.

Almost instinctively, Xin stroked that position several times from top to bottom before she believed she had grown a nose and was no longer deformed.

She instantly closed her eyes, bent down, and pressed her forehead to the ground. She couldn't help but praise Mr. Fool.

The praises around her grew louder and louder, becoming more and more uniform.

Rus's eyes separated; Bonn's eyes became symmetrical; and in Moon City, every deformed person, or those who were ugly because of the traits they inherited, had broken through their original restrictions and their bodies were transforming towards a state of normalcy.

At this moment, be it in New Moon City, the New City of Silver, or Bayam, they heard the bell of the cathedral ring.

Gong!

The ethereal gong of the bell reverberated in the hearts of everyone in Moon City. It rang in the ears of every person who heard it, as though it could cleanse their souls and bring them the most genuine feelings towards life.

The tears that Xin, Rus, and company held back finally flowed out. They felt their minds and bodies turn tranquil, no longer having a speck of dust tainting them.

They subconsciously raised their heads and cast their gaze towards the source of the gong. They discovered that it came from beyond New Moon City, an unknown distance away from where they were.

A miracle… A thought suddenly popped into the minds of the Moon City citizens.

In the new City of Silver that was connected to them, Waite Chirmont and company cast their gazes into the distance and cast their gaze towards Bayam.

The gong came from there.

"Praise Mr. Fool!" They mumbled at the same time as they pressed their right palm to their left chest.

In Bayam City, Bonn adjusted his postures with Baldur who had tears streaming down his face. They faced Philips Street and towards the cathedral that belonged to Mr. Fool. They listened attentively and gratefully to the holy chimes from Heaven.

However, above the gray fog, The Fool Klein was somewhat astonished and confused.

The sudden chiming of the bells wasn't within his plans.

He then turned his gaze to The Fool's cathedral at 16 Phillips Street.

Almost at the same time, he used the prayer lights to see the tall bell tower that was attached to the cathedral. He saw a young man wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe standing at the top of the bell tower.

This youth was holding a black bell hammer and was striking the bell repeatedly.

As if sensing the gaze from above, the youth stopped. He lifted his head slightly and adjusted the crystal monocle on his right eye.

At the same time, his smile widened.

"…” Klein nearly cursed.

At this moment, his eyes glazed over almost in an unconcealed manner. He didn't understand why Angel of Time Amon would suddenly appear and seriously strike the bell of his cathedral.

Klein was actually mentally prepared for Amon's and Zaratul's possible arrival. This was because there were just too many people in the City of Silver and Moon City. There was no way they could secretly integrate with the outside world.

In other words, the City of Silver and Moon City would definitely be known to the various Churches and secret organizations. Under such circumstances, be it public or private proselytizing, it wouldn't affect any future development. Therefore, Klein silently agreed to the City of Silver's attempts to proselytize the faith of The Fool. This was preparation for him to have more anchors for his advancement to Sequence 1.

Due to this premise, he was prepared for Zaratul, Amon, and other hidden enemies to come to Bayam. He even hoped that they would do so.

Here, Klein, who had the status and level of a King of Angels in Sefirah Castle, was able to fully display his home ground advantage. As for the City of Silver, it also had Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts. It could completely resist Amon and take down Zaratul.

Compared to his main body suddenly encountering a prepared enemy elsewhere, or the discovery of his marionette city, this was undoubtedly a better choice.

However, Amon's current actions confused Klein. He didn't understand what the God of Deceit wanted to achieve.

…

16 Phillips Street, inside The Fool's cathedral.

The archbishop-on-duty, the City of Silver's six-member council's Elder, Derrick Berg, also looked up in astonishment at the stained glass.

Rays of sunlight shone inside, allowing Derrick to read one scene after another.

As the black bell hammer fell, the tremors of the bell gradually stopped.

I didn't arrange for someone to strike the bell… Derrick frowned.

As a member of the City of Silver, as a demigod in the Sun domain, he had a sharp intuition and knew that something must've gone wrong.

However, the strange ringing of the bell didn't bring any accidents. Besides the ringing, everything seemed normal.

As Derrick observed the surroundings with the help of his Unshadowed Beyonder powers, he quickly considered whether the bell had any symbolic significance in mysticism.

After eliminating the possibilities, he suddenly recalled the Holy Bible of The Fool made up by the City of Silver.

There was content related to the striking of bells!

It was used to describe the relationship between Angel of Time Amon and Mr. Fool to confirm "His" true status.

Towards that sentence, Derrick was still against it because he knew that Blasphemer Amon wasn't Mr. Fool's Blessed. Their relationship wasn't even harmonious, and was actually hostile.

However, the lies he made previously had convinced the other members of the City of Silver's six-member council. They believed that Angel of Time Amon was the first entity appointed by Mr. Fool to cast down the light for the people of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. It was because "He" had Parasitized Derrick, which had resulted in the subsequent changes, all the way until hope descended.

Derrick had wanted to explain, but he was embarrassed. That would only bring up too many lies, making him lose his image with the other Elders of the six-member council and citizens of the City of Silver. It was just like Miss Justice had said before, a social death.

Finally, he chose to delay any actions, hoping that Mr. Fool would take a look at the Holy Bible. If there was anything inappropriate with the

descriptions, "He" would definitely send a divine revelation to change the views.

To his surprise, Mr. Fool didn't say anything and silently agreed with the contents of the Holy Bible.

Could it be that Amon is striking the bell? Derrick was momentarily dazed as he found it too unbelievable.

He hurriedly lowered his head and began praying, reporting this matter to Mr. Fool.

…

Above the gray fog, inside Sefirah Castle.

Before Klein could eliminate Amon, the other party suddenly turned transparent and transformed into a beam of light before vanishing from the bell tower.

What does this fellow want? If "His" father is the Emperor and not the ancient sun god, then I can reasonably suspect that "He" is striking a death knell for me… As Klein checked if there were any Amons lurking in the bodies of the City of Silver and Moon City citizens, he analyzed Amon's motives without any clue in mind.

Just as he was about to use divination to seek clues, Derrick completed his prayer.

…Holy Bible, Holy Bible? The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he summoned from the junk pile the Holy Bible that the City of Silver had sacrificed to him.

Previously, he had only flipped through a few pages, but he was too embarrassed to continue reading it. He took on a position of burying his head in the sand.

Of course, he wasn't careless in this aspect. He was still extremely cautious. He used divination inside Sefirah Castle to confirm that the Holy Bible wouldn't bring him any harm.

With this premise, he allowed the City of Silver to use this Holy Bible.

He slowly took a deep breath and reached out his right hand. He flipped the scriptures page by page.

His facial muscles began to twitch, and the corner of his lips uncontrollably parted.

Klein flipped faster and faster. Finally, he saw the last page.

Pa!

Klein suddenly closed the book and threw it back onto the junk pile.

After this miracle in Moon City, yes, the potion has mostly been digested. The marionette city will have to step onto the stage of history… Klein observed his condition without expression and nodded indiscernibly.

Ever since he had gained preliminary control of Sefirah Castle, he could receive digestion feedback from the real world.

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CHAPTER 1327
THREE PLANS

As for the marionette town, Klein had been thinking about how to build it a long time ago. He had already come up with three plans:

If he eliminated any interference from external factors, his best choice would be somewhere in a certain country of the Northern Continent. He would allow his marionette town to rise up overnight. Furthermore, he would connect it to the surrounding cities through railways, rivers, and roads.

This way, the marionette town would have large numbers of outsiders arriving on a daily basis, and it would create a very strong interaction with the surrounding areas. On the one hand, a town without a city nearby would definitely purchase grain, salt, cloth, ores, sugar, and other daily necessities. On the other hand, it would also produce its own products, which could be sold to neighboring cities, towns, and villages. Under such a situation, merchants, workers, tourists, and other groups would go back and forth frequently. At the same time, they would interact more with the marionette town's residents.

Under the influence of all kinds of interactions between the parties, it wouldn't be long before the town of marionettes could produce a corresponding region in the spirit world. Once the lives of the residents became more detailed and real, Klein could consume the potion to advance to Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries.

This would take less than three months.

But the problem was that this approach couldn't be kept confidential.

In the present era, to have a town suddenly pop up was something that couldn't be hidden from people. Soon, there would be civil servants, the police, and reporters coming to investigate. And after that, the interactions between the parties would also make more and more people know and understand the city. This was a problem that couldn't be resolved through illusions unless the town of marionettes didn't interact with the surrounding cities, towns, and villages and had relatively minor interactions. However, that wouldn't meet the requirements of the ritual.

When news of the marionette town spread, Klein would undoubtedly be targeted by Zaratul, Amon's true body, and his other enemies. When the time came, the destruction caused by others would definitely be easier than him protecting it. He could only migrate his marionette town elsewhere. This would cause the interactions generated in the early stages to be for naught, just like what the Dark Demonic Wolf had experienced.

Therefore, Klein had only listed down such a plan, so he basically wouldn't choose it. Unless a certain Visionary was willing to provide help, making all the living beings in the Northern and Southern Continents naturally believe that there was indeed a town there, one that hadn't suddenly appeared.

Considering the influence of various external factors and his Beyonder powers, Klein's best choice was to establish the town on an uninhabited island that deviated from the safe sea route and was sufficiently well-hidden. He would then use Sefirah Castle to give it anti-divination and anti-prophecy properties.

At the same time, Klein would use the "curtain" to "Graft" some roads, rivers, and railways to somewhere outside the marionette town, making it a stop for random groups of people during their journeys.

This couldn't be kept completely confidential, but once the "strange phenomenon" spread and attracted Zaratul's and Amon's attention, Klein could easily remove the original "Grafting" randomly and switch the "entrance."

Under such a strategy, the movement was limited to the entrance, not the marionette town itself. The effects of various interactions in the spirit world could be preserved without being interrupted. The ritual could steadily proceed as planned.

Of course, there was a big problem with this plan. It was that the interaction would be limited and couldn't influence matters at a daily level in all its aspects. In addition, the frequency and intensity of the interaction wouldn't be too high.

If he chose this plan, it meant that Klein had to spend more than half a year or even a year on the ritual.

If he wanted to be safe, forcing every marionette's fate to have a beginning and an end, the ritual would take at least fifty years. However, there was also a way to get around the limitations—once the rest of the ritual's requirements were met, he could deliver a meteorite strike, an earthquake, or a volcano eruption to the town, causing all the marionettes' fates to come to an end in the real world. It was something that happened in real life and was rather reasonable.

In this radical and conservative proposal, Klein had another solution.

It was to replicate a city and make the marionette correspond to the residents of the city and be mapped one-to-one. For evil Miracle Invokers, they could wipe out the original city and use their marionettes to replace its inhabitants. Those who had a kind heart would hide the city and ensure a supply of goods. The reason as to why one didn't convert the target city into marionettes was that it already had a corresponding region in the spirit world. Without being a newly born one, it didn't meet the requirements of the ritual.

With the "curtain" formed by the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic, Klein could make a better choice: "Graft" a city at a particular stage to his marionette town.

This meant that his town of marionettes had become the dark side of the city. In the corresponding period of time, outsiders would encounter marionettes and not real people. Once that period of time passed, they would leave the town of marionettes and return to the real world to deal with real people.

During the process, Klein would send his marionettes to act as an outsider and maintain interactions with the corresponding real person, allowing the real outsiders to return to the real world without any gaps.

In other words, there were two different lives playing out in the same city at the same time, but no one could notice that. Occasionally, some people would think that some details weren't right, but would find it inexplicable and might just ignore it.

This was rather in line with the characteristic of an Attendant of Mysteries, and it had a certain level of concealment.

Of course, this plan also had its problem. It was to simulate the fate of a marionette to a very high level—almost as similar as a human's. Without its own independence, it would cause the ritual's effects to fail.

Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table with his fingers and was in a dilemma over the second and third plan.

After a few minutes, he did as his heart willed—cowardice—and chose the second plan. He would rather spend more time than affect the fates of the innocent.

Back then, Zaratul and Antigonus likely chose the third plan.… Klein sighed and prepared to return to the real world.

At this moment, he looked at the junk pile and considered whether he should send a revelation to change the descriptions in the City of Silver's Holy Bible.

To a deity, the Holy Bible wasn't anything too important. Its best use was for its convenience to spread its teachings and increase the number of anchors.

Klein had long come to a conclusion from The Revelation of Evernight, The Book of Storms, and the contents of the various orthodox Churches' Holy Bibles.

Most of the content elevated the orthodox deity, making random claims of grandeur and expressed mercy and pity.

In ancient times, the impression the believers had of the deities would indeed have a negative impact on the deities. But now, with the use of symbols instead of statues, this latent problem no longer existed. At the very least, the Evernight Goddess, the Lord of Storms, and other deities openly declared that they were parts of the Creator's original body. They weren't worried that it would exacerbate the awakening of the Oldest One.

In other words, if there really was a problem with this aspect, Klein believed that the Evernight Goddess would definitely have changed the corresponding description. "She" would've changed the description of being one of the eyes of the Creator to a child spawned by "Him." It too enjoyed a very high status.

At the same time, the believers' acknowledgment of certain matters wouldn't have any burden on the deities themselves in a mysticism sense. Otherwise, Amon would've secretly helped Klein, or rather, prepare a batch of believers for the former Sefirah Castle to lure them into forming the belief that the Angel of Time was the manifestation of the Lord of the Mysteries. With the aid of an instinctual response that met the requirements, "He" could establish enough connections with Sefirah Castle and open a "back door."

To a deity, the Holy Bible only had two important components other than for spreading the faith:

Firstly, it was a description of the authority and honorific name of the deities themselves. If there were any mistakes, it would lead to the prayers of the believers pointing to an unknown target. Not only would it be dangerous to the believers, but it would also cause the deities to lose their anchors. Secondly, any descriptions that involved the other Churches would easily attract conflict.

As for the angels and saints, the deities actually didn't pay them too much mind. The ones that cared were the angels and saints themselves because they needed to obtain a certain level of anchors through this.

Therefore, the Holy Bibles' descriptions of angels and saints were detailed enough. They had authority and honorific names, making it easier for different believers to choose and be immersed. In addition, this wasn't enough to form a stable anchor, because it was under the faith of a deity.

In order to resolve this problem, the orthodox Churches would define certain cathedrals to different guardian angels and guardian saints and clearly differentiate them.

Due to this knowledge, Klein didn't pay much attention to the Holy Bible. After he finished reading the description about his authority and honorific name, he stopped continuing out of embarrassment. He only used divination to confirm that the contents wouldn't result in a conflict with the orthodox Churches.

After some thought, he gave up the idea of directly sending the revelation to change the Holy Bible and decided to use a gentler method.

During the Tarot Club's exchange, he could use The World Gehrman Sparrow to guide The Sun into adjusting his understanding of the situation, turning the parts involving the Angel of Time to Pallez Zoroast, allowing the corresponding content to be fixed without causing any suspicion in the City of Silver.

…

Bayam, Verdu Abraham had obtained quite a bit of mysticism knowledge in a few Beyonder circles.

He lit up the gas wall lamp and carefully read it in the night.

Towards the end, he suddenly read a piece of news that he had never understood before:

Bansy Harbor is a place filled with mysticism powers. Its connection with the spirit world and the astral world is beyond imagination… Even with the Church of Storms directly destroying the harbor, it still can't completely eliminate the abnormality of its existence…

Many mysticism researchers are purchasing items related to Bansy at a high price…

Bansy… Verdu muttered to himself silently, suddenly having a strong interest in the harbor.

He began considering if he should buy some items from Bansy and do a thorough study of them. After all, the spirit world was related to "Teleportation." The astral world and the cosmos involved "Wandering," and might involve Mr. Door Bethel Abraham's method of escaping.

Perhaps, if I have the chance, I could go to Bansy to take a look… Verdu nodded indiscernibly.

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CHAPTER 1328
THE PREPARATIONS NEEDED

The initial preparations for building a marionette town were rather boring and tedious. At the very least, Klein believed so.

In the ancient palace, Klein sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool, holding a fountain pen. There were ordinary pieces of paper with the name, age, and the fate of every marionette. As he made the Worms of Spirit emerge from his body, they formed avatars beside him.

Some Kleins sat on the ground, while others occupied the twenty-one seats other than The Fool's. Some conjured beds and lay on them…

Then, they summoned different books from the junk pile and started reading them seriously.

The books included but were not limited to:

"How to Brew Wine"

"Train Dispatching"

"Desert Making Compendium"

"A Clergyman Prepares"

"Gas Wall Lamps, Gas Meters, and All Kinds of Family Machinery Repair"

"DESI-licacy"

"Harbor Management"

"Foundations of Law"

"Ladies Aesthetic" magazines…

These were specialist knowledge that different marionettes needed to grasp. Only by doing so would they be able to act their roles well, allowing him to be realistic in every aspect. Even if they were to engage in a deep conversation with outsiders, they wouldn't expose any problems.

It wouldn't be difficult for Klein if he just needed to simply memorize the knowledge, but he had to truly grasp and apply it. Furthermore, he couldn't confuse his characters. He couldn't let a burly and strong switchman with a low income be talking about the wonders of a particular particular skincare product, or which silk cloth was flawed.

If such a situation were to happen in novels, plays, and operas, it might create a strange attraction, but putting it in the real world was clearly uncanny and not beneficial to the advancement of the ritual.

To avoid such a problem, Klein could only work harder in the early stages. He hoped that every character in a marionette town would be real, whole, and appropriate.

Fortunately, there weren't many people in a city who needed to deeply understand the corresponding specialist knowledge. Most of the residents were half-illiterate, or really illiterate. They relied on experience to live their lives that they repeated via motions. For these characters, the knowledge that Klein needed to grasp was relatively little, just like workers who had gone through simple training—or even without any training—to be sent to the assembly line.

After an unknown period of time, Klein put down his fountain pen and rubbed his temples, letting out a long sigh of relief.

He had finally written down the information about nearly five thousand residents in the marionette town, and his corresponding knowledge preparation was almost complete.

This is like a super large-scale movie directed by a director, and with me being the scriptwriter. Same for the lighting engineer, the makeup artist, and all the actors… For this ritual, I'm really on the verge of losing control. If I'm not careful, my personality will dissociate and I'll fall into the abyss of madness… Luckily, I have a professional psychologist…

Yes, I have to pay attention to a problem in the town's operations. Although I'm a gentleman with manners, most of the residents in town have low socioeconomic status. Be it speaking or acting, they're more inclined towards being vulgar… I can't make a mistake during the acting and become set back by my psychological barriers… Klein sighed silently as the avatars around him disintegrated into Worms of Spirit before he got them to burrow into his body.

Of course, this wasn't all. There was also one "Klein," who maintained his previous state, preparing to be on Sefirah Castle duty.

In the next second, Klein returned to the real world and took out Creeping Hunger from the Historical Void.

Then, he "Teleported" to an island that was located in the Berserk Sea but one that clearly deviated from the safe sea route.

This was the "stage" he had chosen before.

This place was isolated from the storms all year round. There were no signs of human activity, only a large forest and animals that lived off the forest.

Klein looked around and chose an open area. He pressed his right hand to his left chest and prayed sincerely, "I wish that there's a city suitable for five thousand people here."

Just as he said that, Klein raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

Suddenly, this open area became extremely flat. The surrounding forest also "receded" greatly, providing large amounts of wood, stones, and soil.

Almost at the same time, buildings rose up from the ground. They took form with stone and wood. The highest wasn't more than four stories high. The style was closer to the Loen Kingdom's Desi Bay.

In just the blink of an eye, residential buildings, a library, a police station, a telegraph office, a city hall, a small hospital, a candy factory, a water plant, a gas company, a steam locomotive station, parallel train tracks, and plantations outside the city took form. The streets were also paved with cement or stone bricks.

Towards the end, on the square in the middle of the town, a pointed-tip cathedral emerged from the ground and stood proudly.

This was a cathedral belonging to the Evernight Goddess, as it was in line with the background setting of the city.

"I hope this island has a deep-sea harbor." Klein didn't stop as he made a second wish.

Pa!

He snapped his fingers again, fulfilling his wish.

About three kilometers away from the town, a small-scale harbor quickly took shape. There were two docks, five warehouses, a port hotel, a simple restaurant, a police station branch, a bar, a lighthouse, and a naval base…

"I wish for the harbor and town to have convenient transportation." Klein made a third wish.

He raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

A concrete road and a cargo rail instantly appeared between the town and the harbor.

According to Klein's plan, a portion of the harbor was prepared for visitors by sea. The town was mainly for outsiders from the Northern and Southern Continent.

As he looked at the empty city with admiration, Klein pressed his top hat and "Teleported" to the municipal square. He walked step by step into the cathedral named Saint Arianna Cathedral.

The cathedral's door was open, and it was dark inside.

After an unknown period of time, three figures appeared at the door. They were a 30-year-old gentleman in a formal suit with a tie, an ordinary-looking and gentle-looking woman, and a child who was dressed like an adult.

The woman took a few steps with difficulty before stretching her neck. Then, she smiled and reached out her hands to hold the gentleman's arm.

The gentleman had a faint smile on his face. As he allowed the lady to lean on him, he reached out his right hand and held the boy.

The little boy was skipping about, appearing very lively.

Their actions were a little rough at first, but the more they walked, the smoother they became as they walked through the square.

After they left, more and more people walked out of Saint Arianna Cathedral. They consisted of the police, repair workers, gas company employees, restaurant chefs, white-haired old men, and simply-dressed farmers…

In the next hour, people constantly came out of the Evernight cathedral. They either turned to different streets and went to different places, entering

different houses, stopping at the square, or enjoying the pigeon-less scenery.

During this process, the number of people that came out had exceeded the limits of the cathedral's capacity, but there seemed to be no end to the people, as though the interior was connected to another city.

After another fifteen minutes, the entrance of Saint Arianna Cathedral finally fell silent. However, there were rats, cockroaches, moths, ants, flies, and mosquitoes creeping outwards.

Finally, a colorful window at the top of the cathedral opened. White pigeons flew out and landed in the middle of the square.

The people who had stayed there came to life completely. Some teased the pigeons, others looked for hawkers, while some played a seven-string guitar, and others smiled as they conversed with their friends.

A man wearing a top hat and a trench coat and carrying a cane left the municipal square. He came to the other side of the town and stopped in front of a wooden board.

He took out his tools and wrote the name of the town on the wooden board:

"Yharnam."

After some thought, the man "wiped" away "Yharnam" and wrote another name:

"Utopia."

…

Backlund, inside the Hall family's luxurious villa.

"Alfred has already boarded the cruise ship back to the Northern Continent?" Audrey didn't hide her surprise.

It was September 1352.

In the past half a year, Audrey didn't spend too much effort to make her father give up the thought of returning to East Chester County for the first half of the year. This was because there was a pressing need to rebuild Backlund and Constant City. The kingdom's political scene also needed a new balance. Earl Hall had too many things to handle and wasn't in the mood for a vacation.

Therefore, whenever Earl Hall was put in a difficult spot, she just needed to take the initiative to say that she was willing to remain in Backlund and return to East Chester County in the next six months to have things develop as she wanted and receive praise for.

As for the Psychology Alchemists, they didn't rush her either. Up to now, the Psychology Alchemists' council meeting had been held three times. It was mainly to communicate their research results and the various information of the areas under their jurisdiction. Only Ma'am Greed had asked about the clues to the mind dragon twice.

To be frank, if Mr. Fool hadn't reminded Audrey to take note of the rabbit, Wrath, and the easily forgettable president, she would definitely find the conference interesting. Mr. Rabbit had plenty of ideas, but she remained as vigilant as ever.

"Yes, the liner has already left the harbor." Earl Hall smiled and nodded. "When Alfred arrives in Backlund and completes the necessary social intercourse, we will return to East Chester County for fox-hunting."

Autumn was the best time to hunt foxes.

Audrey tersely acknowledged.

"Alright."

…

As a major general in the army, Alfred didn't follow the naval fleet to Desi Bay. Instead, he led his adjutants and squires and boarded a steam-powered sailboat hybrid for Pritz Harbor.

After traveling for nearly two days, they encountered a storm in the Berserk Sea.

As the ship shook violently, the sailors on the observatory saw some light through their telescopes.

It came from a lighthouse.

Author's Note: I wrote in detail three plans in the previous chapter because I felt that the third plan was most impactful, but it's impossible for Klein to undertake it with his character, so I had to unfortunately give it up. I specially wrote it out for all of you to have a sense of what's the most bizarre and mysterious method.

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CHAPTER 1329
A NIGHT WITHOUT ANY ABNORMALITIES

The liner passed through the storm and approached the lighthouse.

A small-scale harbor entered the sights of the captain, sailors, and passengers through the gloomy rain.

A short while later, a man in his thirties, who was wearing a blue uniform and holding onto a black umbrella and a glass lantern, appeared at the dock. He used rather uncommon actions to guide the liner to moor.

As the man watched the gangway lower, he opened his mouth and shouted, "Hey matey, where d'ya come from?"

After most of his voice was swallowed by the wind, his voice successfully reached the liner's interior and entered Alfred's ears.

"Do you know what this place is?" Alfred looked carefully at his adjutant and squire.

He wasn't wearing a general's ceremonial attire. Wearing a black trench coat that was commonly seen in Backlund, his dazzling blond hair drooped down casually, and his blue eyes looked like a deep lake in a forest.

The adjutant, who had neatly combed his hair to the back, first shook his head to indicate his uncertainty before he explained, "The storm from before made me lose my bearings."

At this moment, the captain held an umbrella and came to the shipboard. He answered the man, "We left East Balam two days ago and unfortunately encountered a storm.

"What harbor is this?"

The man's eyes darted around for a moment. Without giving a direct answer, he shouted, "Wait a moment, will ya?"

He then turned around, holding the umbrella and the lantern as he ran towards the buildings near the dock.

This reaction was beyond the expectations of Alfred and the other passengers, but it wasn't strange for the experienced ship captain, first mate, and others—they had encountered many abnormalities at the ports along the Berserk Sea. This made them patiently wait for subsequent developments.

Five to six minutes later, the man led a lady over.

The woman didn't have an umbrella and was wearing a hooded raincoat smeared with Donningsman Tree Sap.

As the two of them approached the liner, under the watch of the armed sailors, they climbed up the gangway to the deck.

At such a distance, most of the passengers finally saw what the two of them looked like.

The man had brown hair and brown eyes. His skin was rough, and it was obvious that he was of a lower socioeconomic status and had suffered the elements. The woman was in her twenties, and her eyes were limpid green. She had long, flaxen hair. A few wet strands clung to her face, making her appear pure and charming.

This was a rather pretty lady with a wild temperament.

"Hi there, this is Utopia Harbor," the man impatiently introduced, "I'm Theodore, the interim port cap'n."

As he spoke, he laughed, as though he was happy that he had invented such an amazing position.

Of course, the ship captain knew what a so-called "interim port captain" meant. He didn't take it to heart about this sudden happiness of a small fry.

He frowned slightly and said, "Utopia Harbor? Why haven't I heard of it?"

Theodore looked at him and said, "What ye said is quite common.

"Heh, if it weren't for that landlubber hurricane, ye might never come here!"

Without waiting for him to say anything else, the lady rushed forward and said, "Utopia isn't on the safe sea route. Usually, only people who understand these waters and know of this place will come here for supplies."

So the main clientèle of this harbor are pirates? How could the ship captain not be able to tell what she meant? And in times like this, tacitly acknowledging things without exposing them provided protection to both sides.

He tersely acknowledged and said, "And you are?"

"My name is Tracey." The lady smiled. "I'm the owner of the harbor hotel, and also its receptionist and attendant."

She surveyed the area and said, "It's quite a heavy storm, and the ship will be bumpy. It's not a wise choice to stay in there to rest. The hotel will provide you with stable beds, warm water, clean food, warm blankets, and an environment that will remind you of home. It's only ten pence a night. I'm referring to the price of a single room.

"Other than that, you guys can still drink at the nearby bar and enjoy our warm hospitality."

Clearly, this lady was here to solicit for business.

The captain was rather alert and didn't respond directly. He nodded and said, "I can't decide on behalf of the passengers. They are free to choose for themselves. Of course, as captain, I will stay here with my crew."

Tracey maintained her smile and said, "I'll wait at the hotel for guests who are willing to disembark."

She seemed to have received a certain amount of education. She wasn't as hot and spirited as the women at other ports who spewed vulgarities with every sentence.

Tracey turned around and was about to return when Theodore approached her and said with a sullen expression, "You have to thank me for telling you the news immediately."

As he spoke, his right hand pressed against Tracey's butt before he pinched hard.

Pa!

Tracey swatted away his hand and chided, "You're a jerk who should be f*cked by a donkey!"

She took a few steps forward and left the liner by the gangway.

Theodore shook his hands and cursed with a smile, "B*tch!"

This scene suddenly moved many passengers on board.

To them, the biggest flaw on the ship was that it was boring, and there was a bar at the harbor.

This meant that they could meet cheap street girls who were unlike those from the Northern or Southern Continent. There were local street girls with their unique local charm.

If one was lucky or willing to spend a lot of money, one of them might even be able to sleep with that spirited beauty with an attitude!

Instantly, many passengers packed their luggage and prepared to head to the harbor hotel.

Upon seeing this, Alfred's adjutant asked, "General, are we getting off the ship?"

Alfred shook his head slowly.

"We don't know anything about this place. We have to be careful. Staying on the ship is the best choice."

The adjutant had no objections to this. He asked worriedly, "What about those who have already alighted?"

"That's their choice." Alfred looked out of the window expressionlessly. "If an accident happens, we can only keep more people safe. If it's not serious, then we will be able to resolve it easily."

With that said, he turned to look at his adjutant and squire.

"We'll take turns to keep watch tonight to prevent any accidents."

Alfred, who had interacted with the Numinous Episcopate, the Rose School of Thought, and other organizations in the Southern Continent, had an instinctive sense of vigilance towards unfamiliar places.

After he exchanged his opinion with the ship captain, Alfred got into bed, listening to the strong winds hitting the glass windows and the torrential rain pattering the deck. He was about to doze off.

At this moment, he heard a tender and sad melody coming from the direction of the harbor.

It seemed to come from a flute, intermittent like a human whimpering through the storm.

Alfred was instantly immersed in the music. It was as though he had returned to Backlund, which always appeared in his dreams. He returned to a state that was a mixture of his happy childhood days, the vexing times of his youth, and other emotions.

He shook his head violently and shook off the feeling. He realized that it wasn't a psychological effect, but a normal person's reaction.

Alfred rolled out of bed and walked to the window. Using his Sheriff Beyonder powers, he confirmed that the music he had heard had come from the cheap hotel.

It's not from the guests onboard the ship. Their goal is very clear. They wouldn't be in the mood to play such a melody… There are tourists in Utopia to begin with, or could it be that owner and part-time attendant named Tracey? If it were her, she would be a lady with a story… Alfred sighed and retracted his gaze. He stopped pondering over the matter.

Although he was curious, he had no intention of getting off the ship.

Soon, the sound of the flute stopped. The harbor hotel regained its silence and nothing unexpected happened.

Just like that, time passed, and as the storm stopped, the sky gradually brightened.

At eight in the morning, the liner passengers returned one after another. Every one of them had weak steps and looked haggard.

Upon seeing this, the sailors immediately laughed and said, "The chicks here seem pretty good!"

The passengers shook their heads at the same time and looked regretful.

One of them rubbed his temples and said, "The Lanti Proof here isn't bad. It's cheaper than other places. I wasn't careful and had a little too much to drink and ended up falling asleep. I don't even know if anything happened with that babe. Sigh, I woke up to realize that the ship was about to leave, and I don't even remember what I did after getting drunk. Praise the Lady. 'She' let me lie in bed and not sleep in the rain."

The other passengers chimed in to express their similar experiences.

Of course, everyone had different details. For example, some passengers praised the breakfast dessert in the cheap hotel.

The sailors were regretful that they didn't manage to drink the cheap and good Lanti Proof. They started teasing the passengers.

"Perhaps the one who spent the night with you wasn't the chicks here but the burly man like Theodore. Since all of you were drunk, there's no way to know what happened!"

"Haha, try touching your assholes!"

Amidst the lively atmosphere, the sailors withdrew the gangway and raised the sails, allowing the liner to set off slowly.

Alfred finally relaxed after they passed through a dark sea and returned to the familiar safe sea route. He smiled at his adjutant and squire and said, "You can mark this place on our map, mentioning that the liquor and desserts here aren't too bad. Yes, the girls have their own traits."

After a few more days of traveling, the passenger finally arrived at Desi Bay's Eskelson Harbor, after traveling along a winding safe sea route.

Alfred, who had the demeanor of a noble, and his socialite instincts, paid a visit to the brass of a nearby military base and shared a good dinner with them.

When he returned to one of his father's vacation villas, he was surprised to find the squire whom he had sent away to gather for information.

"What's wrong?" Alfred put away his disorganized thoughts.

The squire lowered his voice and said, "General, all the official maps in the kingdom have no indication of Utopia Harbor."

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CHAPTER 1330
MOVING IN

Alfred felt the room temperature plummet when he heard his squire.

An indescribable chill invaded his body, freezing his blood and bone marrow.

When the liner stopped at Utopia Port, he had expected the worst situation to happen—Utopia was the headquarters of some cult, and that everyone there was a dangerous lunatic.

But now, the truth was even worse.

Perhaps Utopia never existed!

At that moment, Alfred was unusually thankful that he was no longer the noble scion he was when he left Backlund. He had accumulated a great deal of experience and had thus, not really entered Utopia Harbor.

Under the gaze of the adjutant and squire, the major general paced back and forth with a solemn expression. He calmly instructed, "Draft up a telegram and report to MI9 about what happened in Utopia.

"At the same time, request the local official Beyonders to immediately take action and contact the captain to list down all the people who entered Utopia Harbor. If necessary, pay each of them a visit and confirm if there are any problems."

"Yes sir!" his adjutant immediately stood at attention and saluted.

After the adjutant walked out of the study, Alfred said to a squire, "Bring up the typewriter from downstairs. I want to write a detailed report."

His plan was to first use a telegram to report the key information to the brass and not delay the initial actions necessary. Then, he would reveal more details with a confidential document and provide more information for the military brass to make a decision.

…

Wendel walked into a second-class carriage with one hand on his top hat and the other carrying a suitcase.

He wasn't even thirty years old. His sideburns were deep-black and his brown eyes were calm. He didn't have any unique features that anyone could remember, but he exuded comfortable vibes.

A few months ago, he was still a Feynapotter intelligence officer who was active in Desi Bay, and had contributed greatly. Now that he was a Sequence 7 Beyonder, he was part of MI9's internal affairs department.

Today, his goal was to send a confidential document to Backlund and personally hand it into the hands of MI9's director.

After sitting down, Wendel bought a newspaper from the paperboy and leisurely read through it.

This was just a superficial act; in reality, he began to use his Beyonder powers to illustrate portraits of the passengers around him, remembering all their characteristics, making meticulous and perfect preparations for any accidents that might happen later.

Choo!

The steam locomotive was chugging forward as the scenery outside sped past the windows.

A few hours later, Wendel cast his gaze out of the window with some anxiety. The sky was already filled with dark clouds, and a storm was about to descend.

This meant that the steam locomotive would stop at a station ahead of time to tide through the storm. It might only continue its journey the next morning, and not reach its designated location.

In Wendel's opinion, this would undoubtedly lead to more risks due to a deviation in his expectations.

However, it was beyond him. He couldn't change the weather like the Sea God, who was promoted by the Rorsted Archipelago's new government.

The only thing he could do was pray to the Lord of Storms.

Reality proved that praying was useless most of the time. By the time the sky turned dark, the station in front of them had already sent a light signal to get the train to slow down and stop.

Choo!

The steam engine whistled again, and the train slowed down. Finally, it stopped at an unfamiliar platform.

In the next second, near the steam-powered train's head, the mechanical door opened. The train conductor stood at the entrance and shouted to the staff on the platform, "What happened up ahead?"

"Heavy rain. Visibility is zero!" the white-sideburned employee answered loudly.

Just as he finished speaking, a muffled thunder sounded, causing everyone to tremble as they sensed the incoming storm.

"Damn it!" the train conductor cursed. "Which station is this?"

As it wasn't a normal stop, he didn't really know which station he was at. After all, the schedule he was in charge of didn't stop at every station in the past.

"Utopia! It's a small station! You can arrange the rest yourself!" the staff shouted and ran towards the other end of the platform with the glass lantern in hand. "I have to give the train behind a signal!"

The train conductor had no doubts about the staff's attitude because this was a normal dispatch process. Otherwise, an accident between two steam locomotives would happen.

He could even be certain that the other staff members of the Utopia Station had already sent a telegram to the other stations to warn them.

Of course, they must've received a telegram to learn of the area ahead being enveloped by a heavy storm.

"Utopia…" Wendel repeated the name in a low voice, not finding any useful information in his mind.

Of course, he didn't think too much of it. This was because there were many unknown steam locomotive stations in the entire Loen Kingdom. This was a manifestation of the country's overall strength.

The train conductor looked at the dark sky and muttered a few words before using the newest megaphone to speak to the passengers on board.

"A storm is coming. The train will stop at Utopia station until eight in the morning tomorrow."

He estimated the storm to continue the entire night.

"You can stay in the carriage, or you can exit on your own accord to head into the city to look for an inn. Tomorrow, simply show your ticket stub to

board the carriage again. Remember to be on time." The train conductor gave the passengers two choices.

Wendel looked at the passengers inside the second-class carriage and pondered for a few seconds before carrying his suitcase and walking out of the train.

It wasn't that he couldn't handle the harsh environment that wasn't conducive for good sleep. When he was an intelligence officer, he had been through plenty of hardship. He was only relying on his professionalism that the sealed carriages, which were limited in space for passenger movement, weren't as safe as a single room in an inn.

Of course, he could also stay up all night, but this would definitely affect his condition tomorrow. Clearly, he still had a long journey tomorrow.

After exiting Utopia Station, Wendel got on a rental carriage by the side of the road and said to the carriage driver, "To the municipal square."

In the Loen Kingdom, there would definitely be a cathedral and a hotel near the municipal square.

"Sir, are you planning on going to the hotel?" the carriage driver asked as he made the horse turn around, seemingly capable of getting along well with anyone.

"Yes." As a Sequence 7 Beyonder, Wendel didn't hide it.

In his opinion, as long as he lived in the city center while overseas, he could easily find a group of helpers with his status, and his strength was enough to support him in completing this task.

"The best hotel in Utopia is Red Boots. Are we going there?" the coach driver asked in a suggestive tone that all men knew.

If he didn't have a mission, Wendel wouldn't mind pleasuring himself. However, he could only shake his head without any hesitation.

"I want a quiet hotel."

"Alright…" the coachman replied disappointedly. "Let's go to the Irises Hotel. No one will disturb you there."

As the carriage advanced, Wendel cast his gaze outside the window to observe the situation outside.

Perhaps it was because the storm was about to arrive, the people on the road were all in a rush. Even the paperboys looked down.

A very small city… Wendel came to a preliminary conclusion from the lack of a track carriage.

He only saw one trackless carriage. This meant that most of the areas in Utopia could be reached on foot in an adequate amount of time.

Just as he had expected, in less than ten minutes, the rental carriage stopped at the entrance of the Irises Hotel.

Wendel paid the fare and rushed into the hotel before the rain fell.

He heard pattering sounds behind him just as he entered.

After checking in and putting down his luggage, Wendel rested for a while. He kept the confidential document close to him and went to the restaurant on the first floor to enjoy dinner.

He cautiously didn't have any alcoholic beverages and asked for a cup of "Fizzling Ice Tea," which was supposedly a local specialty, and a fried pork chop drenched in apple juice.

As a former intelligence officer of high society, Wendel didn't have much expectations for dinner this time, but he was surprised by the meal.

The pork chop was fried in a succulent and juicy manner that gave off a strong fragrance. The apple juice that was poured on it had a slightly acerbic texture that washed away most of the cloyed taste. The Fizzling Ice Tea was refreshing and especially delicious…

When he foot the bull, Wendel nodded at the medium-build waiter and said,

"Please send my compliments to the chef for giving me the pleasure of this wonderful dinner."

The ordinary-looking waiter smiled and replied, "That wouldn't be an issue.

"In all of Utopia City, our chefs are the best."

Wendel didn't chit-chat and quickly returned to his room to make some arrangements to prevent others from sneaking in.

Then, he fell asleep without any hesitation.

He used a relatively safe period of time, which any possible enemies would find unsuitable for taking action, to sleep and pass the time late into the night.

After an unknown period of time, Wendel was suddenly woken up by an intense argument.

He snapped open his pocket watch to take a look and realized that it wasn't even midnight.

It's from next door… A woman's voice… A man's voice… Wendel sat up and listened carefully.

Initially, he suspected that it was a man and woman flirting, but later, he realized that it was too intense. Some of the items were even thrown onto the wall.

A quarrel turning into a fight? Just as Wendel mumbled, he heard the shouting, cursing, and screaming of a woman.

Beating a woman? As a Loen gentleman, although Wendel believed in the Lord of Storms and discriminated against women, it didn't stop him from thinking that men shouldn't be violent towards women.

After two seconds of consideration, he decided to knock on the door and remind his "neighbors" to take note.

At that moment, a tragic cry rang out.

This was obviously from a man!

Thud! Something heavy fell to the floor.

Wendel's brows twitched as he sharply caught the scent of a criminal case.

He stood up, put on his coat, and went to the room next door. He bent his fingers and knocked twice.

A few seconds later, the door creaked open, and a beautiful woman with long, wavy hair appeared in front of Wendel.

Her hair was in a mess, and her face was ghastly pale. Her light-green clothes were stained with blood, and she was holding a dagger that was dripping with blood.

The lady in her early twenties stammered for a while before speaking in a dreamy tone, "I killed someone…”

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CHAPTER 1331
PLEASURE IN HELPING OTHERS

Wendel wasn't unfamiliar with murder at all. When he heard that, he wasn't afraid at all. Instead, he calmly allowed his gaze to wander past the woman at the door and into the room's interior.

He immediately saw a man lying on the ground. His chest was blood-red.

"Are you sure he's dead?" Wendel asked calmly.

The young lady in her twenties was at a loss at first. Then, she answered with uncertainty, "Maybe… I don't know…”

"If there's still hope, we need to send him to the hospital immediately." Wendel's tone was like he was speaking to a patient's family, not a murderer.

The lady holding the blood dagger subconsciously turned her body and made way.

Wendel took a few steps forward and approached the victim.

He didn't need to squat down. He swept his gaze and made a judgment based on various signs.

"He is indeed dead."

The woman in her twenties with messy, flaxen-colored hair didn't show any obvious change in expression. She looked down at her toes and said, "Call the police."

"How do I address you?" Wendel had already heard hurried footsteps coming from the stairs.

It was obvious that the attendant or hotel owner came up to check on the commotion after hearing the screams.

"Tracey…” the pure lady with an attitude answered softly.

She then sank into her own world and didn't say another word.

Wendel was just about to say something when the owner of the hotel who had helped him check in previously had already rushed through the door.

"Goddess!" the elderly man shouted after seeing the situation in the room.

Wendel pressed down with his right hand, gesturing for him to calm down before saying, "Call the police immediately. I'll stay here and watch."

His temperament and words exuded a sense of confidence that convinced others. The owner of the hotel didn't waste any time and immediately turned around and ran downstairs.

As for Wendel, when he first came over to check on the situation, it was just a habit as a gentleman. In fact, he didn't have the intention to get involved in it. After all, he was still shouldering the mission. However, Miss Tracey's dazed, detached, and cold attitude induced a sense of pity in him. This was a normal reaction for a man.

He surveyed the area as though he was conversing with the air.

"Killing someone doesn't imply a harsh punishment. It can be categorized into many kinds of situations."

Tracey slowly raised her head and cast her gaze at the gentleman.

There was an indescribable luster in her lifeless eyes.

Wendel glanced at her bruised face.

"He hit you?"

"Yes." The man seemed to have some sort of authority, making Tracey, who wanted to remain silent, finally answer.

Wendel looked down at the dagger that was no longer dripping blood.

"Was it you who brought it here, or him?"

Tracey's response was a little slow as she replied, "Him."

Wendel nodded slightly and said, "Exercising your right to self-defense is in line with the law. I can testify to the police that you had an intense argument before it happened and that there was a fight. Clearly, men naturally possess an advantage in this aspect. I'm not discriminating against women, but it's something explained by science and experience."

He paused and asked, "What is the relationship between the two of you? What happened?"

Tracey's eyes darted about and she recovered a little from that deep, reclusive state.

She seemed to be answering a policeman's question as she said with a look of hope and sorrow, "I am, heh, I am his mistress."

Upon saying this, a self-deprecating smile appeared on Tracey's face.

"I used to be an ugly woman who blindly chased after money. Not long after I left the grammar school, I became his mistress under his enticement.

"He gave me a hotel and let me stay there. I wait for his arrival or for him to summon me every week.

"I lost interest in this lifestyle, feeling increasingly suppressed as my inferiority complex grew. I wanted to return everything to him and get rid of him completely, but he wasn't agreeable. He threatened me using all sorts of methods and refused to let me leave him. The recent times we met all ended in fights.

"Just now, he said that there was only one way to leave him, and that was death. Then, he beat me up and took out a dagger. Y-you know what happened after that…"

Mistress… Wendel cast a regretful and pitiful glance at Tracey's face and said, "The traces at the scene have also confirmed the development of the situation."

He had originally thought that Tracey and the deceased were husband and wife, but to his surprise, their relationship was worse than he had imagined.

Tracey nodded blankly and said,

"Thank you."

She didn't say another word. She only broke the silence when the police arrived. She raised her hands and accepted the handcuffs.

Wendel looked at her staggered pace and said to the police, "Bring her to check on her injuries first and treat them to avoid any accidents."

The police officers didn't know why they had to listen to instructions from a witness. In short, they led Tracey and Wendel to a small hospital in the city without any objections under the heavy rain.

As Tracey was a woman, Wendel and two police officers waited in the corridor of the hospital without entering the room.

As time passed, Wendel saw a pregnant woman being sent to the delivery room in a hurry. There seemed to be some problems and they needed help with the labor process.

After a while, he heard the sound of a baby crying, an announcement of a new life coming to this world. At this moment, Tracey happened to come out.

"Do you feel it? Life's beauty," Wendel said to Tracey solemnly.

As Tracey listened to the baby's cries amidst the howling wind and rain, her expression was clearly touched.

Her face had already been wiped clean, making her look very clean and simple.

After a few seconds, Tracey returned to her senses and nodded at Wendel before saying, "Thank you."

This time, she was no longer as numb, blank, and reclusive.

Wendel secretly heaved a sigh of relief and followed her to the police station to record a statement.

After doing what was necessary, Wendel walked to the street side and prepared to take a rental carriage back to the Irises Hotel.

However, in the middle of the stormy night, there were no pedestrians or carriages on the road.

"This is the disadvantage of a small city. It's not convenient enough," Wendel muttered. He opened the umbrella he had brought with him and made his way back to the Irises Hotel.

As a former Sheriff, he had the memory, in the mystical sense, of the route he had taken before. He wasn't worried about getting lost in the small city.

At this moment, the storm had already reduced significantly. However, the strong winds continued to sweep past Wendel, causing rain to fall on him.

This caused Wendel to raise his right hand and block his chest.

That confidential document was hidden on the inside of the clothing.

Wendel had previously kept the document close to him even when he was sleeping, not allowing it to be separated from him. For this reason, he had already developed a habit. As long as he had the corresponding self-reminders, he wouldn't turn over once he fell asleep.

After walking for about fifteen minutes in the small town of Utopia, Wendel saw the Irises Hotel. At that moment, his top hat and clothes were drenched due to the strong winds.

This made him a little worried, worried that the confidential document would be damaged by the water.

Strictly speaking, I have already violated the rules of the mission, but how could I not help a lady like her? This is what a gentleman should do…
Wendel was slightly vexed, but he didn't regret it at all.

After entering the room, he immediately removed his jacket and took out the document, placing it on the table.

The envelope containing the document was already visibly soaked. There were quite a few places that seemed to tear with a little force.

Wendel immediately rang the bell and called for an attendant to ask for a gas stove, hoping to raise the temperature in the room and accelerate the air-drying process of the sealed document.

In the process of waiting, he realized that the silence expected from the middle of the night wasn't there. It was as if the screams and the police's

arrival had caused the tenants and nearby residents to wake up without being able to fall asleep.

The howling winds lessened significantly, and Wendel could hear children crying, married couples arguing, the sound of a wooden violin being played, intermittent sobbing, the footsteps on the stairs, and the occasional sounds of discussion that were sometimes suppressed and sometimes raised without realizing it.

He didn't feel anything about this lively scene. He just felt that they were noisy that prevented him from calming down.

After a while, the attendant brought over a coal stove.

Wendel relaxed and asked casually, "Do you know that Miss Tracey?"

The thin attendant shook his head.

"No."

He then added, "I heard that she's a local, but I've been living outside in the plantations outside the city before this year."

"What do you know about her?" Wendel asked subconsciously.

"She comes to our hotel three to five times a month, with the dead man." The waiter suddenly sighed. "She's not happy at all."

Wendel was silent for a few seconds before dismissing the attendant and returning to his desk.

Seconds ticked by as the envelope outside the confidential document gradually dried up.

At this moment, the inside and outside of the hotel had become relatively quiet. Only the sound of rain falling and the sound of the windows being

rattled by the winds could be heard.

Wendel was full of spirit as he recalled everything that had happened. He sighed for Miss Tracey's life and flipped the envelope.

At this moment, he realized that some damage had appeared on the bottom part of the envelope, revealing the piece of paper inside.

Wendel frowned, knowing that he was about to be punished.

Of course, the punishment wouldn't be too heavy as if the document to be distributed was confidential enough, he wouldn't be the only one to dispatch it.

Wendel had originally planned on maintaining the present state and showing the damaged situation during the handover. However, when he swept his gaze, he saw a word on the document through the hole:

"Utopia."

Wendel's nerves tightened, and he felt as if the sound of the wind and rain outside had suddenly stopped.

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CHAPTER 1332
SHOCKED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Why is the confidential document that I'm dispatching mentioning Utopia?

What's so special about this place?

…

Many thoughts flashed through Wendel's mind as he heard a buzzing sound.

At this moment, he felt as though he was going to fall sick from overexertion.

Wendel quickly forced himself to calm down. He carefully recalled all the experiences he had encountered after coming to Utopia, and he discovered that there were no problems with every detail. They were all things that he might encounter in daily life.

The only thing that made him uneasy was that his arrival was too coincidental.

It was common for the steam locomotive to stop at the last minute due to a storm, but to stop somewhere related to the confidential document in his hand couldn't be explained away with coincidence.

Wendel stared at the confidential document on the table with a solemn expression. He hesitated as to whether he should open them and read them carefully.

Perhaps it's just a passing mention of "Utopia." My actions will severely violate internal affairs. Perhaps this is the report of a certain intelligence agent secretly investigating Utopia. The contents will decide whether I survive to a certain extent, or die… After struggling for a while, Wendel looked out the window at the dark night sky and reached for the document.

Only by being alive could one consider the punishment!

Having made up his mind, Wendel swiftly removed the envelope outside and flipped through the typed files inside.

As he read, his hand trembled slightly. He felt a chill run down his back. Even the burning furnace didn't help.

No matter which angle he read it from, the confidential report in his hands indicated that there was something wrong with Utopia—the entire town.

This might be a city that didn't exist in the real world!

Wendel felt his mouth go dry, as though he had heard the footsteps of Death slowly approaching him with a sickle.

Instinctively, he wanted to get up, but in the end, he controlled himself and didn't react rashly.

This was because he could feel pairs of eyes staring at him in the darkness outside, the room upstairs, and the corridor outside.

What should I do? Up till now, nothing abnormal happened… This means that if I didn't know anything, it's possible that I'd be safe and welcome daybreak… I've read through a lot of information, and if I rashly show that I already know about the strange environment around me, it would only cause danger to erupt ahead of time… However, I can't just not do anything and leave my fate to luck… Wendel recalled all the dangers he had experienced before and quickly made up his mind.

He was prepared to immediately return to the steam locomotive, and stay far away from Utopia to a certain extent.

At least, most of the people there were normal, while the city was full of danger.

Of course, Wendel couldn't just run back like that. He had to act normal, as though he had left the hotel in the middle of the night to return to the steam locomotive station.

Amidst his thoughts, Wendel put away his confidential report and stood up calmly. He put on his coat and put on his top hat.

Then, with his luggage in one hand and an umbrella in the other, he calmly walked to the door and turned the doorknob.

At this moment, the corridor was dark, with only a few gas lamps on both sides of the corridor giving off light that wasn't bright enough. It added signs of human life to the silent environment in which he could hear a pin drop.

When Wendel entered the corridor, the wooden floor beneath his feet made a slight creaking sound. It was so clear in the silent night that it traveled far into the distance.

With a slight frown, Wendel intentionally took a normal step forward and approached the staircase in the middle of the corridor.

He walked without any worries and had no intention of acting furtively.

As he saw the stairs getting closer, he suddenly heard a squeaking sound behind him.

"Sir, where are you going?" A slightly hoarse and intermittent male voice sounded in Wendel's ears.

Wendel's body stiffened. He slowly turned back and saw the wooden door to the service room open. An attendant came out and stood in the shadows of the door.

He quickly smiled and said calmly, "I have an important item on the steam locomotive. I'm afraid that someone would take it away, so I have no choice but to return now."

At this point, he softly grumbled, "A murder happened at the hotel. I don't want to stay here anymore. I can't sleep at all."

"I'm very sorry." The attendant bowed slightly and responded.

"I won't spread the news." Wendel nodded with a promise and then walked back up the stairs.

Perhaps it was due to the dim lighting in the night, he walked very carefully. Every step was like walking on the edge of a precipice.

One step, two steps, three steps… Wendel, who had been on guard towards the attendant behind him, finally returned to the first floor.

At that moment, not a single person was present in the hotel lobby. All the items were hidden in the darkness, and the faint light from the outside cast a blurry silhouette, just like monsters eager to devour people.

Wendel looked ahead and walked through the dark lobby before reaching the door.

Just as he pushed open the door and went out, he suddenly heard some rustling sounds behind him. It was as if there were rats moving around, or it was as if someone was approaching him with light footsteps.

The back of Wendel's head went numb, but he held back his impulse to make a dash for it. He raised his head normally and looked up at the sky which had already stopped raining.

Then, he inhaled the cold, fresh air and made his way to the steam locomotive station.

He quickened his pace, looking like he was afraid of the night and eager to end this journey.

As he walked, Wendel saw a signboard from the corner of his eye.

"Utopia telegraph office."

The telegraph office… Perhaps I can try sneaking in and send an emergency telegram to the Backlund headquarters and Eskelson military base. That way, I can look forward to the rescue from demigods… If I'm really trapped here and unable to leave, this will be the only way to save myself… Wendel thought for a moment before taking a few steps diagonally, arriving at the entrance of the Utopia telegraph office.

He wasn't in a hurry to find a place to sneak in. Instead, he focused his attention and listened to the movements inside.

Following that, he heard intermittent sounds of heavy breathing.

This made Wendel occasionally feel that there was no one inside, and at times, he felt that there was more than one person inside.

Suddenly, the sound of breathing stopped.

All of Wendel's hair stood on end.

His intuition told him that a figure was standing quietly behind the door of the telegraph office!

Without any hesitation, Wendel immediately gave up the thought of sending a telegram. He walked past the door and continued proceeding forward.

For the rest of the journey, even a gust of wind left Wendel trembling in fear. He was afraid of encountering an unknown danger.

Time passed slowly as Wendel experienced the torment. Finally, he reached the entrance of the steam locomotive station and saw that the door was tightly shut. He couldn't enter.

This wasn't a problem for Wendel. He first passed the umbrella to his left hand that was carrying his luggage, then went to the side and found a wall. With a press of his palm, he rose into the air and easily flipped over.

After landing his feet firmly on the ground, Wendel heaved a sigh of relief and began walking towards the platform at an unhurried pace.

At that moment, an inaudible sound of footsteps could be heard behind him.

"What are you doing here?" A deep and hoarse voice rang out.

Wendel's toes tightened as cold sweat broke out on his back.

He didn't hesitate. As he prepared to get violent, he made his body turn slowly and stiffly.

The first thing that entered his eyes was a classic glass lantern, followed by the staff member from before.

Wendel exhaled and grumbled, "It's not appropriate for you to appear in such an environment on such a night.

"As a gentleman, you have to avoid scaring others."

"I'm not a gentleman," the staff member replied in an unfriendly manner.

Wendell pointed to the corner of the platform.

"I'm going to the bathroom."

He had already observed the platform's environment and layout of the platform earlier in the day.

"Then, why are you here?" the worker asked.

"I'm lost," Wendel answered simply.

Following that, he ignored the staff and walked towards the bathroom.

Behind him, the staff member watched silently without saying a word.

This gave Wendel a lot of mental stress, but he maintained his gait very well.

In the bathroom, under the illumination of the wall lamps, Wendel took nearly a minute to relieve the tension in his body and successfully peed.

After returning to the steam locomotive, Wendel finally found a sense of security as he looked at the passengers lying on their beds.

In the next few hours, he didn't sleep at all and was on guard against any accidents.

Just as Wendel's grasp of the passage of time slowed down, the sky gradually brightened and dispersed the darkness.

In the next two hours, the travelers who had gone to Utopia returned one after another. Some bought a bottle of local red wine. Some looked haggard. They looked like they had been beaten up or were hungover.

Wendel was very wary of them, but he couldn't discover anything unusual in the details.

Choo!

Finally, the whistle sounded as the steam locomotive slowly began to move.

Amidst the chugging sounds, the train left Utopia Station.

After that, they went through another dark, gloomy weather. Fortunately, no thunderstorm descended, and the sun quickly pierced through the clouds and illuminated the ground.

For Wendel, all of this was normal. It had been like this since he arrived at Utopia last night. If not for the confidential report which was hidden near his chest, he definitely wouldn't have believed that there was any problem with Utopia.

When the steam locomotive reached the next stop, one that everyone was familiar with, Wendel finally relaxed. He felt as if his brain ached with a throb, as though he had been drained of his energy.

At this moment, he quickly recalled his experience in Utopia.

As he recalled, Wendel suddenly sat up straight.

He had used the excuse of going to the bathroom last night, but he was carrying his luggage and an umbrella. He didn't look like a passenger who had just come down from a steam train.

The station worker didn't realize this, or rather, he had already discovered it, but he did not expose him for some unknown reason!

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CHAPTER 1333
WARNING USING HIS EXPERIENCE AS EXAMPLE

All of a sudden, the muscles on Wendel's back began to tense up as if he were about to explode.

He was shocked and doubtful as several guesses flashed through his mind.

The residents of Utopia are monsters in human skin. They usually look normal, but once they encounter blind spots in logic, they would show a side that is different from an ordinary person, ignoring the points that are obviously problematic?

Or perhaps that staff realized that I was lying and was unwilling to deal with me, so he pretended not to see me and let me go? But why?

Yes, carrying my luggage to the bathroom can be explained away as me being afraid of losing my luggage, but the entire platform is sheltered. There's no need to take the umbrella. Besides, the rain had already stopped…

Wendel instinctively turned his gaze out of the window, only to see the sunlight shining on the platform he was at. One by one, passengers waited in order behind the safety line, completely different from the dark and gloomy vibes that Utopia gave off.

Phew… He exhaled and suddenly relaxed.

This isn't Utopia… I've already left… Wendel murmured to himself as he wiped away the cold sweat that had seeped out from his forehead.

When he recalled his oversight earlier, it was as if he had fallen into a nightmare that he couldn't wake up from no matter how hard he tried.

After a while, Wendel stood up and decided to smoke at the platform to ease his mood.

The tobacco comforted him greatly, allowing him to recall his past experiences in Utopia.

During this process, he gained inspiration from his encounter:

Maybe it's because I sincerely helped Tracey, so that staff member intentionally ignored my problematic actions and let me go?

Compared to the entire population of Utopia being monsters hiding underneath human skin, Wendel was more willing to accept this explanation.

At this moment, from the corner of his eye, he saw the conductor talking to a group of people in a corner.

Wendel took a few steps forward, trying to hear what they were saying.

With the help of his hearing that transcended the normal limits of hearing, he vaguely heard the conversation from a distance that wouldn't incur suspicion.

"Last night, the station… Utopia…”

"Doesn't exist… in the kingdom…”

"Please keep it a secret…”

Wendel's brows twitched slightly. Based on the description of the document near his chest, he roughly understood what the train conductor was talking about.

They were saying that the kingdom didn't have a station known as Utopia at all, and last night, the steam locomotive had gone "missing"!

At that moment, a strong sense of horror surged through Wendel's heart again. He felt that it was his greatest blessing to be able to leave Utopia alive.

…

Alfred spent nearly a week before returning to Backlund from Eskelson Harbor.

This was because he had visited the family of his deceased comrades, his old friends, the elders who had returned to their fief for vacation, and some of his family's business partners along the way.

"This is even more tiring than participating in battle," Alfred grumbled to his father, Earl Hall.

Earl Hall smiled and pointed at the staircase.

"Return to your room and get some rest. We'll talk in the study later."

He was quite satisfied with the mental state and progress of his second son.

Alfred surveyed the area and asked with a smile, "Where's the most dazzling jewel of Backlund?"

He paused for a moment before adding, "What about Hibbert?"

Earl Hall laughed and said, "Audrey went to her foundation and will only return in the afternoon. She kept complaining that you couldn't provide her

with a definite schedule, preventing her from knowing when you would arrive.

"Hibbert is now a cabinet secretary. He's very busy."

Alfred nodded and returned to his room to take a shower. He changed into a shirt, vest, and formal suit.

"I prefer East Balam's casualness." He looked into the mirror and smiled at his adjutant.

"This outfit makes you look more like a noble," his adjutant said as he handed him the document in his hand. "General, this is from MI9."

"MI9?" Alfred thoughtfully destroyed the seal on the envelope. "There's a result regarding the investigation of Utopia that quickly?"

Before he could finish his sentence, he pulled out the document and flipped through it.

During this process, Alfredo flipped through the pages slower and slower. In the end, he read it again from the first page.

The main content of this investigation was divided into two parts:

The first was regarding the MI9 member who had dispatched Alfred's report. He had accidentally entered Utopia and witnessed a murder case. He managed to forcefully escape in the middle of the night and return to the steam locomotive. The second was that the railways in Desi Bay which led to Backlund didn't have a stop named Utopia Station along the way, nor was there a harbor known as Utopia in the Berserk Sea. The subsequent investigators didn't find any traces.

The two cases didn't exceed the limits of Alfred's imagination. What surprised him was the criminal involved in the murder.

Her name was Tracey. She was the owner of a hotel. She had received middle-class education and graduated from grammar school. After that, she became a mistress of a businessman. Recently, she was trying to free herself from this identity.

This was identical to the owner of the harbor hotel, Tracey, that Alfred had met. Every detail matched.

As a result, Alfred determined that the culprit behind the murder was Tracey, the beautiful woman who had received a certain degree of education, who was able to produce sad music in the middle of the night.

Is this her backstory? Alfred muttered to himself silently.

This made the residents of Utopia seem very realistic. It wasn't what Alfred had expected—an illusion.

In other words, after the outsiders left, the inhabitants of Utopia continued to lead their own lives. They had their own love, hatred, pains, and sorrow. They had all sorts of experiences.

Apart from Utopia seeming to not exist in the real world, it was similar to any ordinary town in the Loen Kingdom.

Perhaps, Utopia is real. Everyone there is real. However, if one wants to enter the town, they have to be in the right place at the right time… Alfred nodded indiscernibly and put away the investigation report he had received from MI9.

To him, even if this matter ended here, he had no intention to investigate further.

One had to know that, in the Southern Continent, there were countless bizarre incidents and phenomena. If one was too curious, it would only bring him greater danger than he imagined.

After adjusting his clothes and mood, Alfred came to his father's study and knocked on the door with his curled finger.

"Come on in." Earl Hall's voice rang out.

Alfred tidied his blond hair, pushed the door open, and sat down.

Earl Hall smiled at him and said, "You're already a man."

"No one would say such words to a man," Alfred replied without any reservations.

"In my heart, you're still that rebellious youth," Earl Hall said with a smile. "You're already a Sequence 5 Beyonder?"

Alfred replied with a double entendre, "Yes, I am a real knight."

Earl Hall nodded and suddenly sighed.

"You should've experienced a lot of hardship.

"From what I know, no matter if it's the potions or war, they will bring serious damage to people, from their bodies to their minds."

"Everyone undergoes a lot of pain in their lives," Alfred said with a sigh.

He used a Loen-styled euphemism.

After a pause, he added, "Compared to when I left Backlund, my present state is even better. As long as I grasp a method properly, I don't need to worry too much about the impact of the madness at my level."

Earl Hall didn't continue on this matter and instead said, "Your sister has also become a Beyonder."

"Oh?" Alfred was shocked at first, but then he remembered something. He said with some annoyance, "I thought she just changed her hobby."

"From the looks of it, Audrey's adventure had a little bit of your help," Earl Hall said, seemingly enlightened. "I hope you can talk to her about how dangerous, crazy, and painful it is about the Sequence potions. Let her remain at her current level."

Alfred replied without hesitation, "I'll do it."

In the evening, in Audrey's small study room.

"Alfred, why are you looking for me?" Audrey, who had changed into home clothes, led Susie and opened the door for her brother.

She had been waiting for her brother for a few minutes.

"I have something to warn you of." Alfred walked into the study and casually pulled a chair over.

Audrey smiled and pointed at the golden retriever.

"Do you need Susie to leave?"

Alfred couldn't help but smile as he looked at the obedient golden retriever who was sitting by the side, her eyes filled with a look of sentience.

"There's no need for that. I believe it won't eavesdrop on our conversation."

"She," Audrey casually corrected him.

After the noble girl sat opposite him, Alfred sighed inwardly.

After not seeing her for a few years, her younger sister was no longer as tender as before. Regardless of her looks or temperament, she had already

reached a level that brought about amazement. She was no longer the little girl from the past.

Alfred retracted his gaze and asked casually, "I heard that you became a Beyonder?"

"Yes." Audrey nodded frankly.

Alfred had originally planned on asking what Sequence she was, but after some thought, he felt that it was too direct. It was easy for her to flare up, so he deliberated over his words and said, "You should be a Beyonder of the Spectator pathway, right? The Rainbow Salamander has similar powers."

The Rainbow Salamander was a gift from Alfred to his sister.

After Audrey gave an affirmative answer, Alfred joked, "Can you do treatment in the mind domain now? Most Beyonders, including me, need help in this aspect. Yes, I forgot to tell you that I'm already a Sequence 5 Disciplinary Paladin of the Arbiter pathway."

Audrey pursed her lips and smiled.

"I'm a qualified psychiatrist who has undergone professional training. You can verify this with Father and Mother."

She's already a Sequence 7… Alfred's expression gradually turned solemn.

"Audrey, I have to remind you that the potions do not only bring about strength."

Having said that, he paused and observed his sister's reaction. He realized that Audrey wasn't impatient at all and was listening very seriously.

"Every potion contains madness that can lead to a loss of control… I've seen similar situations before. More than once… They happened to my enemies, and they happened to my friends. No one is spared…" Alfred

amalgamated his experiences in East Balam and began explaining the dangers of the potion in detail.

During this process, he realized that his sister, Audrey, wasn't the only one listening attentively. Furthermore, Susie, the golden retriever, appeared extremely quiet.

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CHAPTER 1334
NIGHT WITH THE MOON

MI9's office building was located on Bellotto Street in West Borough, and it was an inconspicuous three-story building.

The entrance didn't show any signs of its identity. It simply hung a door sign: "9"

The core of this office building was underground, and above it was for the clerks. Of course, most of the Beyonders who were under MI9 wouldn't go underground for no reason. The environment there wasn't good, and the atmosphere was oppressive. It was possible that an accident could happen due to the failure to watch over a Sealed Artifact.

Xio was now the deputy team leader of the "National Security and Counter-Espionage Team." She was in charge of a rather small-scale Beyonder team, responsible for handling espionage cases regarding Intis in the greater area of Backlund.

"There's a mission here." Her superior, MI9's deputy director, the team leader of the National Security and Counter-Espionage Team, Lieutenant General Pantek, picked up a document and handed it across the desk opposite him.

"Is it very urgent?" Xio received it and asked cautiously.

Lieutenant General Pantek was a typical Loen old man with a case of severe hairline recession. He picked up a white porcelain coffee cup and took a sip.

"Not at all. It's quite low-risk.

"In fact, this mission will be sent to all members, hoping that someone will be able to complete it by luck."

This description was out of Xio's expectations, but she didn't open the dossier on the spot and directly replied, "I will inform my team members."

Xio returned to her own room after leaving Lieutenant General Pantek's office.

When she threw herself into her seat, she seemed to have hidden herself.

Xio quickly browsed through the documents in her hand and roughly understood why the deputy director said that.

The Utopia that needed investigation didn't seem to be anywhere in the Northern and Southern Continent, nor were there on any of the known islands in the Five Seas.

In the past two weeks, many people had entered the so-called Utopia, but the way they entered was completely different. Some entered from the Berserk Sea's Sonia Sea waters, arriving by a terrifying storm. Some were midway on a railway that led from Desi Bay to Backlund. Due to a heavy storm, they had been delayed and stopped at the city. Others were in Sivellaus County, and they entered because they were lost…

Up to now, no one has been affected by the damage or mentally influenced… It's no wonder Deputy Director Pantek said that the danger level is very low… Also, there's no way to conclude the rules regarding the case, making it difficult for one to find the true location of Utopia. Therefore, there's no way for them to send people in to investigate. Yes… I can only tell all members of the situation, and hope that one of them will chance upon Utopia and carefully gather information in secret when they are there… Xio put down the documents in her hand and stood up regretfully, preparing to inform the Beyonders under her.

She was regretful that the mission was so difficult that she almost couldn't see hope. This made her unable to accumulate more merit points.

In the past half-year, Xio had been very busy every day in order to deal with the pending apocalypse. As she dealt with MI9's matters, she completed all the missions Mr. Fool had given her, so as to accumulate contributions on both sides and exchange for the formula and Beyonder characteristics of the Imperative Mage formula and Beyonder characteristic, to fulfill the wish of becoming a demigod.

And up till now, Xio was still lacking a little on both fronts, especially in MI9. If she didn't make any significant contribution, Xio couldn't see any hope.

If not for the generous salary from MI9 and all kinds of benefits that came with it, and how she could rely on her status and identity to monopolize a large amount of information so as to help her complete the missions given by Mr. Fool, Xio yearned to resign and become a bounty hunter again. That way, she would have more freedom.

I can ask about this case at the next Tarot Gathering. Perhaps Mr. World will have some clues… As Xio thought, she pushed open the door to the room where her team members were.

After assigning the Utopia mission, Xio specially instructed, "If the situation isn't right, even if you have the chance to enter Utopia, you can give up immediately. The town of unknown authenticity hasn't shown any danger. Perhaps it's because it hadn't been triggered."

After busying herself for a while more, Xio finally ended her day in exhaustion. She returned home before half-past seven, and she had dinner with her mother, her brother, and Fors. She enjoyed a limited amount of relaxation.

At midnight, she washed up and walked to the bedroom window. She grabbed the curtain and prepared to draw it.

During this process, Xio naturally cast her gaze outside and discovered that the crimson moon in the sky had already turned bigger at some point in time. Furthermore, the color had clearly deepened as though it was flowing blood.

Blood Moon… Xio suddenly turned her head and looked next door in concern. She was a little worried about her good friend's condition.

However, she quickly recalled that Fors was a Sequence 4 demigod and no longer feared the effects of the full moon ravings.

…

In the room next door, Fors was lying in bed, taking in the Blood Moon outside. As she endured the pain of her head being pricked by needles, she heard Mr. Door say, "Although going from Sequence 3 to Sequence 2 is indeed a qualitative change, going from an incomplete Mythical Creature to a real Mythical Creature, I believe that Sequence 4 to Sequence 3 has a qualitative change as well. It can even be said that Sequence 3 is the best level in a Beyonder pathway.

"At this level, there is no need to rely on external forces to resist the madness and the inclination towards losing control. There is no need to endure the torment every second and minute. They will also possess Beyonder powers that completely exceed that of an ordinary person. They will be more godlike than they are human. Furthermore, they can obtain a small number of anchors and stabilize their mental state.

"If not for the fact that most Sequence 3 Beyonder's don't have long enough lives, with it being difficult for them to live to more than 500 years old. I believe there won't be many saints who have the motivation to advance to an angel…"

"Yeah, yeah." Fors nodded, indicating that she had already understood.

At the same time, her forehead twitched slightly and she yawned secretly.

She was already a little accustomed to the pain from her direct conversation with Mr. Door.

Mr. Door continued, "The Apprentice pathway's Sequence 3 is Wanderer. This means that the spirit world can no longer trap you. You can enter the cosmos, travel the astral world, head to different planets, and see true dead silence, true barrenness, true magnificence, and completely different civilizations.

"Only after experiencing it for yourself will you understand how insignificant the world you live in is…"

Mr. Door briefly explained "His" experiences as a showcase of the magnificence and beauty of the cosmos, displaying the stateliness and charm of different civilizations.

This made Fors fall into a trance. If not for the sharp throbbing pain in her head still reminding her, she would have even forgotten that the speaker was a dangerous King of Angels.

"As long as you help me escape, I'll give you the potion formula and Beyonder characteristic of a Wanderer and help you complete the ritual. Of course, this can be paid in advance." At the end of the full moon ravings, Mr. Door gave another promise.

"It really makes me look forward to it," Fors marveled sincerely.

When Mr. Door's voice gradually weakened and disappeared, Fors suddenly pulled out the pillow at her waist and lay down.

In less than three minutes, she fell asleep in peace.

To her, the vast cosmos was indeed filled with charm. However, it also contained the danger of being corrupted just from knowing about it. She had no motivation to explore it.

"I'll consider it after touring all the places in the Northern and Southern Continent and the Five Seas…" In her sleep, Fors muttered almost silently to herself.

At that moment, the blood-red moon outside the window had already faded. It returned to a light crimson color and wasn't full.

…

A huge blood-colored moon hung on the edge of the cliff, illuminating the swamp below.

The swamp was dark red and constantly bubbling, as though lava was boiling at the bottom of it.

At a glance, there was no end to the swamp, like a vast ocean.

Pa!

A stone fell from the edge of the cliff and into the swamp.

In the next second, a bubble appeared and silently burst, producing a blood-stained infant.

The baby staggered, swam towards the cliff, and attempted to climb up.

Pa!

The stone beneath Emlyn White's feet shattered as he fell off the cliff and into the swamp.

This Sanguine Earl suddenly jolted awake from his dream. He looked around in horror and confusion.

After confirming that this was his room, where there were many extremely familiar dolls of different sizes, Emlyn slowly exhaled and said to himself

with a rather solemn expression, "That dream wasn't simple."

As a Shaman King, he had a good understanding of a dreamscape.

Could this be the so-called divine revelation? But I didn't receive any revelations… Emlyn thought for a few seconds but couldn't come up with an answer. Then, he decided to ignore the problem and prepare to ask Father Utravsky when he had the time.

…

The incomplete moon that had its blood-red colors faded illuminated the garden of the Cathedral of Waves.

Alger reached out his hand to grab the note "delivered" by the gale and read it.

"Verdu is looking for a pirate ship or a smuggling ship to Bansy."

Bansy Harbor had yet been rebuilt, and there were no liners from all over the world that headed there. Verdu, who treasured his limited "Teleportation" opportunities, could only rely on extremely normal methods.

Head to Bansy? Alger immediately frowned.

He knew what Bansy meant, but he didn't understand why Verdu wanted to go to Bansy.

There should be nothing there!

No, even if the Church has leveled Bansy, there's still something abnormal about it. Furthermore, the Church didn't investigate what problems Bansy had hidden in the past… As a cardinal, Alger was qualified to read through some confidential documents, including the records of the actions that the Church of the Lord of Storms had done when dealing with Bansy.

In addition, he had also learned more from Mr. Fool and The World Gehrman Sparrow.

After some thought, Alger quickly came to a decision. He planned on getting his Shadow Guard to arrange a pirate ship for Verdu.

In this aspect, Alger knew many key people to aid him. It didn't need him to show his face in person or use his name.

Of course, smuggling ships in the Rorsted Archipelago were often equivalent to pirate ships.

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CHAPTER 1335
"I"

I'm sitting on the chair in a police station, looking at the mouths of two men in black-and-white checkered uniforms opposite me. It's like they're talking about something.

The man on the left has a cold expression on his face, as if he has been through too many unfortunate events. The man on the right is a little inexperienced, and there's a hint of pity in his eyes.

I don't feel any pain, nor did I regret delivering that final stab. At that moment, I even felt that I had been liberated. The warm blood that sprayed on my body was like salvation from a god.

I only regret my fervent pursuit of money in my youth. I had sacrificed my dignity, my body, and my freedom.

Over the past few days at the police station, I've had enough peace and quiet. I had the opportunity to ponder this question at a deeper level, far deeper than whatever that I've been thinking about over the years:

Me having a weak will and being immature were the source of the mistakes I made. But they weren't the only reason.

Ever since I was a child, all the education I received told me that working and striving hard is for that big house, those full floor-to-ceiling windows that let in plenty of light, to have more than three servants, a lawn and garden that I can call my own, silver-plated or even gold-plated cutlery, be able to host a banquet filled with delicacies, run balls that were filled with melodious music, etc.

The newspapers and magazines I'd read also told me over and over again that only those that showed a sufficient level of decency can be called middle-class. They are the true pillars of support for this kingdom. They are people of high-class, excellence, zero mediocrity, and integrity, while having compassion and knowledge.

At the same time, they also told me what decency was. It's wearing a beautiful dress, matching expensive skincare products, cosmetics, and exquisite fashion handbags for different occasions. It was to attend concerts, high tea, and gatherings filled with class.

And all of this translated means gold pounds, gold pounds, and gold pounds.

I have to admit that pursuing a better life is instinctual for everyone. However, when the influences on a girl tells her in every aspect that, when the mainstream views of society are all about appearance, exquisiteness, and elegance, it's very difficult to not have her thoughts become influenced.

I don't know what this phenomenon is called. I only know that if all of this can't be changed, then a tragedy like mine will continue happening, happening more and more often.

When that happens, someone would definitely curse.

"Look at these gold-digging women, selling out their souls!"

Subconsciously, I turn around and see the beautiful and bustling world outside. I see the bright red blood flowing in this world.

"Miss Tracey, are you listening to us?" A voice distracts my thoughts, coming from the slightly inexperienced policeman.

I grin at him, not telling him I'm thinking about some philosophical questions.

What a joke. A gold digger who sold her soul is actually thinking of such inane matters when she's being interrogated by the police.

The policeman nods and says to me, "Miss Tracey, you'll be put on trial soon. We'll arrange a lawyer for you.

"I'm sorry, We didn't manage to retain the witness. Just having his testimony isn't in your favor."

"It's okay," I say quietly to him.

I will try my best to defend myself, and repent for the crimes I have committed. I only hope that I can restart life anew.

I think for a moment and curl the corners of my lips. I say to the two officers, "Can you borrow a few books from the library for me while I wait to go on trial?

"Yes, 'Phenomena of Sociology and Education'…"

At that moment, I see the two police officers in a daze, and a hint of, yes—surprise.

…

I sit at the far end of the mottled table and hear Miss Judgment describe the Utopia incident.

After she finishes, I look around and hoarsely say, "This is a ritual."

Unsurprisingly, I see Miss Judgment's gaze freeze. I can sense Mr. Hanged Man and Miss Justice looking over with a hint of speculation in their eyes.

At this moment, I can almost guess what they're thinking.

They definitely suspect that this is The World Gehrman Sparrow's Sequence 1 ritual. And they are already long aware from the talks in the Tarot Gatherings that the existence of a Sequence 0 true god makes it impossible for a Sequence 1 to exist.

Regarding this matter, I have already prepared an explanation. It is to let them think about the ancient sun god and "His" eight Kings of Angels.

Unfortunately, no one raises any questions. They may have already made the connection to the Kings of Angels, or perhaps they believe that the ritual involving Utopia is mainly to help Mr. Fool awaken further.

…

I look at the lady who is lost in thought, and I ask after some deliberation, "Miss Tracey, where do your parents live?"

"They've already passed away…" the beautiful lady whose soul no longer belongs here replies with an ethereal voice.

I lower my head and record it.

"Do you have any other relatives?"

The lady turns to look out the window and answers casually, "No…"

I exchange looks with my colleague and raise my voice.

"Miss Tracey, are you listening to us?"

The lady opposite me retracts her distant gaze and smiles at me.

I don't know what she's thinking about. She's so quiet like a flower blooming alone in the night.

This analogy comes from an anthology of poems. My brother told me that reading poems makes me more charming.

Of course, up till now, the poems have only brought mostly mockery. All of the police officers believe that it's worthless.

When I tell the lady opposite me about the trial, I see a faint smile on her face as she pleads us to borrow a few books from the library—ones that I believe are difficult just from the title.

The smile and the names of the book combine together into an indescribable beauty.

After sending Miss Tracey back to the temporary detention room, I pack up the materials for the case and prepare to pay a visit to the lawyer. It's something that had been pre-determined long ago.

…

I lean back in my chair and listen to The Moon Emlyn describe his dream.

After Father Utravsky's appraisal, this dream has been confirmed to have not originated from the Earth Mother.

This inevitably makes people cast their looks of suspicion at The Moon, towards a state prior to being corrupted by the Mother Goddess of Depravity… I'm nearly amused by my own thoughts.

As an experienced Seer, a master at deciphering dreams, I'm not held back by modesty. I frankly reveal what I know:

"The three possibilities are that this dreamscape is trying to bait you into exploring and pursuing something. To a certain extent, it can interfere with your fate. Secondly, this dreamscape hopes that you can interpret it deeply and understand it. Then, through this, corrupt you in an indiscernible

manner. Thirdly, you are too worried about the matter of becoming a Beauty Goddess, so you dreamed of that remarkably terrifying scene.

"The third possibility doesn't need elaborating on. The action needed for the first two possibilities are the same: don't think about it, don't investigate. There's no need to leave Backlund."

With that said, I see Emlyn nod without any hesitation.

I know it's his way of handling things.

…

"A murder case?" I browse the information on the case in my hand, and I use the changes in the tone of my voice to express my doubts. "You should hire a senior lawyer."

I'm just a solicitor, and strictly speaking, I don't have the right to represent anyone in court.

Of course, this is only in the strictest of cases, but in reality, that never happens. As long as the case isn't too serious and doesn't involve the criminal courts, a solicitor can provide assistance to the court.

The policeman in a black-and-white checkered uniform opposite me says with a smile, "Utopia is only a small city. We don't have senior lawyers; we'll have to hire them from elsewhere.

"Besides, this case is a case of self-defense. The sentence period will be very short, and the monetary aspect of this case doesn't even exceed 400 pounds. The trial can be done at the magistrate courts. When self-defense is deemed invalid, it'll be handed over to the criminal courts."

He knows plenty. Is he planning on switching professions to become a lawyer? However, in normal circumstances, he still has to hand a homicide case that has unjustifiable self-defense to the criminal courts. Heh heh, this

is the benefit of a small city. There are many things that aren't that strict… I think for a moment and reply tersely, "I'll try defending the client by claiming innocence.

"Also, please arrange for me to meet Miss Tracey as soon as possible."

After flipping through the information from before, I'm already quite confident in this case. The biggest problem now is whether Miss Tracey's image can lead to the sympathy of others.

Yes, although my solicitor license was forged from elsewhere, this cannot deny my professionalism. It just so happened that I made mistakes on that examination.

…

Bansy? Verdu wants to go to Bansy? I sit at the bottom end of the long, mottled table and look at The Hanged Man who has reported to Mr. Fool. I have some doubts about the development of the matter.

Verdu, who's engrossed in mysticism and is trying to save Mr. Door, does have certain reasons to search Bansy Harbor. Furthermore, he has stayed in Bayam for almost half a year, so it's very normal for him to come into contact with information about Bansy… The main problem is that The Hanged Man's previous surveillance didn't provide any corresponding signs, making Verdu's actions seem a little out of place… The importance placed on this matter has to be raised… I nod inwardly and hear Mr. Fool instruct, "Continue monitoring."

…

I play the seven-stringed guitar by the fountain in the municipal square. I use my knife and fork to slice the steak. In the cathedral, I describe the teachings of the Goddess to the believers. I reach out my right hand and leave the carriage with the help of a gentleman. I get the new dress I had been eyeing for so long, and I can't wait to change into it. I stride forward

with my four legs as I'm being chased by a child. I laugh loudly as I totter about and play with a dog…

Suddenly, we tremble. We look up into the sky and see illusory, thin lines drilling out from our bodies. They extend to an infinite height, extending beyond the grayish-white fog. They extend into an ancient palace and land in the hands of a tall figure shrouded in fog.

During this period of time, Klein's state had always been very strange, as though he had completely transformed into thousands of lives. Every clone had their own will, thoughts, knowledge, and fate.

However, above this collective consciousness was a primary consciousness that held control. It constantly suffered all kinds of attacks, as though it could be assimilated by the sea of consciousness that had been formed autonomously at any moment. However, it eventually withstood the barrage of attacks, allowing Klein to maintain a certain level of clarity.

His true body had been lying underground in Saint Arianna Cathedral. His consciousness would occasionally rise and enter Sefirah Castle, and occasionally sink into his body.

All the scenes that the marionette clones experienced constantly flashed in his mind like a dream formed from large amounts of fragments.

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CHAPTER 1336
INTERACTION

Backlund Steam Locomotive Station, Platform 3.

Alfred chatted with his parents and sister for a while before rushing to leave the train during the gap in between. He came to the platform and said to his squire, "Give me an East Balam cigarette."

If the past few years had any negative impact on him, other than his mental suffering and pain, he still retained a few bad habits.

After smoking plenty of East Balam cigarettes that consisted of spices and herbs wrapped in roasted tobacco leaves, Alfred was no longer used to the paper cigarettes that remained popular in the Northern Continent. He believed that they were bland and tasteless, as though they were liquor diluted with water.

As for cigars, he felt that it needed a good environment to slowly savor it. It didn't suit his present situation.

Of course, his smoking addiction wasn't too serious. A Disciplinary Paladin had a good enough constitution and spirit to resist such influences. Alfred came to the platform to smoke because he felt that it was too stuffy in the train carriage. Besides, his mother often raised the issue of him not being married.

After the squire took it out and lit the East Balam cigarette, Alfred brought the stick that was nearly charred black to his mouth and sucked it deeply.

The strong smell entered his body, causing his spirit to jolt.

At that moment, he saw a blond-haired man who looked like a classic sculpture walking over with his valet.

Alfred hesitated and smiled. He raised his right hand and said, "Hibbert, I thought you wouldn't be returning to East Chester."

It was Earl Hall's eldest son, Alfred's brother, Lord Hibbert Hall.

Hibbert drew a perfect smile and said, "I'm just a cabinet secretary, not the cabinet chief secretary. I won't be so busy that I don't even have the weekend off."

In fact, he had no plans on being a cabinet chief secretary, either. His main goal was to accumulate experience at the various departments in the government and build up his own networks and resources to prepare for entering the House of Lords in the future.

Alfred took another puff of the East Balam cigarette and smiled.

"Happy weekend."

After watching Hibbert enter the carriage, Alfred sensed that someone was looking over and was discussing.

"Why aren't there any passengers waiting for that train carriage?"

"It doesn't seem to be full."

"Haha, that's a special carriage. It was pre-booked by an important figure for a large sum of money. I know that you might not have seen such a situation before, but you have to remember that this happens frequently in big cities like Backlund and Constant. When those important figures bring their entire family out, they will definitely have more than a hundred servants follow. Perhaps there might even be pets, so how can they squeeze in a train carriage with ordinary people…”

"Is that so…”

"I wonder who is this big shot?"

Alfred turned his head to look. There were dozens of people in gray-blue uniforms on Platform 2 who were quietly surveying Platform 3 across the empty tracks.

The distance between the two parties wasn't small. If Alfred's hearing wasn't outstanding, he wouldn't be able to figure out what they were discussing.

"They are?" Alfred turned to ask his adjutant.

He could only recognize that the uniform they were wearing belonged to a railway company.

The adjutant turned around immediately and asked the staff at the platform.

Soon, he jogged back and whispered to Alfred, "General, they're train dispatchers from all over the kingdom. They're undergoing short-term training in Backlund."

Alfred nodded slightly and glanced at the Platform 2 again.

The oldest of the train dispatchers had white hair and the youngest looked to be in their early twenties. Most of them were middle-aged men in their thirties or forties with gray sideburns.

…

In the Sonia Sea, City of Generosity, Bayam.

Verdu carried his luggage, which didn't contain many valuables, and boarded the boat at night. He left the harbor and boarded a pirate ship.

As a Sequence 7 of the Apprentice pathway, he wasn't very good at combat. And even though Verdu had a mystical item with him, he was rather afraid of its negative effects. He wasn't willing to use it unless it was critical to do so. Therefore, in order to avoid danger, he tried his best not to bring anything that would easily attract the greed of pirates which he didn't trust.

The pirate on the deck glanced at Verdu and scoffed.

"There's no need to be afraid. We always keep our promises. As long as you pay for the journey, we definitely won't throw you into the sea. Here, it'll be even safer than you taking a passenger ship. At least you don't have to worry about encountering pirates."

Seeing Verdu silent as though he appeared somewhat afraid, the pirate gleefully threw a key to him.

"The second floor on deck, the room at the end."

Verdu caught the brass key and entered the cabin. He climbed up the stairs and headed down the corridor.

This level seemed to be specially prepared for the people who boarded the pirate ship for various reasons. Along the way, Verdu encountered a few passengers that were totally unlike pirates.

Among them was a street girl who was dressed rather scantily, a middle-aged man with a protruding belly and oily faces, an extremely cold young man wearing a cloak and a top hat.

"Do you want to join me?" the lady smiled and asked when she saw Verdu looking over. She fluttered her eyes at him as she asked. It wasn't clear if she was planning to do some business on the trip, or if she was doing business while happening to make a trip.

Verdu ignored her and withdrew his gaze before walking to his room.

That well-defined and cold young man also stopped at the entrance diagonally opposite.

…

Backlund, West Borough, 9 Bellotto Street.

"Come in." Xio straightened her body from the huge, wide seat.

The door creaked open, and two MI9 members who were under Xio walked in.

"Colonel, we've found some information regarding the investigation of Utopia." A man in a dark-colored jacket handed Xio a report.

Xio was startled as she perked up.

"What is it?"

The man in a dark-colored jacket simply said, "In the past few days, we took advantage of the free time we had from completing our previous mission, to visit all the passengers in Backlund from that particular steam locomotive through our informants."

Without a doubt, he was referring to the steam locomotive that had stopped at Utopia.

"Okay." Xio nodded and gestured for her subordinate to continue.

The man in a deep jacket pointed at the report and said, "We have preliminary confirmation that none of the passengers that successfully arrived in Backlund show any abnormalities. They're in good spirits and have no problems with their memories.

"However, we discovered something: at that time, not everyone returned to the train. According to two passengers, their neighbors chose to remain in

Utopia.

"One was a lady who loves traveling and exploration. She has a deep love for foreign places. After witnessing the outstanding red wine, desserts, and unique Fizzling Ice Tea in Utopia, she decided to give up on her original plans and stayed in this small unique city for a while longer to discover even more wonderful things.

"The two passengers learned about this when they were chatting with her. Not only did they share neighboring seats, but they also chose to stay in the same hotel. They met in the morning.

"That hotel happened to be the same one our intelligence agent stayed in. It's called Irises."

Xio slowly nodded and said, "Have you investigated the lady's situation?

"What's her name?"

"No, we can't be sure if she has left Utopia," answered the other MI9 member with a bushy goatee. "Those two passengers only know that lady's name is Monica, but they don't know her last name or background."

Xio tersely acknowledged.

"Your subsequent mission is to investigate this lady's background, find her family and friends, and confirm if she has returned."

"Yes, Colonel." The two MI9 personnel saluted and left Xio's office.

Xio read the report they had submitted and sighed silently.

Compared to her subordinates, she was actually closer to the truth of Utopia. She already knew that it was a ritual that had a certain connection with Gehrman Sparrow.

However, she had no way of reporting this news to her superiors for credit.

Without mentioning the origins of the information, Xio needed to consider whether Gehrman Sparrow was willing to let this news leak out.

Perhaps I can try contacting Gehrman Sparrow and ask him for his opinion… Xio tidied her desk in thought and left MI9.

After changing her clothes, she returned to East Borough and the bridge area. She headed to different bars, just like back in her bounty hunter days, to gather all sorts of information from different people.

During this process, she asked about Utopia in passing, but no one had heard of it.

Finally, Xio entered a bar located in the Backlund Bridge area and sat on a high stool. She said to the bartender, "Anyone suspicious recently?"

"A lot of people are suspicious, but they don't have any bounty," the bartender replied casually.

Xio circled around this topic for more information, and when done, she asked according to plan, "Have you heard of Utopia?"

"I've heard of it," the bartender replied as he wiped the glass.

Xio moved her gaze from the bar counter up slowly.

She looked at the bartender and asked, "Where from?"

"There was a guest who came earlier, and he controlled his drinking," the bartender said indifferently. "I promoted our specialty cocktail to him. He said that he has other things to do, so he could only drink a glass of beer. I praised him and asked where he came from. He said, 'Utopia.'"

…

Wendel had just finished his breakfast when the doorbell rang.

Through the peephole, he saw a police officer in a black-and-white checkered uniform standing outside. He opened the door in puzzlement.

"Might I ask what's the matter?" Wendel asked politely.

This house was a place he had been assigned to after coming to Backlund. This was because he would be staying in this city for quite some time, receiving internal investigations and monitoring.

The police officer was still young and a little inexperienced. He was only in his early twenties.

He forced a smile and said to Wendel, "Hello, I'm Biles, a police officer. There's a case that requires you to provide testimony in court."

"What case?" Wendel frowned slightly.

The young policeman named Biles said with a polite smile, "It's the Tracey homicide case in Utopia."

"…” Wendel's eyes widened.

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CHAPTER 1337
A CHAIN REACTION

At that moment, Wendel felt his calves tremble slightly, as if he could no longer support the weight of his body.

After leaving Utopia, he had anticipated the worst possible outcome—sudden death with no explicable reason.

However, he never expected that he would meet someone from Utopia in Backlund, a real large city.

More importantly, the visitor had even invited him to Utopia.

To Wendel, this was an extremely scary nightmare. Him not experiencing a mental breakdown could only be attributed to his good mental fortitude.

Keeping his composure, Wendel forced a troubled expression and said, "I've had plenty of things to do recently…”

The police officer named Biles immediately said, "The trial will happen in two weeks. Here's the subpoena."

As he spoke, he handed the document to Wendel.

Frankly speaking, Wendel didn't want to accept it at all, but he had no choice but to accept it.

Biles took a step back.

"This concerns the future of a lady. I sincerely hope that you can testify in court."

"It depends on the situation…" Wendel didn't want to agree or refuse.

Biles didn't say anything else as he bowed.

"I'll wait for you in Utopia. I hope we meet again."

With that said, he turned around and left the residence, entering the street.

Throughout the entire process, Wendel seemed to have been frozen into an ice sculpture, standing there without blinking.

After another ten seconds, he finally woke up from his nightmare. He collapsed to the side weakly and held himself up by placing his right hand to the door.

Just now, he had been so afraid, afraid that Biles would forcefully bring him back to the non-existent Utopia.

If that happened, Wendel didn't know if he still had a chance to leave. Perhaps, he would disappear forever.

Compared to sudden death, this impossible-to-predict but clearly negative outcome left him even more fearful.

I need to quickly report this matter to the brass! Capture that policeman from Utopia and find out the real situation of this bizarre town and a suitable way to resolve the problem completely! Wendel snapped back to his senses and tried his best to perk himself up. He prepared to inform the MI9 members who were secretly monitoring him.

At this moment, he finally realized that there was a huge problem with his response. He didn't grab the opportunity to inform his monitoring colleagues with a hand gesture that the police officer who had visited him

was problematic. He didn't try to stall for time either; instead, he waited for the monitors to realize that something was wrong. He also didn't show his talent as an intelligence agent, asking surreptitiously Biles which hotel he stayed in Backlund and what day he was setting off by train.

He was so terrified that he could only subconsciously use a response that wouldn't create an accident.

With that thought in mind, Wendel walked out of the door and looked in the direction where Biles had left, but he didn't even see his figure.

This police officer from Utopia had already blended into the carriages and pedestrians.

Retracting his gaze, Wendel looked down at the subpoena in his hand and suddenly felt a little uneasy.

What will happen if I don't go to Utopia to testify two weeks later?

The more Wendel thought about it, the more scared he became. His calves weakened again, and he hurriedly made a hand gesture to inform his colleagues that were hiding around him of the anomaly.

…

West Borough, 9 Bellotto Street.

After learning that a Utopia resident had arrived in Backlund, Xio was both shocked and confused.

According to her previous observations, Utopia was likely located in a secret location, or somewhere between real and illusory, allowing outsiders to enter through random entrances.

As for why they wanted outsiders to enter, it was probably a ritual requirement.

Therefore, according to Xio's understanding, the people of Utopia likely wouldn't leave their hometown and wander around.

This is also a ritual requirement? What's the true identity of these residents? Mr. Fool's believers, The World Gehrman Sparrow's companions? After Xio asked about the general appearance of the Utopia visitor, she had no choice but to return to MI9's headquarters due to the lack of further information. She hesitated on whether she should send her subordinates to perform a large-scale search.

She wasn't sure if Mr. World would be happy to see such actions being taken, and she was afraid of affecting the ritual.

After pacing back and forth in the office, Xio prepared to pray to Mr. Fool and ask "Him" to transfer her questions to The World Gehrman Sparrow.

As she walked to the chair, Xio swept her gaze across the report placed on the table.

It was an investigation report that her two subordinates had prepared. On the one hand, they had confirmed that there were no problems with the passengers that successfully arrived in Backlund. On the other hand, they had pointed out that there were passengers who had remained in Utopia.

Passengers… Xio's eyes narrowed as she made a guess based on her intuition.

That Utopia inhabitants had their own goals in coming to Backlund, and it wasn't for a random trip. And his goal is very likely related to a particular passenger who has left Utopia.

This… Xio was alarmed as she hurriedly sat down and attempted to pray.

Just then, someone knocked on her office door.

“…Please come in," Xio said after some hesitation.

As the door opened, Xio saw the goateed Locke and Wendel, who was in charge of the Utopia incident.

"Colonel, Wendel met someone from Utopia. He paid him a visit directly!" Locke said, fumbling over his words.

This development was equally unexpected.

Indeed… Xio wasn't surprised. Instead, she secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

She looked at Wendel and asked, "Why did he visit you?"

"He requested that I head to Utopia to testify about the homicide case I mentioned in my report." Wendel was clearly calmer than before.

He then added, "He's a policeman. Name's Biles. I don't dare ask where he was living. I don't know when he's planning to leave or which steam locomotive he's planning on taking to leave."

To express the weight she had on this matter, Xio stood up and thought.

"Locke, summon your team members to look for the rental carriage drivers who often prowl for customers around Wendel's residence, as well as the carriage drivers who passed by the nearby district, and ask if they've seen Biles before. If they have seen him, ask them where he was sent to. Also, send someone to the steam locomotive station and wait by the entrance to observe the passengers…"

After instructing her subordinates, Xio turned to look at Wendel.

"Cooperate with them and sketch out Biles."

"Yes, Colonel," Locke and Wendel replied in unison.

After they left and closed the door, Xio sat back down and began to pray.

Soon, she received Mr. Fool's response and saw The World Gehrman Sparrow praying in the gray fog.

Gehrman Sparrow told her:

"You can carry out normal investigations.

"When necessary, you can suggest that it's a ritual, but it must be included among a few options."

Xio immediately heaved a sigh of relief as she patiently waited for her subordinates to report the results of their investigations.

As night fell, Locke returned to Bellotto Street and reported to Xio,

"We found the rental carriage driver that took the Utopian's business!"

"Oh?" Xio showed her concern.

Locke explained simply, "That Utopian originally got the carriage driver to go to the dock area. However, as soon as the carriage entered the corresponding area, he requested to get off, saying that they had arrived.

"That street was very unfamiliar to the carriage driver, making him feel like he was lost.

"After leaving that street, he realized that his surroundings had become familiar.

"Our men accompanied him to that place again, but he couldn't find that street no matter what."

Xio nodded slightly and said solemnly, "It matches our preliminary descriptions regarding the entrances and exits of Utopia."

"Colonel, are you saying that one can enter or leave Utopia from any city and street?" Locke was in disbelief.

Xio thought for a moment before saying, "From the looks of it, yes. But I have a feeling that there's something wrong. Hmm… How does Utopia connect to different places? What does it rely on?"

As her voice trailed off, Xio said to Locke, "Tell Wendel that he'll spend the following two weeks here until that subpoena expires."

"Yes, Colonel." Locke turned around and left Xio's office.

Wendel didn't have any objections to Colonel Derecha's arrangements. He could even say that he would only feel safe inside MI9's headquarters.

His temporary residence was a simply refurbished duty room. Through the window, he could see the lawn, garden, and trees outside.

At a glance, Wendel saw a pitch-black raven standing on a tree branch, silently looking over.

…

Night in Bansy was abnormally creepy. From time to time, the cries of ravens or other seabirds could be heard.

Verdu stood at the window, watching the approaching dilapidated dock and the city that had already been reduced to ruins. The pressure in his heart grew.

After a few days at sea, the ship he boarded was about to reach Bansy Harbor.

The captain had already informed Verdu in the morning that they would only wait for two hours. If he exceeded the two hours, Verdu could only

wait for the next ship on this deserted island. Who knew when the next ship would come.

After taking a deep breath, Verdu retracted his gaze and took off his coat.

Then, he opened his suitcase, took out a classic black robe, and put it on.

The surface of the robe was embroidered with golden and silver threads, and there were many gems the size of rice grains attached to it. It was a Sealed Artifact of the Abraham family.

After making preparations, Verdu left the pirate ship and entered Bansy Harbor.

Along the way, the ancient robe tightened, causing his face to turn purple as he nearly fainted.

As they walked, Verdu found the spot where the telegraph office stood based on the map he had bought. In the middle of the rubble, there were two bloody red marks—ones that remained fresh. It was as if they were left behind after two people were crushed into minced meat.

Beside the two figures, on a broken wall, there was an octopus-headed monster wearing armor. It stood on waves and was holding a trident.

Verdu raised the lantern in his hand high and was about to take a closer look when he suddenly felt a drop of cold liquid land on his neck.

Gripped with terror, he subconsciously reached out his hand. He found it sticky, nothing like rain. It was colorless. Not blood.

It's a little similar to saliva… Verdu's forehead twitched slightly and he slowly raised his head to look at the place where the drop of liquid could have dripped from.

It was a swath of pitch-black. It was the night sky without the moon or stars.

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CHAPTER 1338
EXPLORATION

Verdu subconsciously swallowed his saliva, feeling an indescribable sense of fear.

He didn't know what he was afraid of. There wasn't any real danger; yet, a drop of unknown liquid falling from above was enough to chill his spine and tighten his pores.

Perhaps it was because the environment was too eerie and silent, or perhaps it was because of the identity and unknown origins of the liquid… Verdu cautiously moved two steps outside and patiently observed.

In the next few minutes, nothing abnormal happened. No more liquid fell from above.

This made Verdu suspect that it was only a bird passing by. There was a freshwater fish from the island's streams or a sea fish in its mouth and a slightly sticky liquid dripped from its surface.

He calmed himself and then checked on the ruins of the telegraph office.

Ten minutes later, Verdu confirmed that there were only traces of blood and simple murals that were related to mysticism. It was worth researching.

He didn't rashly extract samples of the blood-colored soil or make copies of the strange mural. Instead, he took out a pure dreamy crystal ball from his pocket.

As an Astrologer, he naturally had to use his best techniques to confirm if he should take action.

Holding the crystal ball in his left hand, his right hand touched the top of the crystal ball as Verdu entered the state of an Astrologer.

In the next second, the crystal ball shone brightly.

Bang!

It exploded and scattered shards in every direction.

"…" Verdu's gaze froze. He stood rooted to the ground, completely ignoring the pain brought to him by the shards piercing into his body.

"It exploded… it actually exploded…" he muttered to himself in disbelief.

The crystal ball shards that stabbed into his body didn't seem to break through the classic robe. At that moment, they fell without any blood on them.

Of course, there were a few shards left on Verdu's jaw and face, peppering them with small wounds.

"Who is it?" Verdu suddenly came to his senses and turned to face another direction.

In the ruins opposite him, a figure walked out. It was the woman in scantily-clad clothes from the pirate ship.

She had hidden herself very well and wasn't discovered by Verdu. However, the explosion from the crystal ball gave her a fright and made her react excessively, causing her to fail to maintain her hidden state.

Verdu's injured face immediately twisted.

"Why are you here?"

The lady curled her lips and put on an indifferent attitude.

"This is Bansy Harbor, not your home. Why can't I be here?

"I felt bored and came down to take a stroll, hoping to pick up some jewelry from the ruins. Is there any problem with that?"

She retorted with a few questions without any intention of distancing herself from Verdu.

Verdu didn't argue with her. He took out the medicine and medical alcohol that he had prepared beforehand and treated his facial and chin injuries. He then pulled out the crystal ball shards and put them back into his pocket.

He didn't want his blood to remain in such a strange place.

Following that, Verdu pulled on an accessory on the classic robe.

It was a door-shaped symbol formed from three rubies, three emeralds, and three diamonds.

In an instant, the long robe tightened, accentuating the flesh on Verdu's body.

Just as Verdu's bones were about to be crushed, his figure gradually faded and he disappeared.

Then, he "Teleported" to the coastal mountain outside Bansy Harbor.

The mountain had collapsed and turned into rubble.

According to what Verdu knew, this was once the place where the Bansy residents used to worship the God of Weather. It was also the main target of the Church of Storms.

After the crystal ball exploded to warn him that the Bansy telegraph office was hiding an unknown danger, Verdu didn't dare to continue exploring the area or search for mysticism materials. He could only forcefully move to the next location.

And this allowed him to escape the woman's tailing.

As soon as Wilder's figure appeared, he bent down and took a deep breath. It was as if he had finally recovered from his suffocating state.

At the same time, Verdu felt a sharp pain in his right rib, as if a bone had fractured.

After taking several deep breaths, he endured the pain and walked a few steps forward with sweat on his forehead, arriving at the altar marked on the map.

Without a doubt, the altar had been destroyed. There was only a glassified, slightly-charred crater. There was gravel with different shapes scattered around it.

The gravel had traces of being engulfed in fire and lightning to various degrees.

After Verdu Abraham surveyed the area, he raised his right hand and waved his sleeve.

With a whoosh, a small portion of the gravel was "pushed" away from the spot, revealing the ground beneath it.

This was a Trickmaster's Wind Trick. Verdu used it to replace the need for manual labor to fully ensure his safety.

As the gravel flew, Verdu saw the charred ground. There were a few parts left in some areas that had extremely incomplete patterns, drawings, and symbols.

Woo!

The sound of the wind grew more intense as it resonated in Verdu's ears, causing him to look up in surprise.

The wind that could only blow small gravel had somehow turned into a hurricane. It even "pushed" him into a state of staggering about.

Wild clouds gathered in the sky, as if a storm was brewing.

Although he had heard that Bansy was a "Weather Museum," he had never thought that the changes would happen so suddenly.

For a split second, Verdu suspected that his "Wind Trick" had triggered a storm, or perhaps it had caused some changes to the cleared ruins of the altar.

This guess made his forehead break out into a cold sweat.

As the storm raged, Verdu saw the rubble in front of him fly up, revealing a boulder that was buried underneath.

The surface of the boulder was crisscrossed with deep cracks, giving off a feeling that it would shatter once it was touched.

At this moment, the wind had calmed down, but the heavy rain was still brewing.

Thinking about how he was already in Bansy Harbor, and couldn't afford to be scared off just like that, he mustered up his courage and approached the boulder covered in charred black cracks.

He then took out a magnifying glass that was engraved with strange patterns, and he seriously checked the state of the boulder.

Seven to eight minutes later, Verdu put away the magnifying glass, a mystical item, and sighed in regret and dismay.

He had already confirmed that there was nothing wrong with the boulder. It didn't involve anything related to mysticism.

Verdu was about to retract his gaze and leave when he suddenly saw that at the interface of the boulder's bottom and the earth, bright redness seeped out.

The bright redness gradually expanded, like blood flowing out.

However, it didn't spread into a huge area. It was limited to a very small area.

The two blood-red figures in the telegraph office's ruins instantly flashed across Verdu's mind. His scalp couldn't help but tingle.

His lips quickly turned dry as he instinctively thought that this wasn't a good development.

After swallowing another mouthful of saliva, Verdu raised his right hand and created another gust of wind, causing quite a number of miniature rocks to roll over to fill the bottom of the boulder completely, covering up the bright redness that seeped out.

He didn't stay here any longer. He forced himself to activate "Teleportation" again and headed for his final destination.

This time, another one of his ribs fractured again, causing him to almost faint from the pain.

In addition to the suffocation caused by the tightening, Verdu felt like he was hovering around the edge of death.

He took several seconds to recover and cast his gaze forward.

This place was also in ruins. A collapsed house covered the weeds.

According to a pirate who had once explored the ruins of Bansy, there was an item here worth researching.

It was an ordinary wooden door, but it was the only thing that remained intact in Bansy.

The pirate didn't find anything special about the wooden door, so he got his subordinate to carry it in an attempt to move it back to the ship.

However, they had only taken two steps when they suddenly collapsed. Dragging their spines, their heads separated from their bodies and rolled to the side.

This frightened the pirate. He didn't dare to stay any longer and led the rest of the crew away in a hurry.

Verdu didn't fully believe the story that the other party had told him. Although he hadn't experienced much life at sea, he knew that the sailors liked to exaggerate, often exaggerating something several times.

However, even if it was an exaggeration, Verdu believed that the door was worth studying.

After a round of searching, he discovered his target.

The ordinary-looking wooden door was leaning against a collapsed wall with brass locks and handles.

There were no corpses around it, nor were there any traces of blood. It was identical to the majority of the ruins.

Indeed, he's exaggerating. Heh, perhaps the pirate heard about this wooden door from somewhere else. Both he and his subordinates didn't dare to move it… Verdu looked around and suddenly said, "Who is it?

"Why are you monitoring me?"

He actually didn't notice anyone around him, but based on his experience and lessons, he could use words and a reaction to deceive the possible presence of a monitor.

A second later, a middle-aged man with a belly appeared in the shadows.

He said nothing and silently left the place.

Verdu heaved a sigh of relief as he didn't waste any time to approach the wooden door.

According to the information he had obtained, no matter which way he opened the wooden door, it wouldn't bring about any abnormal changes. There would be no danger if he didn't attempt to move it.

After thinking for a few seconds, Verdu retracted his hand into his sleeve and used his classical robe as a "glove" to pull the wooden door up.

He raised the wooden door, and the surroundings fell silent.

Verdu pushed the wooden door like he was normally opening a door, but there were no changes.

He tried many other methods, but he failed to make the wooden door display any abnormalities. It seemed to have just been lucky to be preserved in its entirety under the bombardment of the Church of the Lord of Storms.

Taking a deep breath, Verdu tried to calm himself down.

He thought for a moment and tried to open the door again.

However, unlike before, he held the handle and gently twisted it down.

After hearing the light click of metal colliding, Verdu pushed the wooden door backward and let it lean against a collapsed wall.

This time, a grayish-white fog appeared before Verdu.

In the fog, there was a faintly discernible street and a row of terraces.

Outside one of the houses, there was a wooden signboard. On them were a few Loenese words:

"Bansy Harbor Telegraph Office."

While Verdu's pupils dilated, a calm voice sounded from the telegraph office that was shrouded in fog.

"Are you… here to send… a telegram?

"Please come in."

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CHAPTER 1339
BEHIND THE DOOR

Although the voice coming from the telegraph office wasn't anything out of the ordinary, it was just a little intermittent. It lacked the obvious changes in tone. Normally, it wouldn't strike terror in others, but Verdu's heart suddenly erupted with a surge of fear.

It was like a bullet with flames shooting into an ammunition dump. It accurately hit a barrel of flammable gunpowder and ignited the fear that Verdu had accumulated and suppressed previously.

The horror that swept into every corner of his body was like a hand that grabbed Verdu's heart and blanked out his brain. He turned around abruptly and ran frantically towards the remnant pier where the pirate ship was.

During this process, Verdu had completely forgotten to think. He didn't remember wearing a classic robe that could "Teleport." All he did was run through the ruins with his feet, occasionally tripping over random items and falling heavily to the ground. Sometimes, his face would turn purple from his tightening clothes, and he had no choice but to stop to catch his breath.

However, every time he composed himself a little, he would crawl up and continue running. He looked like he had lost his rationality and was acting purely on instinct.

Without the force he provided, the wooden door couldn't maintain its balance. It slid down from the collapsed wall and fell to the floor covered with bricks.

The grayish-white fog and the shadowy houses disappeared.

After five minutes, Verdu ran back to the pier under the storm.

His eyes were wide open, filled with panic and confusion. He didn't notice that there was a figure standing on the deck of the pirate ship, quietly looking down at him.

This was the young man wearing a half top hat and a long black trench coat. He had a cold expression.

Verdu didn't even think about it and immediately used the gangway to return to the pirate ship. He rushed into the cabin and rushed to the second floor before rushing into his room.

Bang!

He slammed the door shut and curled up on the small, narrow bed. He wrapped himself tightly with the blanket and shivered.

When another of his ribs fractured again, the excruciating pain struck him and he finally recovered from his horror. He realized that his limbs were sore and his body was hot. Every breath he took was like thunder.

He struggled with all his might, and finally, he took off his classic robe and fell back into the bed. He felt dizzy and nauseous. The air just felt insufficient.

Outside the cabin, the cold-looking man suddenly raised his hand. He took out a human-skinned glove and wore it on his left palm.

Suddenly, the man vanished into thin air and appeared in a corner of the ruins. He appeared beside the ordinary wooden door.

He bent down and raised the wooden door, allowing it to stand in front of the collapsed wall.

Right on the heels of that, the man in the black trench coat mimicked Verdu's actions. He reached out for the handle and twisted it downwards.

Then, he pushed the wooden door forward and let it lean against the wall.

Almost at the same time, he saw a grayish-white fog. He saw the faintly discernible streets and houses in the fog.

Amidst the houses, the clearest, most eye-catching one was the Bansy Harbor Telegraph Office. The rest were more or less blurry.

At this moment, the calm voice in the telegraph office asked through the door, "Who… are… you?"

"I'm… Gehrman… Sparrow," the young man in a half top hat replied in the same staccato.

The interior of Bansy Harbor Telegraph Office suddenly fell silent as though someone was walking silently towards the door.

At that moment, Gehrman Sparrow turned his head to the other side.

In the deep end of the street, a figure walked over. He was wearing a straw hat and had a towel around his neck. He was bending over to pull something.

As the figure approached, the outline of the object behind him gradually became clear.

It was a black vehicle with two wheels. It had a roof that could block the scorching sun and rain.

In the vehicle sat a lady wearing a waist-length dress with an embroidered fan.

Both she and the driver were concealed by thick fog, making it difficult for anyone to see their exact appearances.

When they passed Gehrman Sparrow, he barely managed to see a few details through the fog.

The hunched man pulling the carriage had a rotten face with pale-yellow pus flowing. In areas where the lady wasn't covered by the fan and clothes, her skin was swollen with a glisten amidst many blue and black spots.

With a ring, a bell sounded. A blue train with two carriages sped out from in front of Gehrman Sparrow.

At this moment, Gehrman Sparrow realized that there was an iron-black track on the ground. Above him were long lines.

On the top of the train carriage, there was a rather complicated metal frame that slid over the long lines.

Through the glass window of the train, Gehrman Sparrow saw the passengers inside.

They faced the streets, but only their heads remained. Each head was dragging a bloody spine.

Gehrman Sparrow's pupils dilated as he silently watched this scene without moving for a long time.

After nearly a minute, he took a step forward in an attempt to enter the blurry street beneath the grayish-white fog.

However, the fog blocked him. No matter what method he used, he couldn't pass through it.

Fifteen minutes later, Gehrman Sparrow stopped his attempts and closed the wooden door, eliminating the fog. Then, he dragged the wooden door and

"Teleported" directly to the pirate ship. He wasn't worried about being cursed at all.

He then placed the wooden door on the deck and reached out his left hand again to grab the door handle.

Suddenly, there was a cracking sound from Gehrman Sparrow's neck. His head seemed to be raised by an invisible hand as it dragged out a bloody spine.

Gehrman Sparrow's expression didn't change as he coldly raised his right hand and pressed it above his head, pressing his head back to its original position.

Immediately after, he turned the handle as though unaffected and pushed the wooden door open again, allowing it to lean against the shipboard.

However, this time, there was no grayish-white fog to be seen, nor were there any visible streets, houses, or trains. It could be said that there was nothing unusual.

In the next second, the wooden door rapidly decayed, turning into a pile of mud, as if it was trying to avoid the fate of being tested.

Gehrman Sparrow didn't stop it. He took out a golden ring embedded with a ruby and wore it for nearly ten seconds.

After the ring vanished, Gehrman Sparrow reached out with his right hand and pulled out the same ordinary wooden door from the void before continuing his attempts.

After confirming that the wooden door would lose its effects once it left Bansy, Gehrman Sparrow casually waved his hand, allowing it to vanish in midair.

Two hours later, the dark clouds in the sky gradually dissipated. The storm that had been brewing for a long time ultimately did not descend.

When the pirate ship was far away from Bansy Harbor, Verdu, who had finished treating his injuries, took a bottle of medicine and allowed himself to quickly fall asleep so that he could adjust his mental state.

In the hazy dream world, he ran in a desolate moor, looking for something frantically, but he found nothing.

Suddenly, Verdu heard a faint voice coming from deep in the moor:

"The great… God of War…

"The symbol… of… iron… and… blood…

"The ruler… of… chaos… and… strife…”

This sentence repeated over and over again, but it didn't alarm Verdu enough to snap him out of his dreams.

After some time, Verdu woke up and opened his eyes.

At that moment, the morning sun shone into the cabin outside the window, bringing with it a faint light.

Verdu slowly sat up and realized that he didn't need to use the powers of an Astrologer to recall the three lines of the honorific name that he had heard in his dream.

And his relatively rich mysticism knowledge told him that it was referring to a hidden existence at the level of a deity.

Is this the result of the incomplete symbols and labels around the altar, or a result of me witnessing that street in the grayish-white fog? Verdu frowned and fell into deep thought.

He didn't rashly attempt to recite that honorific name, because he knew how miserable people who had done something like that had died.

God of War… Verdu vaguely remembered that he had seen this deity's name in a book in his family. He decided to do some research before considering how to deal with it later.

…

Bansy Harbor, on the collapsed coastal mountain.

Red, blazing-white, or orange flames emerged from the crevices of the gravel, forming a figure.

This figure was wearing a black blood-stained armor, with a half-grown fiery red hair. He looked young and handsome.

There was a blood-colored mark on his glabella that resembled a flag. There were traces of decay on his face. It was none other than the Red Angel evil spirit, Sauron Einhorn Medici.

"If 'He' didn't have Sefirah Castle and an Attendant of Mysteries characteristic to allow his marionettes to run around the world without considering the limitations of distance, I wouldn't need to take such a roundabout route." The Red Angel evil spirit tsked, a mystery as to who "He" was speaking with.

In midair, a raven landed on the top of a boulder.

There was a circle of white on its right eye, and a human voice sounded from its mouth.

"You actually used 'Him' and not him. This isn't like your style."

The Red Angel evil spirit chuckled.

"That's because 'He' wishes others to call 'Him' as him, and not 'Him.'"

As "He" spoke, Sauron Einhorn Medici glanced at the raven.

"This form of yours looks cuter than your true self, don't you think? Lil' Raven?"

The white-eyed raven replied without any hint of anger, "Your mockery is just like you. Still living in the previous epoch."

The Red Angel evil spirit smiled and said, "The developments have been rather smooth, and 'He' has been fooled. However, I believe that even if 'He' discovers it, 'He' will probably turn a blind eye. For the two of you to become Great Old Ones, 'Door' has to return. The hypocritical 'Him' might still be hesitating about whether to do it, because if 'He' isn't careful, it will bring about a huge disaster. Haha, I like disasters.

"Lil' Raven, when are you going to make your payment? If you don't have enough strength, I won't be able to gain the trust of the brainless Abraham."

"When he prays to you," said the white-eyed raven. "If you're worried that such a state won't last long, I can parasitize a Worm of Time into your body and help you maintain it. There's no need to thank me."

As "He" spoke, the raven spread its wings and disappeared into the vast night sky.

The Red Angel evil spirit turned "His" head and, with the advantage of the terrain, wore a solemn expression as "He" looked down at the Bansy ruins.

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CHAPTER 1340
TRAVEL DIARIES

"This small city called Utopia is intrinsically no different from the ones I had been to in the past. Be it the folk culture, the people, or architectural style, it follows very closely to the standard Loen styles.

"I've heard that the Southern Continent has many peculiar and unusual traditions. I hope that I can experience it myself one day. Of course, that's after East and West Balam's peace is restored.

"Speaking of which, the most special thing about this place is that the weather is always changing and there's always a storm. As a result, most people have umbrellas and raincoats that are smeared with Donningsman Tree Sap. The hotel attendant told me that for a person of a certain income level, which also has a need to work outdoors, they would have to save quite a sum of money to purchase a raincoat. Otherwise, the sickness would only take more away.

"There are no meteorologists here. I have no idea why there are so many changes in the weather here. I can only guess that it has something to do with it lining the sea and being close to places with hurricanes. Yes, there's a deep water harbor a few kilometers away from Utopia. However, they're lacking in manpower, and it isn't very well-managed. It can only maintain its operations on a small scale.

"They don't have local newspapers either. After all, it's just a small city with a few thousand people. The paperboys mainly sell the Tussock Times, Desi Mirror, and Seawind News…

"The second reason I like this place is because many people in Utopia are optimistic and are very enthusiastic about life.

"When I wrote this down, a band happened to pass by outside the hotel.

"It's not a professional band, but a group formed purely from amateur enthusiasts. Among them, there are civil servants, law enforcement officers, solicitors, professional policemen, school teachers, candy factory workers, shop owners… Among them, those with the money are responsible for the larger musical instruments, such as cello, violins, and other difficult musical instruments. The lower- and middle-class citizens use relatively simple instruments like seven-string guitars and harmonicas.

"On some rest days, they will walk the streets and set off from the municipal square. They will circle the city before returning to the Saint Arianna Cathedral near the square. They call this a 'musical tour.'"

"In the tour, not only do they not reject other citizens from joining, but they even encourage them to sing or dance along with the procession. According to my observations, the participants are very happy and very satisfied as they freely express their love for life. This gives me a feeling of being full of vigor.

"I have to admit that it's very infectious. I've tried to join the tour, and I've forgotten my troubles in the revelry of music, dancing, and singing. I only remember happiness…

"They aren't on a tour today. Instead, they're showering their blessings to a newly-wed couple at the cathedral.

"Speaking of weddings, what I don't understand the most is that it only has the Evernight Goddess's cathedral. One ought to know that in most of the kingdom, even in a small town, there would be at least two cathedrals, one belonging to the Evernight Goddess and the other, the Lord of Storms.

"Before today, I couldn't imagine that an ordinary town in the kingdom would only believe in one deity.

"However, this doesn't cause too much trouble for me. Before I turned eighteen, I could only believe in the Lord of Storms under the influence of my family. However, after I graduated from grammar school, I came to truly understand that the Goddess is the most compassionate and benevolent deity.

"Back to the wedding, I participated in a wedding a couple of days ago. I discovered that Utopia has some special customs in this area.

"Out of all of them, what I admire the most is that when the priest pronounces them man and wife, the groom and bride will bow to each other. No one is superior in this relationship as they only sincerely express their gratitude to be able to spend the rest of their lives together.

"This might be an expression of equality between man and woman in the Goddess's teachings…

"In addition, there will be some special game segments after the wedding. For example, let the groom and the bride publicly describe their love story.

"This may be a rather embarrassing matter for them, but to the guests, it's rather interesting. Yes, I think so too, but I definitely won't add similar segments to my wedding.

"At the wedding, I heard the best love story I've heard so far. If there's a chance, and if you my dear readers of this particular column enjoy it, I'll consider retelling it. Of course, I'll change the names and some details to prevent the couple from feeling troubled…

"The most important reason why I like Utopia is its food. The food here is very delicious. The limited number of restaurants are all very good, and the best is undoubtedly the attached restaurant to the Irises Hotel I'm staying at.

"Be it the most basic beef steak, fried pig chop, charcoal barbecued meat, spiced fried fish, or even more complicated, more difficult stewed mutton with peas, thick cream soup, butter potatoes, and roasted potato skin, all of them have reached the level of a master chef in the city. In addition, the chefs here are quite skilled in creating unique dishes and food. There are sweet-and-sour meat cubes, and grilled fish smeared with various condiments…

"In the staples that don't seem to allow for experimentation, the chefs of Utopia haven't given up. I've eaten all kinds of toasts in this city: yam, potatoes, butter, creamed, and ones with fruits… As long as I was willing to, I could make it so that I don't eat the same thing twice during the week.

"The best food of praise here is their desserts.

"Cream pudding, fruit pudding, black forest cakes, carrot cakes, milk cakes, muffins, egg tarts…

"I feel hungry writing this. This is the reason why I still don't wish to leave after staying here for a week. What I'm most worried about now is not my wallet but my weight. I'm glad that the hotel doesn't have a weight scale, and at the same time, I blame them for not including one.

"The red wine in Utopia is also rather outstanding. The only problem is that they lack the age to settle down. It seems like the vineyards around the city haven't realized this.

"Here, I need to seriously recommend a drink. Utopia's Fizzling Ice Tea. It's very special, and it has an even more amazing experience besides the sweetness and bubbles…

"Every night, I would go for a stroll in the municipal square. That's also the place where most Utopians like to go for entertainment. They have an extraordinary love for the pigeons.

"I met an artist at the municipal square. His name is Anderson. He's handsome, and his artistic skills are superb. Unfortunately, he's a mute…

"I also know another writer. His name is Alzu. It's a rather strange name. He said that he's writing a long novel and asked me to appraise the beginning.

"I won't comment on his novel, but I was just curious about a few familiar names at the beginning of the novel.

"It included Anderson, Wendy, oh yes, this is the boss of my favorite bakery…

"I raised this question, and Alzu told me very seriously that when a writer can't think of names for characters, it's very reasonable for them to use someone they know as reference.

"I agree.

“…

"Since this column is too narrow to contain my thoughts, I'll end it here.

Love,

Charlotte"

Monica put down her fountain pen and seriously read the manuscript twice. She changed certain words and any grammatical errors.

She was a writer. She wasn't famous at first, so she could only rely on writing third-rate romance novels to maintain her life. After she changed her faith to the Evernight Goddess, her father had almost cut off all ties with her.

However, ever since Miss Fors Wall, who had written "Stormwind Mountain Villa," established a travel column, and had received quite a

warm response after the war, Monica had also started to write about her travels in some Backlund newspapers. This perfectly matched her hobby, and her hobby gave her a unique vitality to help her become a famous travel columnist.

Charlotte was her pen name.

After her writing dried completely, Monica specially wrote another copy and stuffed it into an envelope before affixing it with a stamp.

After confirming that the address was correct, the black-haired lady with a Desi Bay style carried her handbag and left the hotel, heading to the Utopia post office.

The post office was next to the telegraph office. Whenever Monica passed by the latter, she would always find it a waste.

From her point of view, Utopia rarely needed to send telegrams. It was too extravagant to specially build a telegraph office.

After sending the letter, Monica looked at the sky and walked towards the municipal square.

When she arrived at the entrance of Saint Arianna's Cathedral, she met Biles.

He was a police officer. He had once questioned Monica at the Irises Hotel due to the homicide witness.

Unfortunately, Monica didn't know that man named Wendel.

After greeting each other with a nod, Monica entered the cathedral and found a seat. She listened quietly to the sermon of the priest named Townsend.

This was a priest she found to be most clergyman-like ever since she changed her faith to the Evernight Goddess. His hair was half-white, and he spoke slowly and mellowly. His voice was deep and low, always calming down people without them realizing it.

Monica closed her eyes and listened attentively to the sermon.

…

East Chester County, in a forest belonging to the Hall family.

Alfred, Hibbert, and Audrey led their respective foxhounds with their servants around the forest and chased after their prey.

This was the first time the three of them had hunted together since they became adults.

In front of their sister, Alfred and Hibbert had a great time—at least on the surface.

And to Alfred, the biggest problem was how to control himself and not show that he was too extraordinary. Otherwise, if a Disciplinary Paladin were to join the hunt, no one else would have the chance.

He knew that his sister was a Beyonder, but he also knew that a Sequence 7 Beyonder of the Spectator pathway didn't have any actual combat ability.

As they chased their prey, they rushed out of the forest and saw a wheat field.

"Where are we?" Audrey, dressed in hunting gear, asked casually.

This was her first time hunting in this forest, and she didn't know where it led to.

Hibbert wasn't too familiar with the area as well. He turned his head and said to his attendant, "Ask someone."

As they waited, the three siblings laughed as they discussed their trophies. As for the golden retriever, Susie, she glanced at the foxhounds that wanted to get close to her and made them distance themselves.

After a while, Hibbert's attendant returned and reported, "Sir, there's a village called Hartlarkh nearby…"

Hartlarkh… That village with the dragon-worship customs? I came here from somewhere else? Audrey was taken aback when she heard that.

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CHAPTER 1341
IN THE DREAM

After regaining her senses, Audrey maintained her faint smile as she became wary.

She could vaguely feel a mysterious force pushing her to Hartlarkh, the village with the tradition of dragon-worship.

This was like an arrangement of fate.

Audrey had once entered the Hall of Truth, and she discovered that the murals inside had turned into reality. Furthermore, she knew that the Spectator pathway's Sequence 1 was Author. From this name, she had made some connections, so it was inevitable for her to suspect that something was amiss.

At this moment, Hibbert laughed.

"I've heard of this village. I remember that our family has a manor nearby."

As he spoke, he looked up at the sky.

"It's almost evening. Why don't we stay there and continue hunting tomorrow?"

Alfred wasn't opposed to his elder brother's suggestion. To him, staying the night at whichever manor was essentially the same.

He nodded and said, "Send someone back to inform Father and Mother."

Audrey didn't say a word. Her green eyes turned slightly, and her gaze swept across the faces of her two brothers.

Hibbert's brows immediately furrowed as he said, "I think it's best we return. This manor wasn't informed in advance, so they definitely weren't prepared. Perhaps there's no way for them to service so many horses, hounds, and servants.

"Besides, there's still an hour before the evening. There's enough time for us to return."

When Alfred saw his brother change his mind so quickly, he wanted to act contrary to him. However, on second thought, he felt that what his brother said made sense.

Considering that his sister was also here, he tersely agreed and said, "Then let's head back quickly."

With that said, he didn't wait for Hibbert. Squeezing at the horse's side and brandishing the horsewhip, he led the way.

Hibbert frowned, then relaxed.

Without saying anything else, he led his sister, the group of attendants, servants, and hounds, and turned around, following the edge of the forest and returning to a manor on the other side.

Audrey quietly followed behind him, not expressing her opinion on the development of the matter.

…

Late at night, in a manor in East Chester County.

Having used her Manipulator powers to change the thoughts of her two brothers to prevent them from approaching Hartlarkh, Audrey lifted the

velvet blanket and crawled into bed, entering a deep sleep.

In her reverie, she suddenly sat up.

She then looked around and saw the familiar dressing table and the bathroom entrance. She realized that she was still in the room, but the crimson moon outside the window was gone. There were no stars, only darkness.

This isn't the real world… Audrey instantly made a judgment and inspected herself.

Soon, she came to a conclusion:

This was a dream. It was a rather strange dream that made her remain lucid.

It's really here… Audrey didn't feel any panic. She was just a little vexed.

She hadn't handled the development properly in the afternoon, which led to the problem extending to the manor where her parents were.

In hindsight, she believed that she should've followed Hibbert's idea and headed straight to the family manor near Hartlarkh. Then, she could reasonably "arrange" for Hibbert and Alfred to return here, leaving her to stay behind and wait for any possible developments.

This way, even if anything happened, it wouldn't affect their parents, brothers, and most of the servants.

However, at that time, her main goal wasn't to follow the arrangement of fate. As long as she could avoid Hartlarkh, she would try her best to avoid it.

To her surprise, danger would, at times, spring on you even if you didn't seek it out.

To avoid it and stall for time wasn't a universal solution.

Audrey immediately got off the bed and stood barefoot on the thick carpet.

She had already confirmed that, with her level of a demigod as a Dreamwalker, she could directly escape this strange dream and return to the real world, avoiding the suspected "invitation" once more.

After looking around, Audrey pursed her lips, removed the blue cloak hanging on the clothes rack beside her, and wore it.

She took a deep breath and walked towards the door.

During this process, a crimson star "tattoo" appeared on the back of her hand.

The "tattoo" vanished as though it had never appeared.

This was the mark left on her after her first entry into the ancient palace above the gray fog. For a very long time, it hadn't shown any special traits. It was only at the beginning of this year that Mr. Fool informed them that in situations in which they couldn't pray, they could use the triggering of the corresponding "tattoo" to skip the chanting of the honorific name.

Simply put, this was a treatment that a Blessed of a deity enjoyed.

Of course, there was no way to transmit any information. It could only be used in critical situations, allowing Mr. Fool to cast "His" gaze over.

And more importantly, the star-like crimson mark was rather eye-catching. It could be easily discovered by others and people who were secretly monitoring them. Therefore, under a situation where she needed to hide her uniqueness, Audrey was more inclined to use the various abilities of a Manipulator to implant the idea of praying to Mr. Fool to some inconspicuous human nearby. She got them to complete the prayer at suitable times and locations and pray for her protection.

At this moment, she believed that the owner of the dreamscape knew that she was problematic, so she felt that there was no need to go through all that trouble. All she needed to do was to hide the entity she was praying to.

When she reached the door, Audrey reached out for the handle and gently twisted it before pulling it backward.

The slightly dark corridor entered her vision.

The main building of this manor had a history of over a hundred years. Many places still had their former characteristics, especially the corridor section. It didn't have any gas lamps, and the walls were decorated with candle stands made of silver or copper. There were countless candles placed on them, emitting a dim yellow light that illuminated the entire corridor and creating all kinds of shadows. They gave a feeling that a phantasm might appear on the corridor at any moment.

Even this has been replicated in the dreamscape… Audrey looked around and entered the corridor.

As this thought flashed across her mind, a long, thick pale-yellow carpet appeared beneath her feet.

Stepping on the carpet, Audrey followed her spiritual intuition and walked to the right.

After taking two or three steps, she suddenly stopped. She felt as if there was something hidden behind the two tightly shut doors, giving her a strong desire to explore.

This is Father and Mother's bedroom. That is Hibbert's room. That is Alfred's room… Audrey made a slight note of it and frowned.

The ancient doors with relief were extremely mysterious under the dim candlelight. It made one eager to know what was hidden behind them.

As her thoughts raced, Audrey suddenly understood what they represented in a dream.

This was the door to the mind world. Behind each door was the mind world of their owner.

In other words, after Audrey pushed open Alfred's door, she would see the various secrets hidden deep in his heart.

By the same logic, she could pry into the secrets of Lord Hall and Lady Catelyn.

She slowly retracted her gaze. Audrey closed her eyes and continued walking forward, preventing herself from being affected.

After all her experiences, she gradually understood a principle:

A demigod in the mind domain needed to control themselves and respect others.

Under the premise that she could read people's true thoughts through their body language, facial expressions, and emotional fluctuations, if she wasn't satisfied, she could greedily explore the inner thoughts of others and dig out their secrets. In the end, she would suffer a backlash.

This was a very simple principle: Everyone had some darkness in them in varying amounts or nasty thoughts. However, they had control over them, preventing them from affecting their actions. Under such circumstances, if a demigod in the mind domain still insisted on digging these thoughts and dug out the ugly parts under the mask, it was very easy for them to be disappointed in human nature, be tainted by all kinds of negative thoughts, gradually becoming crazy without realizing it.

This was also one of the reasons why, despite Spectators being able to "Placate" themselves and treat corresponding mental problems, they were also one of the pathways who would easily go mad or lose their composure.

They were both safe and dangerous.

Therefore, Audrey established rules for herself to observe. She only did observations and read the minds of people she knew. She tried her best not to enter their dreams. This restriction didn't apply to strangers. If it wasn't necessary, she wouldn't enter the mind world of anyone.

Following the corridor, Audrey, who was wearing a blue cloak, reached its end.

She opened her eyes and cast her gaze at the room on the left.

It was a half-open solarium.

Pursing her lips again, Audrey held the door handle with her breathing steady.

As the wooden door opened, the scene inside was gradually revealed.

This was no longer a room. On the ground were round pebbles and bundles of bluish-black weeds. It was so dark deep within that space that one couldn't see clearly.

Audrey slowly walked in and closed the door behind her.

In the darkness, the silhouettes of some objects were quickly outlined.

A huge stone pillar that was tens of meters tall stood there. There was a tall lizard-like monster situated above it.

The monster was squatting at the top of the stone pillar like a tiny mountain. Its body was covered with huge grayish-white stone scales, and its eyes were pale-fold and vertical.

This was a mind dragon as spoken in myths.

With a whoosh, the two wings of the mind dragon spread open, almost covering the entire sky.

Their bones were like metallic leaf veins, covered with a gray membrane with mysterious patterns.

As Audrey looked up, the mind dragon emitted a buzzing sound:

"You've been to Liveseyd."

Without a doubt, it used Dragonese.

City of Miracles, Liveseyd… How does it know… Just as Audrey had these two thoughts, she heard the mind dragon say, "Everyone's consciousness in one's heart will make a certain exchange with the sea of collective subconscious. And for a unique place like Liveseyd, it likewise left a special impression in you. When your Virtual Persona roams the sea of collective subconscious and isn't too far from me, I can naturally sense this."

This exceeds the limits of my abilities, and it's not something a Dreamweaver can do… This mind dragon corresponds to a Sequence 2 Discerner? "He" actually didn't directly control me… As Audrey's thoughts flashed, the mind dragon spoke again.

"I'm sure you don't have any ill intentions at the moment."

Audrey fell silent for two seconds before looking up and asking, "Aren't you worried that it's a trap?"

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CHAPTER 1342 SIMULTANEOUSLY

At that moment, Audrey even suspected that the "arrangement of fate" wasn't for her to head to Hartlarkh to investigate the dragon-worshiping customs. Instead, it was to make her realize that something was wrong, causing her to feel conflicted. It made her use a Virtual Persona in the vicinity of Hartlarkh to secretly guide her two brothers into changing their minds without realizing it. This would inevitably result in her consciousness being specially related to Liveseyd to be discovered by the mind dragon, thus attracting "Him."

Despite being the one that had been arranged, Audrey couldn't help but feel a sense of awe. It had to be said that to achieve such an effect, one had to have an extremely high level of confidence in the reactions different people had. It struck fear into the bottom of her heart.

After all, Audrey, a Sequence 4 Manipulator, had felt that the development of the matter was in line with her expectations. She had completely fulfilled her wishes and wasn't alert at all.

The mind dragon retracted its huge wings and looked down at the blue-cloaked Audrey.

"This is a dream maze formed by many minds. Even if the one who set the trap personally descends, it will take some time to find this room. Besides, I won't stay long."

Clearly, "He" had been wary of traps, but "He" believed that certain matters were worth the risk.

Dream maze… This is a Beyonder power of a Dreamweaver, or perhaps the power after a qualitative change? Audrey reined in her thoughts and asked calmly, "What do you wish to know?"

The gigantic grayish-white dragon buzzed and said, "My name is Ariehogg, one of the three remaining ancient dragons."

"He" means that "He" is one of the three surviving dragons of the Second Epoch, and the rare, known dragons are only descendants of the dragons during the era of the ancient gods? Audrey nodded slightly and didn't interrupt "Him."

Behind her was a wooden door that stood without any support in the plains filled with bluish-black weeds. It looked extremely strange.

Ariehogg didn't waste any time. After introducing "Himself," "He" asked, "Where did you find Liveseyd?"

Audrey was already prepared as she answered frankly, "In a book named Groselle's Travels. Rumor has it that it was personally created by the Dragon King Ankewelt."

"Groselle…" Ariehogg clearly hadn't heard of this name before. After repeating it, "He" pressed, "What kind of book is that?"

The blonde-haired Audrey gave a simple description:

"That's a book with a world that's almost real inside it. At the same time, it can suck in people who meet the requirements or offer their own blood to be sucked in by the book, allowing them to live in that world."

Ariehogg fell silent for two seconds.

"Is there a sea of collective subconscious in that book world?"

"Yes," Audrey answered with great certainty. "The City of Miracles, Liveseyd, I saw was deep in the sea of collective subconscious in the book world."

Ariehogg suddenly breathed harder.

"What did you see in that Liveseyd?"

Audrey recalled and said, "A city filled with towering pillars and majestic palaces.

"In addition, I've also entered the residence of the Dragon King. That place can allow every living being's inner thoughts to echo in the surrounding area. I call it the 'Hall of Truth.'

"At the end of the Hall of Truth, behind the Dragon King's throne, there's an ancient and mysterious bronze door. I'm not sure what's sealed behind. In short, it's very dangerous and I didn't dare approach it at all."

Audrey was speaking the complete truth; she just didn't mention the speculations that Mr. World, Mr. Star, and she had come up with.

Ariehogg fell completely silent. It was unknown what "He" was thinking of, or if "He" was analyzing the current situation regarding Liveseyd.

During this process, "His" head drooped down bit by bit, as though "He" was going to fall from the top of a hundred-meter-tall pillar to the ground.

Just as Audrey tensed up from this rather bizarre scene and was about to ask a question, Ariehogg suddenly raised "His" head.

The golden vertical pupil in "His" eyes turned colder as "His" voice once again resounded in the wilderness.

"Liveseyd…”

With a low rumbling of thunder, the things that were hidden in the dark behind Ariehogg quickly became clear. In the gradually brightening scene, their outlines appeared.

They were huge stone pillars that were more than a hundred meters tall. They were either standing alone or collectively propping up numerous majestic and ancient palaces.

These stone pillars and palaces were mainly grayish-white in color as they landed on the island-like foundations. It was identical to the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, which Audrey had just described.

No, this was probably the City of Miracles, Liveseyd.

Only then did Audrey realize that the ancient mind dragon, Ariehogg, was squatting at the top of the thickest, tallest stone pillar.

At this moment, she could faintly feel a subtle change in Ariehogg.

Her green eyes darted about slightly, and the sound of a metal handle being twisted sounded from behind her.

This… Audrey held back the urge to turn her head abruptly. She turned her body warily to the side, allowing her gaze to fall sideways.

The individual wooden door that had lost its external support slowly opened, revealing the visitor's appearance:

A huge, white rabbit with wiggling ears that walked upright.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, a figure was shrouded in grayish-white fog. He sat at The Fool's seat at the end of the long mottled table as he silently observed the crimson star representing Justice.

…

Backlund, West Borough, 9 Bellotto Street.

The closer Wendel was to the end of the two weeks, the more he suffered from insomnia. He had to rely on medication to fall asleep.

When he woke up, he was also restless and extremely anxious. He had lost all interest in food and only forced himself to eat the three meals sent by his colleagues to ensure his energy.

He didn't know what would happen on the date of the trial, nor did he know if there would be an irreversible change in his body.

This kind of fear towards the unknown often made him feel stifled. It was extremely tortuous.

Sometimes, Wendel would even think that it might not be a wise choice resisting his return to Utopia.

Based on his limited experience there, if he obediently returned to Utopia and testified in court, there was a high chance that he would leave safely.

At least up to this point, Wendel hadn't heard of anyone dying or going crazy because of Utopia. The people there were rather friendly apart from being a little bizarre.

I'm just going to help. They should be grateful to me instead of being antagonistic… The more he thought about it, the more he felt that it would be more comfortable to face the danger.

Of course, he had no doubts about MI9's protective capabilities. If it wasn't possible, he felt that he could only consider meeting the Lord of Storms early.

Phew… Wendel exhaled and sat down on his chair. He casually picked up a novel to pass time.

However, his frustration made it impossible for him to immerse himself in the plot. He flipped through the pages more frequently and finally, he snapped the book close.

He closed his eyes and prepared to take a nap.

In a daze, Wendel seemed to return to Utopia and arrived at the court. However, the role he was in wasn't as a witness but a member of the audience.

Tracey was deemed by the judge to have provided insufficient evidence to support a claim for self-defense and had been transferred to the criminal courts. He saw this lady tearing up in a daze, her smile extremely miserable.

Wendel woke up and stared silently at the wall lamp in front of him. He sat there motionless for a long time.

If the problem is Utopia, and not the residents of Utopia, then me avoiding it might end up killing a poor lady… Wendel retracted his gaze. His resolve had wavered slightly, but he was unable to overcome the fear in his heart.

With his hands on the table, he stood up and walked to the door. He planned to wander about MI9's headquarters to ease his mood.

After leaving the room and taking a few steps forward, Wendel suddenly heard a colleague in the office discussing the related case of the Utopia.

"Have you heard? The person who entered Utopia was a carriage driver. He sent a merchant from Utopia to the dock area, and with just taking two turns at a crossroads, he found himself somewhere unfamiliar."

"There's a need to warn all the carriage drivers in Backlund. Yes, it's best to draw a parallel between Utopia and the spies, so that they can understand."

"The way of entering and exiting Utopia is really frightening."

"Yes. Sometimes, I even suspect that the entrance to Utopia might appear anywhere."

"There's definitely a limit to this. It's not as omnipotent as we imagine… Otherwise, I might find myself in Utopia just by paying a visit to the washroom."

"According to the current patterns we've figured, this is theoretically valid."

…

When Wendel heard that, his blood vessels on his forehead began to throb. He suddenly felt that even if he was in the headquarters of MI9, he wouldn't be that safe.

Unless there's a demigod watching me the entire time, it's very difficult for me to avoid the fate of returning to Utopia. Perhaps, after I wash my hands and open the washroom door, I'll discover that it's the Irises Hotel outside… No, ordinary demigods might not be able to stop such a thing. This doesn't seem like it's something humans can accomplish. It's already extremely close to that of a deity… Wendel instantly panicked, unable to suppress the fear in his heart.

He returned to the room and took out the subpoena from the Utopian court.

Immediately following that, Wendel entered the washroom and held the document as he muttered in fear, "I'm willing to go to court to testify.

"I'm willing to go to court to testify.

"…”

After repeating himself a few times, he reached out to grab the handle of the bathroom door.

At that moment, a black raven flew through the ventilation hole like a ghost and landed in a corner of the washroom that no one would notice.

In the next second, Wendel twisted the handle, pulled the door back, and opened the washroom door.

It was no longer his familiar bedroom but an unfamiliar lobby.

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CHAPTER 1343
WEAVED NIGHTMARE

I really returned to Utopia… Upon seeing the scene outside, Wendel felt a baffling sense of relief and ease. He no longer had any doubts about his choice to go to testify in court.

It had to be known that he was in the washroom of MI9's headquarters. It was a place that was impossible to invade even with a fully armed army.

Wendel slowly exhaled as he walked out of the washroom and towards the entrance of the lobby.

Behind him, in a corner of the washroom where no one was paying attention to, the pitch-black raven had draped over a shadow-like veil, losing its physical presence. Even if one were to directly look at it, it would be difficult to discover it.

Then, its body became more and more transparent as it rapidly dissipated until it vanished.

At this moment, Wendel had already walked a few meters out of the lobby when he saw a police officer in a black-and-white checkered uniform.

This was the young officer who had requested him to testify, Biles.

"I knew you'd come, because you're a kind person." Biles smiled at Wendel.

When he heard the compliment, Wendel's strung up heart finally returned to normal. Then, he instinctively turned his head back and saw that the

bathroom that he had come out of had changed completely in style. It was no longer familiar to him.

…

In the dream maze formed by many minds, the huge white rabbit that walked upright squeezed through the open door and entered the vast wilderness with the grayish-white pillars and magnificent palaces.

Mr. Wrath… Although it wasn't wearing the persona mask, its unforgettable characteristics were enough for Audrey to recognize him at a glance.

This was out of her expectations, but it wasn't too surprising.

From her point of view, just Mr. Wrath alone likely wasn't enough to deal with an ancient mind dragon like Ariehogg. Even if Mr. Fool had warned her to be wary of Mr. Wrath.

After all, the leader behind the Psychology Alchemists, the former King of Angels, had already become a Sequence 0 true god. According to the knowledge shared by the Tarot Club, there shouldn't be any other Author Beyonders in the real world. This way, no matter how powerful Mr. Wrath was, as long as it was still part of the Spectator pathway, it would at most be on the same level as Ariehogg. The only things that would differ were combat experience, psychological research, and self-cultivation.

At this moment, as the giant white rabbit entered, the large, grayish-white, scaled Ariehogg spread open "His" wings which covered "His" skin. The surrounding area was instantly covered in a shadow.

With a leap, the white rabbit's legs suddenly became extremely huge, like a tiny hill.

At the same time, the gloomy sky above "Him" lit up. The ground beneath "His" feet cracked open, spewing out crimson lava.

Immediately after, a blurry and distorted figure appeared behind it.

This figure was dressed in a simple white robe. It was difficult to see his face clearly, and it was impossible to tell his age. One could only vaguely tell that he was a man.

A bright halo hung at the back of his head like a miniature sun. Beneath his feet was an illusory clock that was divided into twelve segments. Each segment represented a different symbol of time. Behind him, there was a shadow that looked like a curtain. Eyes seemed to be looking out from the shadow.

Just after this figure appeared, the entire dream maze shook violently, and gray fragments fell from the void.

The contrast of depravity and pure sunlight rapidly spread around the huge white rabbit, eroding or assimilating the area.

However, that simple white-robed figure had trouble truly taking shape. He was unable to enter reality from history and illusions.

Every time his silhouette became clear, his figure would distort like a machine that had its signal disrupted.

At that moment, Audrey instinctively retracted her gaze, not daring to look directly at the huge white rabbit.

Perhaps it was because she was in a dream and was closely connected to the mind island and the sea of collective subconscious. She didn't need anyone to explain to her because she knew what Mr. Wrath was doing.

The other party knew the latent psychological problems of Ariehogg and knew what "He" feared the most. Then, according to this, it produced a nightmare that contained the specific images.

In a battle between High-Sequence Beyonders of the Spectator pathway, if both parties were at the same level, it would be difficult to produce any true effects using the various means available to them. One could sneak into the island of consciousness and attempt deep hypnosis. The other could guard the door to the Body of Heart and Mind, preventing any foreign consciousness from entering. The other could spread a Mental Plague and use the sea of collective subconscious to intrude on the enemy without them realizing it. The other would be able to "Placate" themselves, treat the psychological ailments, and maintain their mental health…

Therefore, the battle between same-Sequence Spectator saints often had three fixed styles: First, set up a trap ahead of time as a multi-pronged attack preparation. Then, by secretly leading on and guiding the opponent, one could break down their mental defenses in one strike and complete the hypnosis. Second, one focused on their physical defense and as support, relying on powerful Sealed Artifacts to defeat their enemy. Third, when the Beyonder powers such as Mental Plague, Mind Deprivation, Dragon's Breath, Consciousness Control, and other Beyonder powers were unable to deal with their opponent, engaging in self-hypnotism and using Dragon Transformation would result in an intense melee battle that exchanged claw swipes and tail lashes.

In the third battle, whoever had a deeper understanding of the mind domain, and whose will was stronger and firmer, would be able to gain the upper hand by relying on the extended usage of 'Dragon Transformation.' Of course, the prerequisite was that the other party had no chance of escaping.

And at the level of an angel, everyone was a true Mythical Creature. The maintenance time of "Dragon Transformation" became meaningless. At this moment, it mainly depended on "observation." Whoever could find a flaw in the opponent's mind could weave a corresponding nightmare, directly attacking the enemy's weaknesses, slowly destroying their mental defenses and reaching the effect of going "mad" or "dying" out of fear.

As Audrey was in the same dream, even if the nightmare wasn't directed at her, she was still affected by the corresponding emotions, characteristics,

status, and even corruption.

Now, she clearly knew that the nightmare that Mr. Wrath had weaved represented the ancient sun god. This was the most terrifying existence in Ariehogg's mind. At the same time, the ancient sun god's influence would uncontrollably corrupt the surroundings until it reached the entire dream.

When the time came, once Audrey woke up, she would either become an untreatable mentally ill patient, or she would become an incomplete Mythical Creature, completely losing all reason and ending up wildly attacking the surrounding creatures.

Of course, there was another possibility that she unknowingly became depraved. She would become cold, cruel, and bloodthirsty without realizing it, as if someone had replaced her.

At this moment, Ariehogg, who was squatting at the top of the grayish-white pillar, let out a painful howl.

As the dragon's roar echoed, the top of "His" head turned dark, revealing a "sea" of secrets and colors that was difficult to describe with words.

In the sea, an even bigger grayish-white dragon spanning a thousand meters long rose up. One of "His" vertical pupils was pale gold and the other was bright red color.

There was a third eye on the dragon's forehead. It seemed to be hiding a thick shadow.

Similarly, there was no need for anyone to explain. With the uniqueness of her present state, Audrey immediately knew what nightmare Ariehogg had weaved.

This was something that left a deep trauma in the giant white rabbit's heart. This was the Ankewelt that had been corrupted by the "underground world." This was the Virtual Persona and mental corruption which was sealed

behind the bronze door—things that had been split off from that ancient god.

At that moment, Audrey was in an indescribable nightmare. Although she hadn't been corrupted, her mental state was in turmoil, as though she had been awed.

She immediately used "Placate" on herself, and didn't hesitate to rely on her own consciousness to forcefully escape the dream maze.

During this process, she didn't encounter any obstruction not just because she wasn't Ariehogg's and Mr. Wrath's target, but also because she had reached Sequence 4 and possessed a certain amount of godhood. Therefore, she quickly woke up from her dream.

Audrey suddenly opened her eyes and saw a crystal chandelier dyed in faint crimson. She saw the deep darkness of the room.

Without any delay, she got out of bed and ran to the window to look outside.

The entire manor was completely silent, as if it was deep asleep. Everything was normal.

Audrey frowned and immediately split out a Virtual Person, allowing it to enter the mind island of a night patroller.

She remembered very clearly that the dream maze was formed by many minds. Once the two nightmares spread, the result was unimaginable.

Therefore, before this, she had to wake up everyone in the manor.

In the next second, the patrolling guard suddenly raised his hand and removed the grenade hanging from his belt. He pulled out the pin and threw it towards an empty garden.

Boom!

The loud explosion jolted awake the sleeping people.

Immediately after, the guard shouted loudly, "Enemy assault!

"Enemy assault!"

Earl Hall and his wife were already over fifty years old, so as light sleepers, they jolted awake immediately. Regardless of how good Hibbert's sleep quality was, he woke up in a reverie thanks to such a loud explosion. Alfred had opened his eyes the moment the grenade was thrown.

The remaining butler, maids, footmen, and bodyguards woke up one after another. They looked confused and dumbfounded, not knowing what had happened.

And at the far end of the manor's main building, a few servants heard the commotion and didn't wake up in time.

A few seconds later, they struggled on the bed in pain. Like a snake shedding its skin, they broke free from their skin, turning into hideous bodies of blood.

They didn't wake up until they died.

At that moment, Audrey saw a grayish-white dragon spread its wings in the sea of collective subconscious as it rapidly departed. A huge white rabbit followed closely behind.

In the blink of an eye, the dragon's voice resounded in the illusory sea.

"Adam isn't necessarily Adam, just like how I might not necessarily be Ariehogg."

The giant white rabbit suddenly slowed down and gradually stopped.

All the abnormalities came to an end as the entire area returned to normal.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Adam didn't attack? The Fool Klein frowned slightly as he turned his attention back to Utopia and replaced the instinctual monitoring of the Worms of Spirit.

He carefully inspected his marionette town and didn't find anything abnormal.

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CHAPTER 1344
HUMANITY

Seeing that there weren't any abnormalities in the town of marionettes, Klein began thinking about Miss Justice's encounter.

It wasn't Adam who set up an attack against Ariehogg, but Hermes who masterminded it?

Otherwise, it wouldn't be possible for Adam to not descend. It would also be impossible for Ariehogg to escape so easily. "He" had to rely on the second City of Miracles to have some hope of doing so.

If Hermes was the mastermind, the development of this whole episode becomes logical… Hermes never thought of capturing or killing Ariehogg. "He" only hopes to learn some information from this ancient mind dragon. When Ariehogg said "Adam isn't necessarily Adam," the operation came to a natural end.

Yes, from the looks of it, Hermes already had some doubts about Adam's true state. However, due to the limitations of "His" status, "He" has been unable to make Ariehogg appear on "His" own accord, so "He" used Miss Justice.

Adam isn't necessarily Adam; Ariehogg isn't necessarily Ariehogg… This sentence is very interesting. The upper echelons of the Spectator pathway are more mysterious than Seers. Back then, Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt clearly occupied Sequence 0, but "He" had a Sequence 1 son of the same pathway as "Him"—Dragon of Nightmare, Alzuhod…

If Adam really isn't Adam, then who is "He"? Is it that Adam from the myth in the time before the First Epoch, or part of the Primordial One? Or is "He" related to the resurrection of the ancient sun god? From the looks of it, the meaning behind why Medici addresses "Him" as a zealot has a far more profound meaning…

Klein quickly conjured a gold coin and flicked it into the air, making a divination.

The results of the divination indicated that today's development was nothing dangerous.

Klein immediately dispersed the gold coin and prepared to descend his consciousness into his body beneath Saint Arianna Cathedral.

At this moment, his actions became slightly sluggish.

The moment Miss Justice met Ariehogg and Hermes was almost simultaneous as the moment the MI9 personnel returned to Utopia to testify in court.

Just looking at them individually, there was no problem; but the word "simultaneous" made Klein somewhat alert.

He was very sensitive to words like "happened to," "coincidence," "simultaneous," and "almost the same." This was a mark left behind by his past experiences.

He tapped his finger on the edge of the long mottled table and decided to make preparations for his worries.

He quickly condensed a light that contained certain words and some kind of will, and he threw it into a prayer light.

After doing this, Klein made his consciousness sink and left Sefirah Castle, allowing his mind to return to his original body.

Immediately after, he began to influence Utopia. He planned to use all sorts of arrangements to temporarily make all the foreigners "leave."

This way, even if anything happened, it wouldn't affect the innocent.

This also meant that Klein was prepared to abandon Utopia and change locations to rebuild his marionette town. After all, a ritual could be repeated many times, but he could only afford one resurrection.

…

"Have a good rest for the next two days. There's still some time left before court begins." Biles sent Wendel to the entrance of the Irises Hotel.

Wendel replied with a smile, "I'm already feeling sleepy."

It was in the middle of the night. He had trouble sleeping previously because of his anxiety and nervousness. That was why he thought of walking around the headquarters of MI9 to ease his mood. However, when he heard the conversation between his colleagues at night, it triggered an eruption in his emotions, and he decided to return to Utopia and face the problem.

After checking in, Wendel took his luggage and went to the third floor.

When he passed through the door, he vaguely felt that his surroundings were abnormally dark.

In order to sleep better, Wendel walked to the window and drew the curtains.

During this process, he felt that the scenery outside the window was unusually familiar.

However, under the cover of the night, he couldn't tell what was happening too clearly. Thinking that it might have been the scene he had seen in

Utopia previously, he covered his mouth with his hand and yawned. He took off his clothes and walked towards the bed.

…

Monica slept until midnight when she suddenly needed to pee.

Unable to hold it in any longer, she eventually got out of bed and walked towards her room's attached bathroom.

When she pushed the bathroom door open, she found it a little heavier.

Rubbing her eyes that were almost unable to open, Monica didn't care about this small change. She quickly relieved herself and ran out of the bathroom to her bed.

When she entered the covers, she felt that the temperature was much lower and she had no choice but to wrap herself up tightly in layers.

It didn't take long for her to fall asleep again.

…

About 15 minutes later, the patrolling Biles rubbed his hands and turned towards the street where the police station was. He was about to hand over duties with his colleagues.

Suddenly, his body froze in the alley.

The black and dense Spirit Body Threads on his body peeled off at the same time as they floated upwards.

A pruned and exquisite paper figurine landed and connected to the Spirit Body Threads, quickly turning into another Biles.

At the same time, a torrent of mixed knowledge surged over and reassembled him into a man wearing gorgeous clothes with long chestnut hair.

The man had blue eyes, a high nose bridge, and thin lips. It was Roselle Gustav's Sequence 1 historical projection.

Right on the heels of that, the projection reached out and sucked all the information in the surroundings into its palm, forming an illusory ball of light.

This information included all the details that involved Biles.

In the next second, Roselle Gustav's historical projection forged a piece of information that was completely normal, allowing it to follow the Spirit Body Threads connected to the paper figurine to the Saint Arianna Cathedral in the municipal square, moving straight underground of the cathedral.

After this series of actions, another torrent of information surged in midair. With Roselle's help, they reformed into three figures.

A middle-aged man wearing a black robe and a hood with a long, thick, white beard; another, who was draped in a cloak, had black hair, blue eyes, and a rather squarish face. He was a middle-aged man with a dignified bearing; on one of the trees, there was a huge tree that seemed to be drenched with petroleum. On the tree, there were arms with all sorts of strange protruding objects that rolled with bloodshot eyes.

"They" were:

The leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul!

Loen's Protector, the first King, William Augustus I's historical projection!

A historical projection of Abomination Suah!

After making the necessary preparations, Zaratul used the location provided by the historical projection to sneak into Utopia.

"He" didn't waste any time. "He" reached out with "His" right hand and used the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics to suck out the Worm of Spirit in Biles.

Elsewhere, the palm of Abomination Suah's historical projection made an ugly doll the size of a palm appear.

The doll was wet and sticky. It had no eyes, ears, or nose. It only had a pinhole-like mouth that emitted and sucked grayish-white fog.

As the Worm of Spirit and the doll approached, the black-and-white eyeballs that rolled out on the Suah tree trunk looked at them at the same time.

Silently, the Worm of Spirit fused with the ugly doll, causing it to distort as it squirmed, growing out eyes, nose, and ears, making it look like Klein Moretti.

At this point, Zaratul no longer did any concealment, nor could "He" do so. "He" took out a black shroud and abruptly wrapped Klein's doll up!

All the marionette's Spirit Body Threads in Utopia were severed at the same time—they were unable to connect to the true body.

This wasn't because there was something wrong with them, but that the true body was isolated from them.

All of a sudden, the duty personnel in the police station, tenants in the hotel, Tracey and the thieves in the cell, Anderson in another apartment, Alzu, and the other citizens all stopped breathing and turned stiff.

Regardless of whether they were sleeping or doing something else, it was as if a pause button had been pressed.

Klein, who was at the bottom of Saint Arianna Cathedral, suddenly woke up. He knew that an accident had happened.

He didn't hesitate. With a thought, he returned to Sefirah Castle. With the level and strength of a King of Angels, he was able to resist enemies that had shown or had yet to show themselves.

This was the best choice in the current situation.

Even if he wasn't able to protect his true body, Klein still had a chance to revive.

At that moment, his floating consciousness touched an invisible, dark barrier, making it difficult to penetrate it and enter Sefirah Castle.

This… Klein's heart tightened, believing that the enemy might be more troublesome than he had imagined.

Few high-level existences knew he could return to Sefirah Castle with a thought!

In the next second, the thick, petroleum-slathered tree had arrived above Saint Arianna Cathedral.

In addition, a deep and dignified voice resounded:

"Wandering is prohibited here!

"Teleportation is prohibited here!

"…”

Klein wasn't led by his emotions. Seeing that he couldn't return to Sefirah Castle at the moment, he immediately changed his strategy and leaped towards the fog of history.

The moment the grayish-white fog entered his eyes, it turned into a whirlpool formed by countless transparent maggots. The vortex extended out slippery tentacles covered with strange patterns.

Unlike previously, the vortex emitted a powerful suction force, causing Klein's figure to speed up and be entangled by countless tentacles.

Law of Beyonder characteristics convergence!

The law of Beyonder characteristic convergence between angels!

A subtle beam of light flashed as Klein, who was firmly controlled by Zaratul's Mythical Creature form, turned into a paper figurine.

This was an angel-level application of Paper Figurine Substitutes, as well as the help of "Grafting."

Although Klein couldn't return to Sefirah Castle, he could influence the Worms of Spirit above the gray fog, allowing them to use the "curtain" to provide help.

After dodging Zaratul's fatal blow, Klein ran into the fog of history and fled towards the former metropolis from a time before the First Epoch.

At this moment, many marionettes, who had been dead for a long time in Utopia, rapidly decayed from losing the Spirit Body Threads maintaining them. Their limbs dropped to the ground or mutated because of their Beyonder characteristics. The latter transformed into different monsters, ones far more terrifying than imaginable.

Some swallowed their heads; others were left with only squirming flesh, while others grew dense eyes…

Soon, Klein ran into the old metropolis situated inside the fog of history.

To him, this was a safe room that could be trusted. This was because only a Scholar of Yore who was a human from before history could enter.

Without any hesitation, Klein habitually surveyed the area and began praying to the Evernight Goddess in the stacked city.

Oof!

A faint sound rang out as an ancient wooden stake with traces of blood penetrated Klein's heart from behind.

A figure phased into existence behind him. It was a cold-looking man wearing a half top hat and a black trench coat:

Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein's pupils dilated as the crazy adventurer said in a deep voice, "Adam has given me humanity."

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CHAPTER 1345
MEETING AGAIN

Klein turned around and looked at the familiar yet unfamiliar figure.

He had imagined all kinds of attacks on Utopia, but he had never expected such a scene to occur.

If Amon had "Parasitized" the marionette, Gehrman Sparrow, then with Klein's current status and the Spirit Worms on Sefirah Castle, he definitely would have immediately discovered the problem. And if Zaratul were to swap the Spirit Body Threads, "He" could only temporarily hide it from him. Furthermore, "He" needed help from an angel like a Knowledge Emperor or a Servant of Concealment to ensure the element of surprise in the sudden attack. Only the humanity provided by a Spectator could slowly ferment, without revealing any abnormalities on the surface.

To prevent such a situation, he could only sever the Spirit Body Threads and allow the marionette to deteriorate till it died. That way, regardless of whether it had any humanity in it or not, it would ultimately cease to exist.

Unfortunately, Klein had never heard of such methods before. All he did was guard against the invasion of a Virtual Persona on his marionettes.

This might be the power of a Visionary, giving life to everything virtual and immaterial, a unique sense of humanity.

The carved and cold face was reflected in Klein's eyes as he felt a force pushing him away.

He immediately fell backward, falling from the layers of ruins of the old metropolis out from the fog of history.

During this process, he wanted to control himself, but there was nothing he could do. This was because the wooden stake at his heart had sealed all his Beyonder powers.

With a thought, Klein looked at Gehrman Sparrow and snapped his fingers.

Pa!

The Worms of Spirit in Sefirah Castle received his will and gave up the marionette's Spirit Body Threads. They also picked up the Staff of the Stars and prepared to give Klein a fatal blow so as to commit suicide.

After his main body completely died, Klein would be able to revive above the gray fog and escape from his predicament.

He no longer held any hope after finding out that Adam was the mastermind behind the scenes.

At this moment, a stone square floating in the void appeared beneath Klein's feet.

Black stone pillars rose up and propped up a grand and holy cathedral, enveloping Klein inside.

The corpse cathedral—Adam's corpse cathedral—the divine kingdom of a Visionary!

Boom!

Countless bolts of silver lightning smote down from Sefirah Castle, penetrating the fog of history and struck the cathedral, but failed to shake it at all.

At the same time, in the ancient palace, the figure sitting in The Fool's seat suddenly collapsed to the side, forming a vortex formed from transparent maggots.

The vortex extended out slippery and strange tentacles, crazily smacking the surroundings, overturning the junk pile, and destroying the long mottled table.

Klein's avatar had lost contact with his true body, and because his true body hadn't really died, they had lost control and went crazy, just like Zaratul from before.

In the old metropolis before the First Epoch, Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a half top hat and a black trench coat, looked up at Sefirah Castle, his expression mixed.

He was basically a corpse. After his Spirit Body Threads were abandoned, he naturally couldn't maintain his existence.

The only thing Adam gave him was humanity. There was no envisioned life for him, as that would result in the discovery of there being something wrong with Gehrman Sparrow.

Gehrman Sparrow slowly collapsed as he looked at the rooms in the old metropolis.

He died in this ruin.

…

Klein's feet landed on the ground and stood in the middle of the cathedral. He saw that every arch of each pillar was embedded with the skulls of different races. Most of them were pale-white in color as they were packed densely together, staring at the intruder with their hollow eyes.

On the walls, windows, and doors of the cathedral, transparent, distorted, and painful faces appeared, separating the interior from the outside world.

And in front of the cathedral stood a cross that was more than a hundred meters tall.

In front of the cross were rows of black pews.

Adam, who was wearing a simple white robe and had a pale gold beard, was standing under the cross with a silver cross hanging from "His" neck. "He" faced the pews like a priest who was preparing to deliver a sermon.

"His" expression was warm and "His" eyes were limpid, as though "He" was only inviting Klein to listen to the scriptures.

Klein lowered his head and looked at the cross-shaped wooden stake that was stuck in his chest. He slowly walked to the first pew and sat in the middle.

For a true Mythical Creature formed from many Worms of Spirit, the wound on its chest wasn't fatal. The main purpose of the ancient bloody cross stake was to seal his Beyonder powers.

If not for the true god standing in front of him, Klein could've used his physical strength to pull out the wooden stake and remove the seal.

At this moment, he didn't make any attempts because he was afraid that he would turn the thought of "not daring to" to "not willing to."

"I didn't expect you to directly interfere in this matter. If you wanted to deal with me, you didn't have to wait until today." Klein looked at his blood-stained shirt and seriously voiced his doubts.

He wasn't afraid at all, as if he was certain that Adam wouldn't kill him.

Adam held the silver cross pendant with one hand and calmly said, "Before now, you were able to be of quite some use in many ways."

"He" took two steps forward and continued with limpid eyes, "When Amon came to steal the corpse cathedral, I made a deal with 'Him.' By helping me obtain the first Blasphemy Slate, I'll help 'Him' capture you."

Is that so… Klein was instantly enlightened.

On the one hand, Adam didn't wish to be obstructed by existences like the True Creator when "He" became a god, and on the other hand, "He" wanted to obtain the first Blasphemy Slate. Therefore, "He" used the Unshadowed Crucifix and other methods to give Klein an impetus to head for the Giant King's Court, open the door to the chamber where Sasrir was sleeping, and attract the attention of the True Creator and other existences. On the other hand, "He" used "His" brother, Amon, to steal the first Blasphemy Slate at the critical moment.

And to capture Klein, who was about to obtain preliminary control of Sefirah Castle, it would definitely be most appropriate to have a Visionary arrange the developments for "Him."

Although Amon and Adam usually appear distant, "They" are still brothers and can work together more easily… Klein nodded slightly and looked at the stained glass that had distorted faces.

"I also didn't expect Zaratul to cooperate with you. Isn't 'He' afraid of becoming food for Amon?"

When Klein established Utopia, he had considered Amon's attack and Zaratul's destruction. However, he never expected that "They" would work together in a certain way.

From his point of view, the chances of Zaratul completely siding with the Mother Tree of Desire were higher than this, unless Adam had unknowingly arranged such a development for "Him."

Adam's limpid eyes showed sympathy.

"To 'Him,' you becoming a Great Old One means that 'He' will definitely perish. However, if Amon becomes one, as long as 'He' expresses 'His' loyalty, 'He' can still retain 'His' present level and status. A Lord of the Mysteries still requires an Attendant of Mysteries.

"Therefore, 'He' chose to cooperate with me. During this process, if 'He' can seize the opportunity and turn you into a marionette before I do, using you to enter Sefirah Castle and become the owner of the sefirah, then 'He' has the right to demand an opportunity to face Antigonus at Evernight's place and have an ultimate showdown with Amon. On the contrary, 'He' will completely admit defeat and pledge allegiance to Amon.

"On this point, 'He' was very decisive."

"It doesn't seem like your style to explain so much," Klein replied casually before frowning. "You don't need all the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of the corresponding pathway to become a Great Old One?"

He had deduced this from the relationship between the ancient sun god and the eight Kings of Angels. However, he believed that one had to first become a Great Old One or a quasi one before dividing the characteristics.

Adam replied gently, "For neighboring pathways, all that's needed is a Uniqueness and a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic. It's easy to lose control if one forcefully occupies more. Therefore, after Zaratul pledged allegiance to Amon, 'He' still has the chance to become a King of Angels. And 'He' isn't able to pledge allegiance to you because 'He' can't separate a Sequence 2 avatar like those from the Marauder pathway, and then stealing 'His' main body's Spirit Body, consciousness, and psyche over, turning the avatar into the main body."

This was the qualitative difference between a Seer's marionette and a Marauder's Worm of Time. The former involved Spirit Body Threads, while the latter relied on themselves.

Furthermore, the reason the Marauder angel could do this was because "Their" Sequence 2 was Trojan Horse of Destiny.

Just as Klein nodded, he suddenly saw Adam turn "His" body, revealing something beneath the cross.

It was a gray stone slab. There were many mottled marks on its surface, making it look rather ancient.

This was very similar to the first Blasphemy Slate, but it didn't have that abnormally ancient feeling to it.

It also had words that looked like the source of all languages. They were written with the names of Sequences and potion formulas.

"The second Blasphemy Slate?" Klein asked in surprise.

His gaze quickly swept across the stone slab. He didn't read the first few paragraphs, but instead looked at the last few lines.

His intuition told him that there was a very important piece of information there.

"There's no need to rush. Amon has to complete the ritual and become a Sequence 0 before stealing your fate. Otherwise, 'He' wouldn't be able to withstand the identity as Sefirah Castle's owner. And before that, it's best to let you continue staying in my kingdom." Adam acted as though he was consoling a repentant.

Kill me… Klein muttered inwardly.

At this moment, he figured out the last few lines.

God Almighty, Creator, Maker, The Omnipotent and Omniscient, Lord of the Astral World:

Sea of Chaos + Visionary Uniqueness + The Sun Uniqueness + Tyrant Uniqueness + White Tower Uniqueness + The Hanged Man Uniqueness + 1 Author Beyonder characteristic + 1 White Angel Beyonder characteristic + 1 Thunder God Beyonder characteristic +1 Omniscient Eye Beyonder characteristic +1 Dark Angel Beyonder characteristic.

Lord of the Mysteries, King of Space-Time, Beacon of Destiny, Embodiment of Sefirah Castle, Dominator of the Spirit World:

Sefirah Castle + The Fool Uniqueness + Error Uniqueness + Door Uniqueness + 1 Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic + 1 Worm of Time Beyonder characteristic + 1 Key of Stars Beyonder characteristic.

Upon seeing this, Klein turned his head to look at Adam and asked in puzzlement, "Why are you showing me these?"

Wouldn't it be safer to hypnotize me and put me to sleep until Amon becomes a god?

Adam's eyes were clear as "He" said with a warm expression, "To be frank, if the other party wasn't Amon, then I'd be more willing to help you become the Dominator of the Spirit World.

"We have too many things in common. In a sense, we are old friends who have met before."

With that said, "He" smiled and said, "We meet again, Mysteries."

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CHAPTER 1346
THE SPECIALNESS OF A VISIONARY

Mysteries… The last time Klein heard this title was from the consciousness of the True Creator that had descended. The penultimate instance was from the ancient sun god from history, the City of Silver's Creator.

In a sense, the two of them were equal:

The True Creator was equivalent to the ancient sun god "evil spirit" after retrieving Sasrir's personality.

However, unlike before, Klein wasn't flustered when he heard this manner of addressing him. Neither his heart trembled nor his teeth chattered.

At this moment, he felt as if he had finally seen a suspended rock fall to the ground.

Of course, he wasn't that calm either. To a certain extent, surprise, shock, and disbelief were inevitable. It was because of the words "Adam isn't necessarily Adam" from Ariehogg that he had already come up with many speculations and was mentally prepared.

We meet again. Mysteries… Adam is equivalent to the ancient sun god? Or is this the resurrection contingency of the ancient sun god? "He" knows of this, but "He" still wishes to revive "His" father, so that's why Medici calls "Him" a zealot? Thoughts flashed through Klein's mind as he gained a brand new understanding of certain matters.

It was no wonder Adam never promoted teachings about "Himself." "He" only spread what was left of the ancient sun god!

Klein originally believed that this was due to the special trait of a Visionary, and how "He" could use "His" Uniqueness to create a bunch of realistic believers as anchors. This way, "He" didn't need to build a congregation, but from the looks of it, this was probably only one of the reasons.

After two seconds of silence, he looked into Adam's pure eyes and said, "You are the ancient sun god?"

Adam maintained his warm smile and said in an illuminating tone, "Don't you think I'm the most unique among the eight Kings of Angels?

"After reading the contents of the second Blasphemy Slate regarding the Great Old Ones, you should be able to clearly understand this point."

Indeed… Klein nodded, indicating that he could tell.

"Of the five Kings of Angels related to omnipotence and omniscience, you are the only one with a Uniqueness."

According to the mysticism knowledge that Klein currently possessed, when the City of Silver's Creator was still alive, the eight Kings of Angels were in the same state:

Dark Angel Sasrir digested two Sequence 1 characteristics of The Hanged Man pathway and controlled the first Blasphemy Slate, allowing "Him" to use a portion of the power of the Chaos Sea. Therefore, "He" was Heaven's deputy, the left hand of God, a king among Kings of Angels.

White Angel Aucuses contained two Sequence 1 characteristics of The Sun pathway;

Wind Angel Leodero, Angel of Wisdom Herabergen, Angel of Fate Ouroboros also possessed two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of

"Their" respective pathways.

Angel of Time Amon, Red Angel Medici were the ones with a Uniqueness of their own pathway and a corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic.

Angel of Imagination Adam had the Spectator pathway's Uniqueness and two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics.

This didn't seem problematic at first glance, but it appeared strange on careful thought.

Angel of Time Amon and Red Angel Medici didn't belong to the five pathways of omnipotence and omniscience, and there was no problem about the ancient sun god using different methods to give "Them" "Their" Uniqueness. However, Adam was different. Visionary belonged to one of the five pathways of omnipotence and omniscience, and the corresponding Uniqueness was one of the foundations needed by the ancient sun god to become a Great Old One. In other words, this was equivalent to one of the three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics needed of a Sequence 0. How could it be randomly separated?

After all, Sasrir, as the deputy of Heaven, the left hand of God, didn't obtain the Uniqueness of The Hanged Man pathway, much less Wind Angel Leodero, Angel of Wisdom Herabergen, and White Angel Aucuses.

Klein originally believed that the ancient sun god had sensed the awakening of the Primordial One, so "He" had deliberately used the method of having children to separate one of the five Uniquenesses from "Himself," taking the initiative to lower "His" level to resist the corruption and invasion.

This was probably the thoughts of other deities and Kings of Angels back then.

When he heard Ariehogg say "Adam isn't necessarily Adam," Klein felt that there might be a deeper secret hidden in this matter and came up with some

guesses.

After witnessing the last few lines of the second Blasphemy Slate, he found it even stranger. This was because a Uniqueness was one of the foundations of becoming a Great Old One. If the sefirah was the foundation, then the corresponding Uniquenesses were weight-bearing columns. It would be deeply problematic no matter which one was lost. If the ancient sun god wanted to lower "His" level, the better choice would be to separate the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. That would be relatively safer.

Dressed in a simple white robe and wearing a thick golden beard, Adam walked to Klein's side and turned around. "He" looked at the Blasphemy Slate and said, "A Visionary has something very special.

"Normal Sequence 0s are made up of the Uniqueness and three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. Missing any one of them prevents 'Them' from being considered a true deity—they can only be considered a King of Angels. And after becoming a Sequence 0, a Visionary is able to split two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and replace the corresponding characteristic via 'Envisioning.'

"The object produced by 'Envisioning' is real enough. It can work perfectly under the framework of the Uniqueness and a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, allowing a Visionary's level and strength to not decrease.

"The two real separated Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics can be combined with one's other identity or a certain lifeform that's 'Envisioned.' It can make 'Them' become an Author with complete freedom. When necessary, one can use a certain method or some mediums to transform "Him" into the true form.

"And for The Omnipotent and Omniscient, 'He' can 'Create' a Uniqueness that borders between reality and illusory to maintain 'His' state. As long as it doesn't exceed the necessary limitations."

This is the relationship between Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt and "His" child, Dragon of Nightmare Alzuhod? I once thought that the Seer and Marauder pathways were the most bizarre. From the looks of it, they can't compare to a Spectator… Sigh, be careful of the Spectator… Klein completely resolved the question on his mind. He also understood why Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt had arranged for 0-08 to meet Groselle's Travels.

Once they met, 0-08's quill, which originated from the Dragon of Nightmare Alzuhod, would awaken and become the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt at a lower level. Then, this resurrected ancient god would use the negative persona sealed behind the bronze door to activate the Chaos Sea's power, instantly reaching the level of the strongest King of Angels below that of true deities.

With such a foundation, "He" had the chance to compete with Adam for the position of Visionary and completely revive.

It's simpler, neater, and cleaner compared to the Black Emperor's resurrection.… Klein nodded slightly and said, "The relationship between Dragon of Imagination and the Dragon of Nightmare?"

Adam sat down beside Klein.

"Yes."

"However, the Dragon of Imagination had been corrupted, and 'He' had characteristics of other pathways, putting 'Him' in a poor condition. All 'He' could do was separate an Author. Otherwise, 'He' would have directly lost control."

Klein ignored Adam beside him and looked at the second Blasphemy Slate in front of him.

"What's the difference between this and a Marauder's avatar?

"If Amon can become an Error, 'He' too can create at least two Sequence 1 avatars."

Adam leaned forward and simply explained, "The avatar and the main body are still the same, but they are located in different areas."

Does that mean that the Sequence 1 that's "Envisioned" is completely separated from the real body, and can be considered another person? Only by using some method or using some medium can one awaken? Klein asked thoughtfully, "You awakened when you became a Visionary?"

"No." Adam looked straight ahead and replied with a gentle expression, "When I perished, and 'True' was born."

Klein asked in surprise, "Was no one suspicious?"

If the deities knew that the ancient sun god had long been "resurrected" in Adam, the history of the Fourth Epoch would most likely be to besiege the Solomon Empire, the Twilight Hermit Order, and the Amon family.

"Apart from 'True' knowing about this, perhaps only Evernight had 'Her' suspicions," Adam said, "His" voice neither fast nor slow. "I disguised myself as a zealot, a zealot wanting my father to awaken in my body. It's not difficult for a King of Angels from the Visionary pathway to do so."

"Then, Medici…" Klein suddenly felt pity for the Red Angel.

Thinking up to this point, he lowered his head to look at the blood-stained wooden stake on his chest. He felt that he deserved more sympathy.

Adam said calmly, "It was a necessary sacrifice.

"Why do you think 'He' can remain alive for so many years after becoming an evil spirit without being discovered?"

Klein fell silent for two seconds before asking, "Are you going to let me wait just like this?"

"You can also choose to leave this corpse cathedral, but Zaratul will be waiting for you at the entrance. In your present state, you can only become 'His' marionette," Adam said without any emotion.

Klein fell silent as he read the remaining contents of the second Blasphemy Slate.

…

In the Fog Sea, the Dawn silently sailed through the undulating blue waves.

Bernadette suddenly opened her eyes and sat up.

She frowned and picked up an item on the table.

The item was completely golden in color, and there were mysterious symbols engraved on its surface, making it look like a miniature water flask.

This was Sealed Artifact 0-05, Magic Wishing Lamp.

Bernadette held the wishing lamp and bowed her head as she chanted an honorific name:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog;

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…"

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CHAPTER 1347
PILLAR

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, beside The Fool's seat.

A prayer point of light expanded to produce a rippling halos.

It was as though someone had suddenly drawn the curtains in a dark, sealed room, allowing sunlight to shine in, piercing into the eyes of the sleeping one.

The whirlpool of maggots, which had already quietened down, once again went berserk as it began to flail the slippery and strange tentacles.

…

Klein's gaze swept past the parts that were related to the Lord of the Mysteries, and he read the subsequent content on the slate:

Eternal Darkness, Singularity of All, Space-Time-in-One:

River of Eternal Darkness + Evernight Uniqueness + Death (Eternal Sleeper) Uniqueness + Twilight Giant Uniqueness + 1 Knight of Misfortune Beyonder characteristic + 1 Pale Emperor Beyonder characteristic + 1 Hand of God Beyonder characteristic.

Goddess of Origins, Mother of All, Brood Hive of Filth:

Brood Hive + Mother Uniqueness + The Moon Uniqueness + 1 Naturewalker Beyonder characteristic + 1 Beauty Goddess Beyonder characteristic.

The Anarchy, Shadow of Order:

Nation of Disorder + Black Emperor Uniqueness + Justiciar Uniqueness + 1 Prince of Abolition Beyonder characteristic + 1 Hand of Order Beyonder characteristic.

Calamity of Destruction, Origins of Disaster:

City of Calamity + Demoness (Chaos Demoness, Primordial Demoness) Uniqueness + Red Priest Uniqueness + 1 Apocalypse Beyonder characteristic + 1 Conqueror Beyonder characteristic.

Father of Devils, Lord of Deviants, Source of Curses:

Tenebrous World + Abyss Uniqueness + Chained Uniqueness + 1 Filthy Monarch + 1 Abomination Beyonder characteristic.

Demon of Knowledge, Aracana of Madness:

Knowledge Moor + The Hermit Uniqueness + Paragon Uniqueness + 1 Knowledge Emperor Beyonder characteristic + 1 Illuminator Beyonder characteristic.

Key of Light, Endless Disorder, Incarnation of Fate:

Key of Light + Wheel of Fortune Uniqueness + 1 Giant Serpent Beyonder characteristic.

These are the Great Old Ones' title corresponding to the nine sefirot… After reading it, Klein sighed inwardly.

If he and Emperor Roselle knew this mysticism knowledge earlier, neither of them would've ended up in their present situations.

At certain times, even without using Beyonder powers, knowledge is completely equivalent to power… The titles of the combined pathways of

Earth and Moon are somewhat different from Mother Goddess of Depravity. From the looks of it, it is indeed just a part of "Her," which means that the title and authority left to the Outer Deity on the moon is: Mother Goddess of Depravity, Origin of Evil, The Indestructible… By the same logic, the Mother Tree of Desire's full name should be: Mother Tree of Desire, Heartless God, Perpetual Blatherer… The situation regarding the Son of Chaos isn't very clear. It's as though "He" vanished, and no one can fully understand "Him"…Klein nodded indiscernibly.

He then asked, "From the looks of it, the Omnipotent and Omniscient is the strongest. The Lord of the Mysteries and the Space-Time-in-One are ranked second. The rest are ranked third."

This was determined by the number of Beyonder pathways each needed, excluding the Outer Deities.

Adam looked at the Blasphemy Slate and calmly said, "That's not how it is.

"The number of authorities has a certain connection to level and status, but not entirely. The corresponding characteristics, power, and symbols are equally important.

"After the original Creator split apart, the Three Pillars stood above all the Great Old Ones. One was God Almighty, Omnipotent and Omniscient; the other was Lord of the Mysteries, the King of Space-Time; and the last was Mother Goddess of Depravity, Origin of Evil."

Upon hearing Adam's last sentence, Klein couldn't help but look down at his left sleeve. Arrodes was hiding inside.

No wonder Arrodes said that he saw a pillar and support from me… Klein had suddenly arrived at a state of enlightenment as he was a little more convinced by what Visionary Adam had said.

At this moment, Adam added at an adequate pace, "Currently, the first two pillars only exist in the form of sefirot. And after the Mother Goddess of

Depravity had the Brood Hive and two Beyonder pathways separated from "Her," "She" became not much different from the other Outer Deities. Only "Her" symbol as a pillar remains."

If it wasn't for the blood-stained stake in his chest, Klein definitely would've felt that the ambiance was great for a conversation. In moments when his mind trailed, he even imagined that he and Adam were friends and were happily discussing some mysticism knowledge, waiting for "His" child, Amon, to return home for dinner.

Of course, I'm "dinner"…I have to say that a Spectator's ability to influence others' knowledge, experience, and state is really too powerful… As Klein told himself to be on guard, he asked in puzzlement, "I thought that the Outer Deities like the Mother Goddess of Depravity, who has two or even three sefirot, are considered pillars."

Adam looked down at the silver cross pendant hanging across "His" chest and said, "She" only has one sefirah.

"Under normal circumstances, the sefirot can't be separated. Only when the original Creator split and created an embodiment of convergence and separation did the sefirot tear apart, allowing some of them to be sucked into our planet."

"In other words, the present sefirah the Mother Goddess of Depravity has is incomplete. The future Great Old One, Mother of All, won't be a complete Great Old One?" Klein pressed.

Adam's lips twitched as though "He" was smiling.

"It was so at the beginning, but the sefirot has the ability to mend itself. The present Mother Goddess of Depravity's sefirah isn't incomplete, and the Brood Hive can also create a Great Old One itself. The only problem is that the Mother Goddess of Depravity can only use a portion of pillar 'She' symbolizes, unless she has fused with the Brood Hive again.

"This has also caused the birth of life and the feminist powers in the entire universe to undergo a certain anomaly. However, thousands of years of time at astronomical scales is a very short period of time, and the corresponding influence hasn't spread.

"And if any Outer Deity obtains a sefirah that is neighboring 'Theirs,' making it equivalent to having two sefirot—I can't predict what will happen. Before that, only the original Creator had contained more than singular sefirah. However, as long as 'He' awakens, 'He' will definitely split apart."

Klein nodded and asked thoughtfully, "In the beginning, the Creator accommodated at least nine sefirot. This doesn't mean that having two sefirot or even three will not result in problems. There should be a critical point."

"No one can verify this at the moment." Adam held the silver cross pendant in front of "His" chest and said, "I'm guessing that some existences have attempted it before. After all, convergence is a very strong instinct, but the outcome is unknown."

"Which existences?" Klein rubbed the bloody cross wooden stake that was stuck in his chest.

Adam cast "His" gaze at the gigantic cross that was more than a hundred meters tall in front of "Him" and calmly said,

"The God Almighty from the early First Epoch. 'He' can also be called the Primordial One. In addition, there's also the Lord of the Mysteries—the one you often recite…"

As "He" spoke, Adam turned to look at Klein and said in an imitating manner, "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

…These two seem to have vanished… The outcome of "Their" attempts doesn't seem too good? Klein hadn't thought of what he wanted to say when

Adam turned "His" head and looked at the second Blasphemy Slate.

"What I can be sure of is that some sefirot cannot be accommodated at the same time.

"In this universe, there is a hidden fourth pillar. It represents everything, including the end of the Great Old Ones and the universe itself. It corresponds to the two sefirot—River of Eternal Darkness and City of Calamity.

"Simply put, if Evernight can become an Eternal Darkness, Singularity of All, Space-Time-in-One, 'She' can further occupy the two pathways of Demoness and Red Priest, encompassing the City of Calamity, and becoming the true fourth pillar. However, when that happens, 'She' will either enter a deep sleep, be passively split apart, or it will cause the entire Universe, including "Her" and us, to be annihilated, starting everything all over again."

Never expected that… Once Above the Sequences level is reached, the symbolism is more important than authority… Adam, no, the ancient sun god's mysticism knowledge is simply too terrifying. As expected of a quasi Great Old One… Klein sighed when he heard that.

He thought and said, "In other words, a demigod from the Sleepless pathway can transfer to the Demoness pathway?"

"That's right." Adam looked straight ahead. "But in that case, there's no way to become a Great Old One, unless one thinks of a way to separate the Beyonder characteristics from before."

As Klein looked up, he read the demigod potion formulas of the Spectator, Sleepless, and Arbiter pathways and changed the topic:

"Where did the potion formula related to the Great Old Ones come from?

"The first Blasphemy Slate didn't seem to contain them… Were they hidden in the different Sequence 0 potions?"

Adam's expression changed slightly, and "His" face seemed to be more radiant.

"After I gained initial control of the omnipotence and omniscience authority, I began to deduce the method and pathway to become a Great Old One. Finally, I found a suitable formula and figured out the different symbolism.

"Unfortunately, at that time, the Primordial One had also awoken inside me…"

Therefore, when the ancient sun god perished, you used a portion of your body and will to create a second Blasphemy Slate? Klein sighed and said, "From now on, there will be light for the apocalypse."

It also ended the chaotic battle between the deities due to anger, emotions, and other reasons. It initiated the era of working towards becoming Great Old Ones.

Adam maintained "His" previous expression and didn't say anything.

Klein fell silent. After a few seconds, he suddenly asked, "What kind of humanity did you fabricate in that marionette of mine?"

Adam turned "His" head and said with clear eyes, "He was too tired. He wanted rest and freedom, even if it was only for a few seconds."

Klein gaped, not knowing how to respond.

"Why didn't you address him as Gehrman Sparrow, but refer to him as 'that marionette'?" Adam asked warmly, as though "He" was trying to straighten out the thoughts of a member of "His" congregation.

Klein turned his head to look at "Him," and suddenly said with a smile, "I'm Gehrman Sparrow. Gehrman Sparrow is a part of me. If I separate them, even if I can escape your divine kingdom, it will be difficult for me to avert the fate of losing control."

Having said that, Klein paused and looked ahead. He asked in a deep voice, "You only have godhood left?"

…

Rorsted Archipelago, City of Generosity, Bayam.

After returning here, Verdu Abraham learned that the God of War was a rather active existence in the Fourth Epoch. It was possible for "Him" to respond to believers.

Then, he hired a poor person who willingly risked his life to pray to the God of War to confirm that there was no danger.

And the price of all of that was 300 gold pounds.

Now, he received a report that not only was that poor person not dead, he even had some of his wishes fulfilled!

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CHAPTER 1348 PREPARATION FOR THE RITUAL

Blue Mountain Island, within a primitive forest.

Worried that official Beyonders would discover the ritual outside the city, Verdu Abraham, who had finished making preparations, used a Sealed Artifact to "Teleport" away from Bayam and arrived in someplace that was nearly uninhabited.

Rubbing the pain in his ribs, Verdu took off his classic robe and placed it aside.

Following that, he set up an altar, lit the candles, and burnt the correct essential oils, extracts, herbal powder, etc.

After finishing the setup, Verdu took two steps back and lowered his voice to chant in ancient Hermes, "The great God of War;

"The symbol of iron and blood;

"The ruler of chaos and strife…”

A howling wind echoed in the dark forest.

Amidst the rustling of the branches and leaves, two of the candles on the altar suddenly emitted crackling sounds.

The corresponding candle flames rose from the size of a "sapling" to a "towering tree."

At the same time, the color of the candlelight changed from orange to bright white.

The wind that passed through the forest became even more intense. Two fiery pillars of fire intertwined together, twisting into a blurry and huge figure.

At that moment, Verdu Abraham felt an indescribable gaze cast from high above and onto his body.

He hurriedly bowed his head and said, "Great God of War. Your lowly believer would like to pray for your help."

As he spoke, he kept adjusting his attitude and tried his best to remain calm.

He knew from his family's books that the most important thing to take note of when praying to the God of War was to "not be angry."

The massive figure formed from a blinding white flame constantly spewed out flames as it used a language that Verdu could understand, but had no idea what it was.

"Lowly mortal, a god is not used to satisfy your wishes.

"Speak, say your prayers, and I'll decide whether to help you in the end."

Verdu had already drafted out his request, so he said after some thought, "Great God of War, what should I do to make my ancestor, Mr. Door Bethel Abraham, return to the real world?"

"A ritual. Sacrifice a Bizarro Sorcerer, a Secrets Sorcerer, and a Parasite. You should already know about it," the flaming giant said in a deep and dignified manner.

It's the same as the answer given by Dorian's student… Verdu sighed and said,

"Great God of War, what must I pay to request you to complete this ritual for me?"

The flaming giant looked down at the Astrologer and said, "The corresponding price is not something you can afford. Your pale and puny soul isn't even qualified to be embers."

Just as Verdu was disappointed and abnormally depressed, the flaming giant continued, "But Mr. Door can.

"Besides, I'm in a good mood today.

"Sacrifice a portion of your blood to me as the mark of the contract. I will request the corresponding price from Mr. Door."

That's possible? Verdu subconsciously had his suspicions, but after some thought, he felt that there was nothing wrong with it.

Indeed, only his ancestor, Bethel Abraham, had the right to trade with a secret existence like the God of War!

As for whether Mr. Door was willing to proceed with the deal, Verdu had never considered it. From his point of view, anyone who was in an exiled and sealed state would undoubtedly want to escape, even if they had to pay a huge price!

"Yes, great God of War." After pondering for a moment, Verdu agreed.

He then changed the ritual and added the sacrifice and bestowment parts of a ritual. He then used a metal dagger to pierce through his arm and let out dark red blood.

When his blood turned into red "pearls" and passed through the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment, it became extremely dark, as though there were countless monsters lurking in it.

In the next second, an object was spat out from behind the illusory door.

It was a semi-transparent meat blob with slippery tentacles. On the meat blob, twisted maggots crawled out one after another.

Upon seeing the object, Verdu's head turned dizzy as though large amounts of gunk had been injected into it.

At this moment, a flame landed, enveloping his body, turning his vision red.

With this layer of red light, Verdu no longer suffered any anomalies when looking at the blob of meat.

Right on the heels of that, another object was spat out of the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment.

It was a bird with a deformed head. Every feather shimmered with a faint stellar radiance. Strands of insect-like brilliance drilled into its body and occasionally emanated out.

Worm of Stars… Is this a monster with a Secrets Sorcerer's Beyonder characteristic? The previous one corresponds to a Bizarro Sorcerer… Indeed, Secrets Sorcerer and Bizarro Sorcerer are only names of potions. They aren't just referring to humans. It's the same with the title of demigods. Unless the term half-man is added to the title… Verdu has a deep understanding of his pathway, allowing him to understand the current situation.

And this meant that the ritual to help Mr. Door escape could be done by sacrificing demigod monsters of the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways. Furthermore, there was no need for Verdu to do it himself. The great God of War had already prepared everything.

This made it difficult for Verdu to suppress the joy in his heart. He looked at the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment light with great anticipation, waiting for the third sacrifice to be spat out.

In just a second, an object flew out from the darkness behind the door and landed on the altar.

It was an unconscious crow. Of course, it only looked like a crow. Its right eye had a ring of black, and its feathers were almost transparent. On it were rings.

A monster corresponding to Parasite… Verdu was delighted as he sincerely praised the great God of War.

…

Inside the corpse cathedral.

"You only have godhood left?" Klein asked in a low voice as he looked at the huge cross in front of him.

He felt that using a certain identity or a particular persona to revive definitely had problems. Even if the identity, the persona, had a real body, real Beyonder characteristics, and a certain level of self-awareness, it still wouldn't be nearly perfect.

And Adam's behavior had deepened his suspicions.

Sitting beside him, Adam, who was dressed in a simple white robe, didn't show any change in expression. "He" maintained "His" composure when preaching.

"Yes.

"I'll only be complete if I fuse with 'True.'"

Indeed… Klein sighed and said, "Although the True Creator is an embodiment of negative personalities and extreme emotions, 'He' has also inherited your humanity?"

"That's why 'He' went mad." Adam appeared to be speaking about a stranger.

Klein thought for a moment before interpreting the remaining contents of the second Blasphemy Slate. He asked, "If the two of you really fuse as one, who among you will take center stage?"

"This is what we have been competing for after we awakened," Adam said as "He" released the hand holding the silver cross pendant.

Therefore, you obtained the first Blasphemy Slate through Amon, hoping to use it to gain control of the Chaos Sea and gain the upper hand? Klein was enlightened as he nodded with a frown.

"All of you seem to have a tacit understanding regarding this matter. The True Creator has never made an issue out of your identity or used external forces to deal with you."

"This is between us," Adam replied calmly.

Klein fell silent for a few seconds before staring at the Blasphemy Slate.

"I have a nagging feeling that the Red Angel's death and many of the things that happened during the Fourth Epoch weren't that simple."

Klein kept asking and probing. Apart from trying to understand more secrets and gain more knowledge, he was stalling for time and maintaining their present interaction.

Compared to being hypnotized by Adam and turning muddle-headed, or sleeping directly, he wished to stay awake.

With this in mind, Klein lowered his head to look at the blood-stained wooden stake embedded in his chest. He felt that the pain it brought was so real.

"Why do you say that?" Adam asked in return, as if "He" would begin praying at any moment.

Klein deliberated over his words and said, "Before the Black Emperor returned, the Solomon Empire only had one true god, the True Creator, and the Red Priest's Uniqueness. The nobles and powers who supported Alista Tudor occupied the four Uniquenesses of Visionary, Door, Error, The Fool. Together, even adding on the King of Angels Ouroboros, 'They' wouldn't be able to fend off the six orthodox deities like Evernight and company. Furthermore, 'They' still had the Justiciar Uniqueness on hand…

"In such a situation, even if you didn't plan on scheming to target the Red Angel, no one will suspect you. Of course, a crazy Blood Emperor might be more useful to you."

Adam's gaze remained unchanged as "He" stared at the huge cross.

"You don't understand because you don't know enough.

"In the Fourth Epoch, apart from the three great empires and the true deities and Kings of Angels behind them, there were also the Demoness Sect and the Moses Ascetic Order. There was also the Abyss's infiltration and secretly developed Artisans, as well as the Southern Continent's Balam.

"And that wasn't all. In addition, there were many crucial factors at stake."

Klein nodded thoughtfully and said, "For example, the conflict between the six deities?"

Adam smiled warmly and said, "More than that."

Without waiting for Klein to ask further, Adam added calmly, "You should have been to Bansy."

Klein's heart stirred as he opened his mouth but didn't say a word.

Adam continued, "In addition, after I perished, the invasion on reality by the Outer Deities clearly deepened."

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Due to the lack of response to the prayer light representing Bernadette, it kept expanding and contracting, emitting rippling halos.

This provoked the vortex formed by the transparent maggots. It frantically flailed its slippery tentacles and lashed towards that direction.

After repeated misses, one of the tentacles touched the correct prayer light.

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CHAPTER 1349
DOOR

After Bernadette received no response, she held the Magic Wishing Lamp and walked to the window in the captain's cabin to take in the deep blue sea.

She wasn't impatient, nor did she attempt to use her powers of prophecy, patiently waiting for any further developments.

After a few minutes, a grayish-white fog suddenly appeared in front of her eyes.

Right on the heels of that, the fog was dyed golden, as though it was coated with a layer of sticky syrup.

Bernadette immediately bowed her head and looked at the Magic Wishing Lamp in her hand. She saw that the wick at the mouth of the lamp had automatically ignited itself.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, beside The Fool's chair, the prayer light, which was the size of a human head, was instantly occupied by a distorted, blurry golden figure.

The figure's gaze penetrated the prayer light and penetrated the grayish-white fog, looking at the "maggot vortex" that was attempting to destroy everything around it.

"His" voice immediately reverberated within Sefirah Castle, dignified and grand:

"You actually lost control?"

The tone of Genie was clearly mocking; "He" didn't care whether the crazy Worms of Spirit could understand "Him."

At this moment, a strange door of light formed from countless balls of light appeared above the chair of The Fool that had already collapsed.

It was faintly discernible and emitted a bright light, forming a complicated symbol in midair.

This symbol originally existed behind The Fool's chair, formed from the Pupil-less Eye and the Contorted Lines.

As the symbol took form, the strange light became fainter and eventually completely fused into this space.

In the next second, Klein's voice came from the symbol representing The Fool:

"Genie, I want to make a deal with you."

The blurry and distorted figure immediately laughed.

"Haha, I said that you would eventually agree."

After laughing for a few seconds, Genie calmed down and said, "I was just wondering how is it possible for the new owner of Sefirah Castle to so easily lose control."

"This was a preparation I made for the worst-case scenario." The voice in the symbol of The Fool wasn't impatient at all.

Genie laughed and said, "Aren't you afraid that I'll raise the price at the last minute?"

Klein replied unhurriedly, "This is just one of my preparations, but for you, it might be the only chance for many years."

Genie's light-gold figure swayed as though it had been blown by a gust of wind as a grand voice sounded:

"My condition is the same as before. As long as you can remove the seal and release me, I will take what belongs to me back to the cosmos. I will leave the rest to you and grant you three wishes.

"Of course, from the looks of it, you seem to need my advance payment."

Klein's voice sounded again from the symbol of The Fool:

"The promise I'll give you is to send the Magic Wishing Lamp into the cosmos before the end of 1368 in this epoch Age. As for how you get out of your predicament, that is your own problem. My request is even simpler, and I only need two wishes.

"This is the deal I'm talking about. Whether you agree with it is up to you."

1368 was the year when the Oldest One's barrier disappeared. It was acknowledged by the world's prophets as the apocalypse.

The blurry and distorted figure fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "If you don't remove the seal, the wishes I can grant will be very limited. Once it exceeds a certain level, it will be granted in an extremely twisted fashion."

Inside the symbol of The Fool that was cast with a brilliant light, Klein's calm voice sounded:

"You can fulfill the two wishes I need now."

Genie fell silent again and didn't speak for a long time.

…

Bayam, inside the primitive forest.

Verdu, who was burning up both internally and externally, didn't waste any time. According to the God of War's instructions, he modified the altar and engraved the correct symbols, magic labels, and strange patterns.

He was originally worried that the three demigod monsters would suddenly wake up, but when the ritual was ready, the sacrificial items remained unconscious, unable to resist.

After placing the squirming meat blob, the deformed star bird, and the white raven with a dark eye circle onto the right spot, Verdu looked at the only candle on the altar and lit it.

Then, he took a few steps back and chanted solemnly in Jotun, "Great Door of All Doors;

"Guide of the endless cosmos;

"Key to all mysterious worlds."

"I pray for your response, praying for you to descend into this world…”

Before he could finish his sentence, three loud bangs sounded from the altar.

The three demigod monsters that corresponded to Bizarro Sorcerer, Secrets Sorcerer, and Parasite seemed to be being held by an invisible hand. They only struggled slightly before exploding, turning into blobs of flesh and blood that shimmered with different colors.

The flesh and blood seemed to have a life of its own. Under the guidance of some indescribable force, they gathered in the air, forming strange and filthy symbols.

Countless symbols combined together, forming a huge door that was still squirming like flesh and blood, one that was more than five meters tall.

The door stood on the altar. It was pitch black inside, and it was unknown where it went.

Flames from the candle representing Mr. Door suddenly soared, illuminating the entire Door of Flesh and Blood, illuminating the darkness within.

In the darkness, there were tiny balls of stellar light condensing into spherical lights. On closer inspection, they looked like strange insects with bent bodies.

The spherical light rapidly rose, forming a gigantic arm that passed through the Doors of Flesh and Blood.

This arm, which clearly didn't belong to a human, pressed against the altar and forcefully squeezed out, causing the entire Door of Blood and Flesh to shake. Even the forest and the entire island began to shake as though it was an earthquake.

Verdu watched this scene happily, and his vision suddenly blurred.

Pa!

Something fell from his face into the bushes.

Verdu subconsciously lowered his head and saw an eye with bulging blood vessels rolling around.

Pa, Pa, Pa. His nose, ears, and remaining eye, as well as his muscles, plopped to the ground one after another, each seeping with a stellar radiance.

Thump!

His body collapsed as his flesh and blood completely collapsed.

At that moment, the arm finally squeezed through the Door of Flesh and Blood and attempted to pull out the rest of its body.

Boom!

In the darkness behind the door, thick lightning bolts formed a storm and descended, but they were swallowed by the sudden appearance of a blood-colored tide.

Finally, a gigantic figure formed from pure spherical lights passed through the Door of Flesh and Blood.

In the next second, the spherical light began to collapse and fold, as though they were going to undergo a qualitative change. Following that, dark cracks appeared out of the void in the surrounding forest.

These cracks directly engulfed the different parts of the trees, turning them into strange shapes.

At the same time, a hurricane from unknown origins blew out from a crack and swept in all directions. The entire Blue Mountain Island that Bayam was on trembled as though it was about to sink.

Inside the Cathedral of Waves, Alger Wilson, who was vexed over failing to monitor Verdu after he "Teleported," suddenly heard the sounds of doors opening.

Every door in the city was opened automatically at this moment.

This… Alger turned his head and looked into the forest outside the city that seemed to be the source of the anomaly.

Thud!

The moment the door opened, Derrick, who had been woken up by the earthquake, frowned.

Creak! Creak! Creak!

In the cities like Backlund, Trier, and St. Millom, all things that could be called doors opened.

…

Above the gray fog, in the half-collapsed ancient palace, the crazy maggot vortex instinctively attacked the light-gold figure and The Fool symbol, but nothing came out of it.

After nearly a minute, Genie suddenly chuckled.

"You really aren't 'Him.' Otherwise, I'd have distorted the promise you made just now and made 'His' seal be removed automatically."

"This effect can only be achieved by twisting the original owner's words? You previously used this method to realize that I'm not the Lord of the Mysteries?" Klein's voice sounded from the symbol of The Fool.

Genie scoffed and said, "I have at least ten ways to verify that it's 'Him.'"

Without waiting for Klein's reply, the pale-gold figure smiled and said, "You don't seem like you can maintain this state for too long. Alright, the deal has been made. After I complete your two wishes, you must send the Magic Wishing Lamp into the cosmos before 1368 of this epoch."

Genie's voice gradually turned solemn, as if "He" was proclaiming a law.

At that moment, "He" seemed to have established a particular rule based on this deal. There was no need to worry that Klein would go back on his word in the future.

"If you can't fulfill this promise, even if you become the Lord of the Mysteries, you will perish and split," warned the Genie as he asked, "Tell me your two wishes. Take note. Don't involve higher-level Beyonder

characteristics, and don't exceed the limit of my present powers. Otherwise, the wish will be granted in a distorted way. This is a rule that has been set. I can't violate it now."

In the symbol of The Fool that was outlined by the bright light, Klein's voice calmly said, "The first wish: The two wishes that Bernadette Gustav previously made are to be brought under my name. This should be very simple for you."

Genie immediately said with a smile, "Indeed, you want to make use of the terrible outcome from making a third wish to deal with your current predicament. Not bad, this is something that stems from my level. I will satisfy your wish and let you die in pain."

Klein's voice sounded again:

"The second wish: Let my Utopia give rise to a corresponding region in the spirit world. This doesn't involve the advancement of a Sequence, nor does it have anything to do with higher-level Beyonder characteristics. You can definitely do it."

Genie's light-gold figure wavered before "He" said with a smile, "Your wish will be granted."

…

Inside the corpse cathedral.

Klein touched the bloody wooden stake on his chest, as though he was considering how to get it out.

During this process, he casually asked Adam, "You didn't attempt to become a god in the Fourth Epoch because you didn't obtain 0-08?"

"It was one factor. More importantly, there were still many latent dangers that haven't been resolved at that time." Adam looked at the huge cross in

front of "Him" with a warm gaze.

Klein turned his head to the side and looked at the Visionary and said, "For example, during that period, the remnant will of the Primordial One was still very strong…”

Before he finished his sentence, a large amount of bright-red blood flowed down Klein's head.

However, the corner of his lips curled up slightly.

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CHAPTER 1350
WISH

Adam turned "His" head and looked at Klein. "His" limpid, light-colored eyes reflected the face that was stained with blood.

"His" expression remained unchanged, and there was a hint of pity in its warmth. It was as if a god was looking down upon the world.

Klein smiled at "Him" as his head cracked apart.

This trend on his body caused him to collapse into a pool of blood.

In the pool of blood were his clothing, the blood-soaked stake, and an ancient mirror.

In the corpse cathedral, in the divine kingdom of Visionary Adam, Klein had died a strange death.

Adam, dressed in a simple white robe, looked at the scene before "Him" with gentleness and calmness. It was unknown if "He" had expected it or if "He" had avoided having any emotions.

In the ancient palace above the fog.

That crazy maggot vortex instantly stopped as they broke apart into numerous frozen, dead Worms of Spirit.

In the next second, these Worms of Spirit turned illusory as they became stained with grayish-white as though they had fused into the fog of history.

Then, they came back to life. As they shimmered with a dark glow, they gathered together.

In just a few seconds, the Worms of Spirit reassembled into a figure. It was Klein Moretti, who had black hair, brown eyes, and a formal suit.

With the return of the owner of Sefirah Castle, the destroyed mottled table and the twenty-two high-back chairs rapidly restored to normal. The junk scattered all over the floor was piled up again.

Klein picked up the Staff of the Stars embedded with various gems and sat on the seat belonging to The Fool.

The entire space above the gray fog quaked as boundless and mighty invisible forces surged out.

Klein immediately nodded at the golden figure that occupied Bernadette's prayer.

"I will fulfill my promise."

Genie laughed and said, "It looks like you haven't inherited 'His' cunningness and shamelessness. Very good."

As soon as "He" said that, the blurry and distorted golden figure rapidly receded, no longer projecting itself on Bernadette's prayer light.

"Well done." As Klein separated a Worm of Spirit to respond to Queen Mystic's prayers, he lowered his head and made a wish to himself. "I wish to be restored to how I was like before tonight."

When his main body died, he had only taken away the core portion of the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic, leaving behind the remains in Adam's corpse cathedral. He was unable to retrieve them.

Of course, Klein still had a large portion of the characteristics in the Worms of Spirit in his body above the gray fog and the remaining marionettes in Utopia. Zaratul didn't need any additional Beyonder characteristics, nor did "He" want them to end up affecting "His" condition. Therefore, "He" didn't directly use the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics to suck all the characteristics of the same pathway in Utopia. "He" collected them using a different method which was relatively slow and would require a certain amount of time.

After making this wish, Klein summoned the "curtain," draped it behind him, and snapped his fingers.

Inside the junk pile, the Seer pathway's Sequence 9 and 3 Beyonder characteristics that were separated from the "curtain" previously floated up at the same time, transforming into pure light dots that drilled into Klein's body.

His condition instantly returned to the time when he was almost done digesting the Miracle Invoker potion. Apart from the lack of a physical body, he was no different from when he was attacked.

Right on the heels of that, Klein cast his gaze at Utopia, which was closely connected to him.

…

Inside Utopia, the hooded, black-robed Zaratul, whose face was covered in white whiskers, stood on the roof of Saint Arianna Cathedral. Beside him were Roselle Gustav's, William Augustus's, and Abomination Suah's historical projection. "They" patiently waited for the door to the corpse cathedral to open and for Gehrman Sparrow to walk out.

He controlled some of "His" marionettes, dealing with a few of the mutated Utopian marionettes, leaving the remaining portion of marionettes which remained normal to the end.

At that moment, dense, illusory Spirit Body Threads suddenly floated up from the rigid Utopian marionettes into an infinitely high height away.

They instantly came to life and turned around, looking at Zaratul and "His" historical projections.

The pairs of eyes sparkled in the darkness.

At the same time, a huge shadow descended from the faint grayish-white fog, enveloping the entirety of Utopia.

Zaratul and "His" historical projections instinctively raised "Their" heads and looked up at the sky that suffused a faint gray fog.

"Sealing is prohibited here." In the next second, William Augustine's historical projection raised the sword in "His" right hand and solemnly made an announcement.

The shadow that enveloped Utopia immediately shook as many gaps appeared. It was unable to completely isolate the marionette town from the outside world.

Roselle Gustav's historical projection immediately transformed into a torrent of information that surged towards Klein's remaining marionettes in an attempt to interfere with their movements. As for the historical projection of Abomination Suah, it attacked the shadow that appeared like a curtain in a bid to expand the corresponding gaps.

Zaratul extended "His" hand and "Grafted" the void in front of "Him" to another island in the Berserk Sea that "He" had previously fixed.

Following that, as long as "He" took a step forward, "He" would be able to leave Utopia.

At that moment, Klein's marionettes snatched the opportunity before the torrent of information entered their Spirit Bodies. At the same time, they

opened their mouths and chanted in Jotun, "Leodero!"

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, with the remnant divine powers of a Tyrant, Klein could directly trigger the power of a deity based on this name alone, but that wasn't the case in the outside world. As for whether or not "He" wanted to punish the fellow for calling out "His" true name, it was decided by the Lord of Storms.

Klein had his marionettes recite the honorific name at the same time only to get the Lord of Storms to cast "His" gaze over.

As one of the members of the five pathways of Omnipotence and Omniscience, the Lord of Storms was probably one of the true deities that didn't wish for Adam's plot to succeed. If Amon became the Lord of the Mysteries, the King of Space-Time, this Tyrant would be in a very dangerous situation. "He" would have to constantly worry that the son of the Creator would deal with "Him" and help Adam or the True Creator to ascend to the position of the Lord of the Astral World.

Therefore, compared to the Evernight Goddess and Earth Mother, Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom were probably the existences who didn't wish to see Adam and Amon succeed.

If there was a chance, Klein planned on getting his marionettes to continue shouting "Aucuses" and "Herabergen"!

Utopia's surroundings instantly turned gloomy, as if it contained the indescribable wrath of nature.

Before Zaratul could take that step, the night sky instantly produced different colors of lightning. They bared their fangs and brandished their claws as they wantonly expanded. They seemed to envelop the entire sky in a sea of lightning.

Boom! Boom! Before the deafening sounds could be heard, the lightning blasted like a torrential rain at Utopia.

…

The Rorsted Archipelago, New City of Silver, the top of the spire.

Derrick Berg, who was looking at the source of the earthquake, heard the sound of doors and windows opening at the same time. Furthermore, it repeated thousands of times.

Although it didn't bring him any direct danger, the bizarre change still made Derrick very wary.

With some hesitation, he prepared to seek out the current Chief, Waite Chirmont, and suggest using the god-level Sealed Artifact, Proof of Glory. He wanted to first protect the New City of Silver and the nearby New Moon City. Then, he decided to pray to Mr. Fool based on the progress of the anomaly.

Just as he turned around and walked to the door, Waite Chirmont, who had a dark-blue symbol engraved on his head, walked out from the corridor's light. He said in a deep voice, "The seal underground has failed."

The seal has failed… Derrick instinctively believed that it had something to do with the anomaly in Blue Mountain Island.

Compared to doors and windows opening, the consequences of the seal's failure were extremely terrifying!

"Immediately use the Proof of Glory!" Derrick said without hesitation.

This was a god-level Sealed Artifact that could be used for a short period of time. It had once helped the City of Silver avert repeated disasters in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, allowing them to persist until the present era and obtain salvation.

Derrick's thoughts were very clear. He was using the Proof of Glory to suppress the other god-level Sealed Artifact—Gift of the Land. The

suppression effect would soon affect the saint-level Sealed Artifacts that would have negative effects on the surroundings.

Waite Chirmont didn't say anything else. He immediately made up his mind and brought Derrick underground using the light as concealment.

Proof of Glory required at least two saints before it could be utilized. This was also the reason why Waite Chirmont didn't immediately head underground and came to find Derrick first. Of course, if he wanted to make use of it simply, there were tricks to do so, but he had to be prepared in advance to brand the corresponding mark on his body.

…

Bayam, Cathedral of Waves.

A bolt of lightning shot into Alger Wilson's room, turning into a hurried voice.

"Your Eminence, most of the underground seals have failed! Only certain items remain in a balanced state thanks to their effects!"

Alger's brows twitched as he combined it with the phenomena of opening doors and windows in Bayam City happening at the same time. He sensed that something was amiss.

He immediately said to the void, "All of you immediately form groups of three. Take out the Grade 2 and 3 Sealed Artifacts that won't cause immediate danger, or those with living characteristics from underground to prevent any chain reactions."

This way, the underground area would become uninhabited. The dangerous Sealed Artifacts wouldn't be able to cause casualties within a short period of time.

With the passage of time, when the anomaly of the seals losing their effects passed, the Mandated Punishers would have the time to deal with the items.

However, the premise was that they hadn't lost control of the three Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts.

Once there was a problem with them, the negative effects would soon affect the entirety of Bayam.

However, with the seal no longer working, it was very difficult for the three items to remain without problems.

The first thought that flashed through Alger's mind was to bring along the one whose negative effects had the greatest range. Then, using his own powers to make temporary restrictions, he would fly to the sea and away from Bayam.

This wasn't too dangerous for him for a short period of time. After all, he was a demigod. The biggest problem was that the remaining two Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts would undoubtedly cause serious damage to Bayam.

At least I did my best… Alger felt that this method was safe and could handle the subsequent investigations from the Church of the Lord of Storms. It was pretty good.

His gaze subconsciously looked out of the window. It corresponded to the few schools and the workhouses near the cathedral.

Alger retracted his gaze and fell silent for two seconds before sighing. He continued, "Leave the rest to me."

His words transformed into electric waves that transformed into silver lightning that flew underground.

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CHAPTER 1351
SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY

While transmitting information to the Mandated Punishers, Alger quickly came up with a plan in his mind:

He was to immediately pray to the Lord of Storms, hoping to obtain the Lord's blessings or help. Then, he would immediately rush underground and use his Beyonder powers to forcefully suppress the three Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts inside Azure Gate.

During this process, if the Lord of Storms responded to his prayers, or if the abnormality regarding the seal's ended in time, there was naturally no need for him to consider any other response. However, if neither of the two outcomes occurred, and he began to find it difficult to handle the situation, then he would seek Mr. Fool's help.

To Alger, once he had to do so, no matter what method he used or how he concealed it, it would be difficult for him to escape the fate of being suspected. After all, it was unbelievable for a single person to suppress three Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts single-handedly.

When the time came, his only option was to immediately abandon his post after the abnormality ended or the seal began working again. His departure would waste all his years of diligence and hard work, causing him to lose his post as cardinal which he had painstakingly obtained.

However, compared to his own life, this was a price he was willing to pay.

As for the consequences resulting in him almost not having any chance of obtaining the Book of Calamity, Alger didn't care about it at the moment.

He was still a great distance from considering such problems. Of course, as a demigod of the Church of Storms and a cardinal, he believed that he was definitely under the watch of the Lord of Storms. After abandoning his job and escaping, he needed the protection of other existences to survive. Otherwise, his outcome would be unimaginable.

And regarding this matter, he could only rely on Mr. Fool.

Taking a deep breath, Alger quickly chanted.

"The King ruling over the Skies, the Emperor who controls the Seas, the Great God of Storms, I pray for your watch and pray for your blessings."

After chanting, Alger reached out with his hand, bringing with him a hurricane as he flew underground.

About ten seconds later, outside the Cathedral of Waves, there was a tidal wave that surged into the air.

The blue sea water poured down, enveloping the cathedral in a thick barrier.

Inside the barrier, silver bolts of lightning flashed as they drilled underground.

…

Rumble!

The lightning struck down like torrential rain, illuminating all of Utopia, illuminating more than half of the Berserk Sea.

At that moment, a pitch-black cathedral with many embedded skulls appeared in midair.

It was situated above Zaratul, and drew all the surrounding lightning towards it, causing bolts of lightning to snake across the countless white

skulls, causing the stained glass to reflect a bright light.

Rumble!

In the places Adam's corpse cathedral couldn't shelter, Zaratul's marionettes, Abomination Suah's historical projection, as well as Klein's marionettes, were instantly obliterated by the tempestuous lightning. Then, they either vanished or were reduced to tiny marks.

Even Roselle Gustav's historical projection that had turned into a flux of information wasn't spared. A strong electromagnetic hurricane wreaked havoc in this city, destroying all information structures.

Taking advantage of the moment the Visionary was fending off the Tyrant, Zaratul took a step forward and entered the void ahead.

And this void was connected to another island—one "He" had previously set in the Berserk Sea—using "His" Beyonder powers of an Attendant of Mysteries. The distance between the two was reduced to zero.

The black-robed, hooded Zaratul quickly vanished into the void illuminated by lightning. But in the next second, "He" didn't appear on the distant island, but above the Irises Hotel in Utopia.

Just a moment ago, when Zaratul was stunned by the might of the storm, Klein, who was in Sefirah Castle, took the opportunity to use the "curtain" that was draped over his body and used the power of the sefirah to forcefully "Graft" the void in front of his target to the Irises Hotel. He had secretly changed Zaratul's key arrangement.

This was the suppression effect of a King of Angels against a Sequence 1 angel of the same pathway.

Rumble!

The ceaseless lightning smote down, enveloping Zaratul, who had long and white whiskers on "His" face.

Zaratul's pitch-black eyes didn't show any change in expression. "His" body rapidly faded and disappeared in the bolts of lightning.

"He" had only come in the form of a Historical Void projection.

"His" true body was hiding in a particular fragment in the fog of history.

Sitting in The Fool's chair, Klein immediately cast his gaze at the grayish-white fog below him, as well as the countless spots of light in the fog.

He was temporarily unable to find Zaratul because the latter definitely used a secret fragment of history that only "He" or a very small number of existences knew. However, being unable to find "Him" didn't mean that Klein could only watch and patiently wait until Zaratul reached "His" limits and was unable to stay in the fog of history. As the owner of Sefirah Castle and an existence with the level of a King of Angels, Klein's preliminary control of the sefirah was already enough to complete many things.

In the next second, Klein opened the box and summoned The Fool card, accommodating it inside his body.

In the blink of an eye, he transformed into The Fool who wore colorful clothes and a gorgeous headdress. He exuded a deep, terrifying aura, as well as a somewhat ridiculous feeling. The entire Sefirah Castle began to shake gently.

Tak!

The Fool Klein held the end of the Staff of the Stars in his right hand and struck the edge of the long mottled table.

In the real world, grayish-white fog appeared, one that had a faintly-visible ancient palace situated high above.

In the ancient and majestic palace, a strange light formed from countless spherical lights quickly outlined itself, emitting an invisible and terrifying suction force.

The fog of history instantly boiled as Zaratul's figure quickly appeared in a spot where Klein hadn't lit up. "He" was hoisted up without being able to stop it.

Law of Beyonder characteristics convergence!

With the help of Sefirah Castle, Klein projected the convergence power of Beyonder characteristics into the fog of history!

At this moment, Zaratul's black-robed and hooded figure collapsed and became a pale paper figurine.

"His" true body appeared on another island in the Berserk Sea. "He" quickly used the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder powers to connect the convergence inclination effect to various paper figurines.

Seizing the opportunity given to "Him" by the paper figurines, Zaratul quickly made a wish:

"I wish for my Beyonder characteristic to temporarily calm down."

Just as "He" finished speaking and pressed "His" palms together, "He" had already caught sight of "His" fulfilled wish. This allowed "Him" to escape the suction force from Sefirah Castle, The Fool card, and the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic collective.

At the same time, "He" took a step back and accurately stepped on a milky-white rock.

The stone had long been connected to somewhere else by "Him," and had been solidified in some form.

As Zaratul stepped down, "His" figure instantly vanished. It was unknown where "He" had gone, but the stone seemed to experience extreme weathering as it disintegrated.

The Fool Klein cast his gaze down from an infinite height and scanned his surroundings, but he couldn't find Zaratul.

This meant that the other party had left his line of sight.

Without any hesitation, Klein immediately placed his focus on something else.

He had already made all the gems on the Staff of the Stars light up as he simulated the Marauder pathway's ability to deceive rules. He changed the location of his body's revival to a marionette that wasn't in Utopia.

Previously, a few residents of Utopia had gone to other cities for various reasons. By going there, they would further deepen their relationship with the real world. Klein had chosen a travel enthusiast. He was now in a particular mountain range.

As the second half of his "resurrection" was carried out, Klein took out The Fool card. He summoned the nine unique spirit world specialties he had prepared previously and placed them together with the "curtain."

Right on the heels of that, he used the Staff of the Stars to activate the power of Sefirah Castle and once again simulated the powers of the Marauder pathway's ability to deceive the rules, allowing the nine spirit world specialties and that "curtain" to "become" a part of his body.

In the next second, countless fragments of light appeared around the marionette that was halfway up the mountain.

And inside the marionette's body, a Worm of Spirit flew out. It kept fracturing and fused with the fragments of light.

Soon, the fragments of light condensed into a ball of light as it solidified into Klein's figure.

Just as Klein's figure finished outlining, he turned into transparent maggots that scattered in all directions, allowing the "curtain" and the nine spirit world specialties to drop to the ground.

Then, the Worms of Spirit completed the reassembly process, and part of them turned into a half top hat, a shirt, a vest, a formal suit, and trousers.

Klein didn't waste any time. He immediately grabbed the "curtain" and the specialties of the spirit world and began to carefully concoct the potion.

To him, this was the best time to advance to Attendant of Mysteries.

On the one hand, the effects of the ritual had been completed with the help of the Genie. This wouldn't last long, and it would gradually disappear. On the other hand, Adam, who was most likely to destroy his ritual, was being suppressed by the Lord of Storms and had no time to interfere.

If he were to consume the potion and advance to Sequence 1 at any other time, Klein was really worried that Visionary Adam would make use of the sea of collective subconscious to inject a negative emotion into him at a critical moment. That way, losing control was inevitable.

The reason why he had called Leodero wasn't to deal with Zaratul, but to hold back the true god, Adam!

During the Attendant of Mysteries ritual, there was no way to use the power of Sefirah Castle to produce a nascent form of a divine kingdom in advance, isolating Klein from the outside world. This would result in the ritual being unable to establish a connection with the corresponding region in the spirit world, resulting in failure.

In less than ten seconds, a potion that was as dark as the night sea appeared in Klein's palm. At the same time, the figure left in Sefirah Castle snapped

his fingers, granting the small number of wishes accumulated in the prayer lights and the crimson stars, allowing him to digest the last bit of his Miracle Invoker potion.

The figure inside Sefirah Castle immediately faded away, allowing Klein's body to become complete so that he could consume the potion in his best condition.

As the lightning lit up the sea once again, Klein raised his right hand and brought the bottle that came from his marionette to his mouth. He gulped down the potion that was as light as air.

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CHAPTER 1352
ATTENDANT OF MYSTERIES

As the Attendant of Mysteries potion entered his body, Klein immediately felt a burgeoning feeling.

In the blink of an eye, he lost his perception of his body and Worms of Spirit. He watched helplessly as they dissipated and fused into the spirit world that couldn't be described with ordinary words or common sense. It was as though he was about to disintegrate into abstract and random pieces of information.

At that moment, Klein only barely maintained his consciousness and had self-awareness.

Just like that, "he" floated in the spirit world filled with countless strange figures. After losing the ability to sense his body and Beyonder characteristics, he began to experience all kinds of thoughts, information, knowledge, symbols, and labels. He completely lost himself and was teetering on the border of fusing with the spirit world.

If this continued, Klein would definitely be completely lost, but at this moment, there was a connection between the spirit world and his consciousness.

That place corresponded to a town. The people inside lived ordinary lives. They had their own names, their stories, and their fates. They intertwined with each other, bringing about complete information in the spirit world, which was the concept of abstractness.

This town was eventually destroyed by a calamity and buried in the dust of history.

Klein dispersed like a mist, almost fusing into the spirit world's body. Under the guidance of fate, he fused with the spirit world projection of the different Utopian marionettes, allowing him to become corporeal again.

…

Bayam, deep underground in the Cathedral of Waves, in a room that was no longer sealed.

Alger extended his hands and pressed down on the door in front of him.

The surface of the door was blue in color, with numerous mysterious and odd reliefs protruding out.

It was ajar, and there was no light behind the door. It was unknown which world it was connected to.

The darkness seemed to have a life of its own. At this moment, a stream of water silently surged out, eroding the surrounding area.

Bang!

Alger's feet exerted strength, causing the ground to crack and spew out scarlet—nearly white—lava.

This was a "calamity" he had created. His goal was to prevent the darkness from advancing.

However, after the surging lava entered the darkness, it disappeared without a trace.

The darkness shrank back a little and paused for a second before continuing its corrosion.

Boom!

Alger continuously created hurricanes, torrential rain, and lightning calamities, blocking the darkness again and again.

He held the Azure Gate firmly with both hands, not letting it open further.

If he were to only face this Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, Alger would've been completely fine. He would even have the capacity to attempt sealing it, but at that moment, he still had two similarly dangerous items around him.

This forced him to sing loudly. He used the melody of death to influence his surroundings and disrupt the operations of the other Sealed Artifacts. Then, he built a wall formed from blue seawater beside him.

However, the wall was slowly being dyed grayish-white, as if it had been petrified.

Yet, the pandemonium didn't yield as it extended towards Alger's body.

I can last for at most thirty seconds. The Lord of Storms hasn't responded the entire time… Thoughts raced through Alger's mind as he suppressed his unwillingness and reluctance. He quickly made a decision.

Without any hesitation, he immediately accentuated a hexagonal crystalline snowflake on his palm.

This was the mark left behind after he participated in the Tarot Club for the first time. It could substitute the reciting of an honorific name, and allow Mr. Fool to cast "His" gaze over.

…

Blue Mountain Island, within the primitive forest.

At the Door of Flesh and Blood, spherical lights collapsed and converged in an attempt to undergo a qualitative change. They seemed to form a body consisting of a series of doors. The body wore the blood-colored tidal wave as its robe as its body constantly warped and changed, reflecting different regions and planets.

At this moment, a blinding ray of sunlight shone through the darkness. It descended from the astral world and melted everything it encountered along the way.

Other than this ray of sunlight, an inscrutable darkness of the night surged over, attempting to devour Mr. Door Bethel Abraham who was seeking to advance to Sequence 0.

The land where the altar was quaked violently, tearing open a huge hole in a bid to devour the Door of Flesh and Blood and Bethel Abraham to fall deep into the core and face the Chaos Sea that contained all possible colors and possibilities.

Following that, a blurry light seeped out from the void and enveloped the forest, attempting to restore the basic structure of the trees, mud, and altar.

And at the only gap in the light, a pair of brass-colored eyes emerged.

They stared at the Door of Flesh and Blood and Bethel Abraham, hoping to reflect them into their eyes.

Mr. Door let out a low roar, causing his blood-colored robe to flare up.

The robe connected to the evil tide that surged behind the Door of Flesh and Blood, spreading out to the crimson moonlight.

The moment it touched the moonlight, the inscrutable night that could not be seen gathered on its own. It stretched out its limbs and head, turning into a shadowy female human.

It possessed its own life, and its consciousness was no longer controlled by its user.

Without any exception, the blinding sunlight transformed into a young man wearing fiery armor. The shaking ground grew eyes and closed its mouth. The screen that was transformed from a faint light revealed terrifying facial features. Around the brass-colored eyes, eyelashes emerged, transforming into wings.

These obstructions and interferences fell into chaos, giving Mr. Door a chance for a breather.

Seizing this opportunity, "He" entered the final step of becoming a god.

At that moment, the Door of Flesh and Blood suddenly collapsed and covered Mr. Door's body, making "Him" seem to turn into another person.

…

Klein's body seemed to dissociate into countless people. They had their own preferences, their personalities, their determination, and their fates. They lived in a town known as Utopia.

These people quickly lived their short lifespans, waking up under the heavy storm. They came to their senses and realized what their identity was in essence.

It was Zhou Mingrui, and also Klein Moretti. They were also Sherlock Moriarty, Gehrman Sparrow, Dwayne Dantès, and Merlin Hermes.

One thing could have many names, but its nature wouldn't change.

The "people" raised their heads and looked up into infinity from the illusory city in the spirit world.

They saw the illusory and thin Spirit Body Threads, and they saw a symbol made up of the Pupil-less Eye and the partially Contorted Lines.

With the symbol as the core, Klein's figure outlined itself, his eyes tightly shut.

Worms of Spirit, bits of Beyonder characteristics, and bits of his self-awareness flew out from the spirit world corresponding to the Utopia area and towards Klein's slightly illusory body, allowing it to slowly become corporeal.

At this point, there was no clear boundary between Klein's Spirit Body and his physical body. They were both one and separate, and also in a rather delicate state.

In other words, a Spirit Body could be equivalent to a body of flesh and blood. His physical body could also fuse with his Spirit Body. As long as Klein was willing, he could switch between two states. Of course, he could also separate his physical body from his Spirit Body. All of them had their individual traits, and they could be decided based on a mere thought.

Two seconds later, the reassembly process was completed. Klein, who was floating in the depths of the spirit world, opened his eyes. His pupils were dark, without any light.

He had already advanced to Sequence 1 and became an Attendant of Mysteries.

Without a sound, a grayish-white fog appeared behind him. Above the fog was an ancient palace. Inside the palace stood a door that was stained bluish-black, formed from countless spherical lights.

The door of light appeared rather clearly in the spirit world. It separated out a rather blurry phantom and cast it at Klein's body.

As the phantom turned into a complicated symbol, it imprinted itself between Klein's brows. The entire spirit world and the real world outside began to gently shake as though they had encountered an earthquake from afar.

At that moment, Klein's surroundings turned dark as illusory stars appeared one after another. They surrounded the strange door of light as though they wanted to lump together.

In these illusory stars, the largest two overlapped and corresponded to an area in the real world.

The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth stars were located somewhere else.

Through these illusory stars, Klein saw Mr. Door and Amon on a particular island. He saw Antigonus in the dilapidated palace inside the concealed world, and Zaratul who was hiding somewhere unknown. He saw Pallez Zoroast in Leonard's body and Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar…

With the help of the changes caused by further deepening his control over Sefirah Castle, Klein found the angels and Kings of Angels corresponding to the three pathways of Mysteries.

Of course, such a "vision" only lasted for a few seconds. Once Amon and Zaratul reacted and used the correct method to conceal themselves, Klein would no longer be able to lock onto "Their" true bodies.

Without any hesitation, Klein raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

The Staff of the Stars that was originally placed in Sefirah Castle had appeared in his palm. He also split a portion of the Worms of Spirit to let them enter Sefirah Castle to prevent any abnormalities and respond to his believers.

After becoming an Attendant of Mysteries, Klein's control over Sefirah Castle deepened, allowing him to take out items from inside at any time.

In the next second, the various gems on the Staff of the Stars lit up as Klein's figure vanished from the spirit world. He instantly "Wandered" to a swamp and arrived in front of Zaratul.

Dressed in a hood and a black robe, the white-bearded Zaratul didn't panic. "He" used "His" Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder powers to make all kinds of connections as "He" extended "His" left hand and grabbed into the void ahead.

…

Gradually, Alger's body turned grayish-white, almost about to petrify.

Could it be that Mr. Fool doesn't favor me because of my failure to monitor Verdu? He frowned slightly, wanting to give up, but he stayed underground.

At that moment, a grayish-white fog appeared in front of him. All the Sealed Artifacts fell silent.

…

After Mr. Door Bethel Abraham was enveloped by the Door of Flesh and Blood, a familiar voice echoed in his ears:

"You wish to bring the disaster back to the real world?"

Bethel Abraham's actions instantly slowed down.

"Give up. I have a way to deal with it. I'll let you sleep and let you get the peace you want." That familiar voice sounded again.

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CHAPTER 1353
SACRIFICIAL VICTIM

Mr. Door's figure that had shrunk from the ball of light came to a halt as though "He" had fallen into an intense internal struggle.

The layered doors in "His" body were just a little short of fully being reassembled.

Amidst the illusory whooshing sounds, the crimson tide that barely squeezed through the gap in the Door of Flesh and Blood became even more turbulent. The blood-colored robe landed heavily, about to envelop Bethel Abraham once again.

However, as it descended, the brass-colored eyes, the young man in the fiery armor, the hazy barrier of light that accentuated terrifying facial features, the ground with opened eyes and closed mouth, and the shadowy woman vanished silently from the world.

In that instant, a blazing sun appeared above the forest. Day replaced the night, causing all the shadows to rapidly disperse.

This caused the blood-colored robe to rise once again, scattering even more crimson moonlight, causing all the disturbances to return to their mother's embrace.

Seizing this opportunity, Mr. Door's illusory eyes closed as "He" lowered "His" head.

"Alright…” "He" painfully said the first word after "His" return to reality.

"His" figure completely froze as "He" raised "His" right hand and pressed it to "His" face.

The next second, Mr. Door lifted "His" head and wore a crystal monocle on "His" right eye.

A beam of light erupted from the monocle, illuminating the entire world.

At that moment, all the errors of the seals that had failed were fixed. Everything that seemed normal showed errors. All the clocks jumped several seconds forward.

The Marauder Sequence 0 Error's ritual was:

To replace someone during "Their" apotheosis ritual!

And Mr. Door's return seemed to directly trigger "His" apotheosis ritual.

The light converged immediately, and Mr. Door had turned into Amon with "His" pointed hat and classic black robe.

The Blasphemer held a simple and unadorned key that seemed to be forged from pure starlight in "His" hand.

Above "Him," the blood-colored robe descended, wanting to embrace "Him" into its arms. Behind "Him," the crimson tide angrily squeezed through the remnants of the Door of Flesh and Blood in a last bid to enter the world.

In that short moment, the blood-colored moon glowed even brighter, blocking the sun, night, earth, blurry light, and the strange white tower outside.

Faced with the corruption from an Outer Deity, Amon's lips curled up slightly. "He" extended "His" right hand and took out an abnormally ancient stone slab from an unknown location.

The first Blasphemy Slate!

Then, "He" used the stone slab formed from the Chaos Sea to block the remnant opening of the Door of Flesh and Blood. Then, "He" used it as a substitute to receive the falling blood-colored robe.

The first Blasphemy Slate turned illusory, as though it was connected to an infinite sea that contained all the possible colors.

The sea surged and swallowed the blood-colored robe, blocking the crimson tide from the cosmos.

The already collapsed Door of Flesh and Blood rapidly shrank before quickly disappearing. An angry and terrifying roar resounded in the air from within.

In the next second, the crimson moon appeared in the sky. The color quickly faded and turned pure. On it was a huge, distorted, crimson figure.

Wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe, Amon adjusted the monocle on "His" right eye and waved "His" hand at the crimson figure and the bright moon that were staring at him. "He" then smiled and bowed slightly in all directions.

…

In the corpse cathedral that had an erected gigantic cross where countless skulls were watching with their hollow "eyes."

Adam, who was dressed in a simple white robe, took a look at the ceaseless lightning outside the stained glass. "He" slowly got up and walked to the pool of blood that Klein had left behind. "He" bent down and picked up the ancient and mysterious mirror.

Following that, "He" turned around and walked towards the second Blasphemy Slate.

…

The first figure that Zaratul summoned out of the fog of history was still Roselle Gustav, who wore a dark red coat embroidered with gold thread, and had chestnut-colored curly long hair.

To this Attendant of Mysteries, there were quite a number of angels that "He" got to know in "His" long life. There were only a few that were stronger than a Sequence 1 Knowledge Emperor. For example, the Antigonus ancestor before "He" became The Half-Fool, Angel of Fate Ouroboros, or the Red of War brass who could indirectly obtain the strength of the Red Angel.

But under such circumstances, Zaratul believed that summoning Roselle Gustav's Historical Void projection first was safer.

Before the Antigonus family's ancestor became The Half-Fool, "He" too was a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries. Therefore, "He" would be suppressed by the enemy who had deeper control of Sefirah Castle and a level that surpassed most Kings of Angels. After all, "His" enemy was the closest to a true god.

After Zaratul chose to cooperate with the Rose School of Thought and Adam, the success rate of summoning the Angel of Fate Ouroboros would undoubtedly drop. It wasn't suitable for him to attempt it at a critical moment.

The Red of War brass that could borrow the Red Angel's powers didn't possess the strength directly, so the actual effects produced weren't any stronger than that of Knowledge Emperor Roselle Gustav.

In comparison, Zaratul would definitely choose the historical projection that he was most familiar with and the easiest to successfully summon.

"His" plan was to seize the opportunity that Gehrman Sparrow had directly "Wandered" here without preparing any Historical Void projections in

advance to use Knowledge Emperor Roselle Gustav, the Red of War army brass, and Abomination Suah to hold him back and leave "Him" enough time to create a miracle for "Himself."

As soon as Roselle's figure appeared, he immediately condensed into complicated and illusory symbols in his eyes in a bid to infuse large amounts of miscellaneous and useless knowledge into "His" target's mind, causing "His" brain to explode.

At the same time, Zaratul used the various connections he had set up in advance to move "Himself." This swamp was "His" home ground. As he made slippery and transparent tentacles penetrate the hooded black robe and stretch into the fog of history, he summoned the Red of War brass.

At that moment, Roselle Gustav's historical projection suddenly turned his head and used a subtle connection to look towards Zaratul's true form.

Zaratul's mind was instantly filled with information and useless knowledge. "His" brain nearly exploded as "He" was unable to process "His" thoughts for a short period of time.

"He" froze on the spot, "His" gaze not even changing!

The historical projection, Knowledge Emperor Roselle Gustav, that "He" had summoned had betrayed "Him"!

Klein was both surprised and unsurprised by this outcome.

It wasn't surprising because this was his own doing. The Worms of Spirit in Sefirah Castle had already "Grafted" Roselle's present state to the concealed state that Klein had met!

The surprising thing was that Adam had never reminded Zaratul to be careful of Roselle Gustav.

Klein had previously sensed the coincidences in certain matters. His preparations included using The Fool symbol's connection to Roselle Gustav's seal. Through the corresponding prayer point of light, he could throw a Worm of Spirit that contained certain words or intent to his fellow Earthling who was in deep sleep, and awaken "Him." Then, using a "Miracle," "He" could temporarily suppress the corruptive powers of the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

Back then, the worst-case scenario that Klein took precautions against was if something happened to him that prevented him from contacting Sefirah Castle. As such, the Worms of Spirit in Sefirah Castle and the Worms of Spirit that were scattered in different places would end up losing control and be unable to save him.

Once the Worm of Spirit he gave Roselle mutated, Roselle would know that there was something wrong. "He" could then use the powers of a Black Emperor to distort order to maintain the Worm of Spirit's lucidity for a certain period of time.

As for what plan the Worm of Spirit and Roselle would come up with to save himself, Klein didn't know either.

This was the real reason why he could hide from Adam!

With his experience in the Hall of Truth, Klein knew that he wouldn't have any secrets when facing the Visionary. Any rescue plans, be it figured out from the past or on the spot, would be seen and heard clearly by Adam.

At his level, the only way to avoid it was if even he himself didn't know how to save himself.

Of course, Visionary Adam knew without a doubt that Klein had a Worm of Spirit in Roselle Gustav's Black Emperor mausoleum. "He" knew that his backup plan definitely came from this, but "He" wasn't able to pry into the secrets of it because it was contaminated by the Mother Goddess of

Depravity. It was a place that had been corrupted by the cosmos, and the thought of prying into Roselle Gustav was like prying into an Outer Deity!

This was the difference in level.

It was precisely because of this that Klein could calmly ask all kinds of secrets and read the second Blasphemy Slate. On the one hand, knowledge was indeed tempting. And on the other hand, he was stalling for time, waiting for the other side to complete the task of rescuing him. At the same time, he didn't want to occupy his mind; otherwise, he couldn't help but think about how he could save himself.

As a result, Klein began to suspect that other than the unknown reasons as to why Adam had shared so many secrets with him, was because "He" was also trying to lure him into thinking of the solutions he would use to save himself, so as to find clues and stop him in advance.

Therefore, the question-and-answer session in the corpse cathedral was a clash of minds. Klein had to constantly control himself to prevent his thoughts from going astray.

And under this premise, Adam clearly knew that there might be problems with Roselle Gustav, but "He" didn't remind Zaratul!

Regardless of the reason, Klein had no intention of letting the opportunity slip. He immediately raised the Staff of the Stars in his hand and skillfully simulated Amon's Worm of Time's powers.

Gong!

An ancient mottled stone clock phantom appeared. Its face was separated into twelve different segments by grayish-white and bluish-black colors. Each segment represented a different symbol of time.

Gong!

One of the three needles in the middle of the stone clock jumped, and Zaratul's body froze on the spot.

Klein immediately transformed into a maggot vortex that extended countless slippery tentacles. In the middle of the vortex was a strange door of light.

The door of light didn't move as the vortex swirled around it. A terrifying suction force forcefully pulled out the Beyonder characteristics within Zaratul's body.

This was the method Pallez Zoroast had used to deal with Amon's avatar back then. He had relied on his position to forcibly gather characteristics!

Bit by bit, the Beyonder characteristics flew out at an accelerating rate. By the time Zaratul escaped "His" frozen state and the mental explosion, "He" was already unable to extricate himself. "He" could only watch helplessly as "He" was completely carried into the dark and gloomy maggot whirlpool!

A few seconds later, the vortex outlined its body again, and Klein landed his feet on the ground.

In the fog of history, Zaratul's figure appeared again and again, but it was impossible for "Him" to retrieve "His" Beyonder characteristics. In the end, it could only fade away silently, making it difficult for him to completely revive.

Klein used the ritual's remnant effects that hadn't completely dissipated and directly swallowed Zaratul's characteristic!

He wanted to use this to lower the influence of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings!

…

As the corpse cathedral was still floating in the sea of lightning, Adam, who wore a simple white robe and had a faint blond beard, suddenly appeared at the edge of the waters near the ruins of the battle of gods.

The sea split apart, and a path appeared. It led straight to the spot which was stained with the ancient sun god's blood. It led straight to the Giant King's Court's projection—the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

In the depths of the Forsaken Land of the Gods, at the top of a mountain peak, there was a huge cross erected, and there was an indistinct figure hanging upside down on it.

(End of the Seventh Volume—The Hanged Man)

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CHAPTER 1354
THIS NIGHT

(Start of the Eight Volume—Fool)

Late at night, the clanging sound of the door and windows opening woke Wendel up from his deep sleep. He warily rolled off the bed and surveyed his surroundings.

What happened? Utopia encountered a super heavy storm? It wasn't easy for the recently insomniac Wendel to fall asleep, but he had no choice but to get out of bed. His mind was still lethargic, and he looked rather lost.

He soon realized that there was no wind blowing in from the open window, nor did the rain enter. It was like he had opened it while sleepwalking to take in fresh air.

Wendel suddenly thought of the supernatural events that he had experienced and learned from the dossier. He was reminded of the fear of the unknown that once ruled his heart.

He didn't know what else would happen next, nor could he guess what he would encounter. He felt a chill run down his back as he shivered again.

At this moment, he heard the commotion outside the door. All sorts of voices entered his ears.

There were the loud sounds of running, the sounds of judgment, the declarations of orders to be changed, and unconcealed shouts.

"Something is wrong with the underground seal!"

"Be on high alert!"

Underground seal? What kind of item is sealed beneath the Irises Hotel? Wendel was surprised and confused. He couldn't help but walk to the door and look around.

He then saw an MI9 colleague, who he barely knew, and Colonel Xio Derecha, who was on duty tonight.

Did MI9 find Utopia because of me? They're here to handle the abnormality? Wendel instinctively frowned just as the thought flashed through his mind.

He discovered that the corridor outside was completely different from the Irises Hotel. Not only were there gas lamps on both sides, but there were also classical candle stands. The floor was very bright, and the ceiling was more than three meters high…

This… This isn't the Irises Hotel… Wendel suddenly turned around and sized up the room he was in.

He quickly recognized that this was his sleeping quarters at MI9 headquarters. His luggage was placed quietly in a corner without any signs of movement.

Wendel clearly remembered that he had headed to Utopia through the washroom in his room. He wasn't too confident in the process, so he didn't bring his luggage and only held the subpoena from Utopia's courts.

Tap! Tap! Tap! He quickly ran to the window and looked outside.

What greeted his eyes was the garden and lawn at MI9 headquarters.

I-I'm back in Backlund again? Or perhaps, I didn't return to Utopia at all. I was just too tired and ended up having a dream in my sleep? Wendel dazedly walked back to his bed and sat down.

After about ten seconds, he suddenly jumped up and picked up his coat from the ground.

Then, he saw the Utopian subpoena in the inner pocket of the coat when it should be inside a drawer.

Wendel fell silent, as though he had become a statue.

…

Travel columnist, Monica, also woke up from the banging of the doors and windows.

She sat up straight, pulled the blanket up, and placed it in front of her chest.

The sleepy-eyed Monica's first reaction was that a robber had barged into the hotel. She was about to scream and call for the police.

But in the next ten to twenty seconds, Monica didn't hear any footsteps entering her room. However, there were more and more people gathered along the corridor.

"What happened?"

"It doesn't seem like a hurricane…”

"Was it a prank?"

"Damn clown, if I knew who it was, I would definitely kick his ass hard!"

…

The voices of discussion were mixed with all kinds of curses.

Monica didn't think much of it when she heard it. Instead, she thought of using the crowd's discussion to consider the reason underlying the

paranormal activity and write it in her traveling column.

But as she listened, she gradually realized something was amiss.

How could Irises Hotel have so many guests?

She remembered clearly that on this floor, there were at most five rooms with guests. This included her room.

At that moment, Monica thought of the ghost stories she had heard. She immediately felt as if there were wraiths and shadows outside.

She had originally stretched her feet towards the bedside, preparing to leave the room to participate in the discussion and grasp more details for her writing material. But now, she retracted her feet and curled into a ball, trembling.

A few seconds later, she heard a man say, "I asked the hotel owner, and he said that he had no idea what happened. Perhaps there was a short storm just now.

"Return to your room and get some rest. Remember to lock the windows. Yawn. I have to get up early tomorrow to go to the Royal Museum."

Royal Museum.… Monica was stunned.

As a travel columnist, as a traveler who had been in Utopia for a long time, she naturally knew that there was no Royal Museum.

In the Loen Kingdom, a museum with such a royal name would definitely be in Backlund.

To take a steam locomotive from Utopia to Backlund required many hours. Even if he woke up early, he wouldn't be able to arrive before the Royal Museum closed.

Monica was puzzled. She slowly lifted the blanket. She heard the sound of the door and windows closing continuously.

She got off the bed carefully and walked towards the door.

During this process, she gradually saw the room through the moonlight.

Hiss… Monica almost screamed.

This wasn't the guest room she had slept in previously!

Regardless of the layout or arrangement, they were completely different!

The ghost stories that she had thought of earlier surged into her mind again, causing her legs to give way, and she almost couldn't support herself.

Just as Monica's teeth were chattering, she saw a hotel name card on the table. It was prepared for guests. If she brought it out, she would be able to get someone to guide her back when she was lost—even if she didn't know the language.

Monica subconsciously approached it and used the moonlight to identify the words on the name card.

Carlpensa Hotel, Backlund West Borough, 19 Mourning Street.

Backlund West Borough… Backlund… Monica's eyes widened as she felt like space and time had gone topsy-turvy.

…

Backlund, Hillston Borough, in a house with a fireplace.

Fors heard the door and windows open, but she didn't immediately wake up. This was because she had fallen into a strange nightmare and couldn't break free.

She dreamed that her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, had been influenced by the family's Sealed Artifact, dying in front of her with blood dripping. She dreamed that she had lost control and mutated, turning into a series of starlight insects that warped into the shape of doors. She couldn't help but fly towards a Door of Flesh and Blood. She dreamed that the apocalypse had dawned, and the surging blood-colored tide had drowned the entire world, preventing Xio, Gehrman Sparrow, and company from escaping…

Finally, Fors escaped the dream and sat up, panting heavily.

As a demigod, one who was once an Astrologer, she knew what such a dream meant. She hurriedly suppressed her emotions and looked up ahead.

The glass on the oriel window in the bedroom all bore open at some point in time.

Something must've happened… Furthermore, it has a certain relationship with the apocalypse, the Abraham family, and the Apprentice pathway… Fors silently muttered to herself before standing up and wearing a cloak, preparing to "Teleport" to her teacher to confirm his safety.

Such a change made her feel a sense of urgency towards advancing to Sequence 3 or even Sequence 2.

After learning about the apocalypse from Mr. Fool and The World Gehrman Sparrow, Fors had actually been working hard, but the Secrets Sorcerer potion wasn't something that she could digest in a short period of time. Furthermore, without making any contributions, she couldn't bring herself to ask her teacher for the Wanderer's formula and ingredients.

Of course, if she was willing, she could've obtained it from Mr. Door. However, how could she have been bewitched after receiving all kinds of reminders?

Phasing away, Fors vanished from the room.

A few seconds later, she appeared at Dorian Gray Abraham's residence and saw her teacher sitting there, pressing down on his heart as though he had been frightened.

“…Do you need medicine?" Fors asked carefully.

She had purchased medicine from Mr. Moon to treat ailments of age.

Dorian took a deep breath and shook his head.

"There's no need."

Fors immediately relaxed.

"Teacher, I dreamed that you were affected by the negative effects of the Sealed Artifact. Uh, the windows and doors around me had undergone unnecessary changes, so I came over to take a look."

Dorian looked up at the window open and said with a serious expression,

"Your dream wasn't wrong. I nearly died just now, but at the most critical moment, the seal came into effect…”

Having said that, he suddenly stood up and said to Fors, "Quick! Bring me somewhere else. I'm worried that something might happen to the other family members!"

Without any hesitation, Fors immediately grabbed her teacher's arm and asked for the exact location.

Their figures rapidly faded away and disappeared.

After traveling through the spirit world that was covered in gray fog for several seconds, Fors and Dorian suddenly left their present environment and landed in a place that looked like a study.

There were quite a few people standing there. They were members of the Abraham family who wielded different Sealed Artifacts and could "Travel."

"Vilos? Why are all of you here?" Dorian blurted out.

Vilos and the others shook their heads at the same time, both confused and terrified.

In the next second, countless dazzling stars appeared out of the void.

The starlight quickly gathered together, turning into objects that fell to the ground one after another.

There was a miniature door of starlight, a crystal ball formed from insects. There was a translucent, strange-looking key, a resplendent torch that burned slightly…

For some reason, names after names appeared in Dorian and company's minds:

Sequence 3 Wanderer Beyonder characteristic… Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer Beyonder characteristic… Sequence 1 Key of Stars Beyonder characteristic, Sequence 2 Planeswalker Beyonder characteristic…

Furthermore, there wasn't just one of each Beyonder characteristic. There were even two Sequence 1 Key of Stars Beyonder characteristics! In addition, there were three Planeswalker Beyonder characteristics, and even more of the rest.

The key members of the Abraham family and Fors slowly turned agape, unable to close them for a long time.

By the time all the Beyonder characteristics dropped to the ground, nothing abnormal happened again. There was silence.

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CHAPTER 1355
WRAPPING UP THE MATTER

The nearly frozen silence lasted for nearly ten seconds before the Abraham family members uniformly cast their gaze at Fors.

After sensing the mixed emotions of wariness, guardedness, and fear, Fors took the initiative to take a few steps to the side and warned, "Be careful of the negative effects."

Even if the Beyonder characteristics hadn't fused with the surroundings and formed Sealed Artifacts, they contained certain negative effects. However, most of the time, it would only have effects from direct contact. Of course, the Beyonder characteristics here were all High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics. No one could be certain if they would actively expand their area of influence.

Seeing that Fors didn't show any obvious greed, Dorian nodded and said, "When you finish digesting the Secrets Sorcerer potion, you can consider advancing to Sequence 3 Wanderer. I'll give you the potion formula and prepare the corresponding ingredients for you. Of course, at this level, the higher the Sequence, the greater the danger you face. This is an objective situation. It doesn't change because of your personal will and arrangements. When the time comes, you can decide whether you wish to advance or not."

He said these words because he cared for his student, and on the other hand, he wanted to assure her that whatever the Abraham family possessed was equivalent to her possessing it. No one would treat her as an outsider and deliberately make things difficult for her on the matter of raising her Sequence.

This could effectively eliminate the heat brought by greed.

And after obtaining so many High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics, Vilos and the other members of the Abraham family weren't unwilling to part with a Wanderer Beyonder characteristic. They even believed that using it to exchange for "peace" was absolutely worth it. After all, there was only one demigod here—Fors.

Without the time to bring out their Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, and because of the ineffectiveness of the seals, the Abraham family members didn't dare take out most of the Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts. Under such a situation, Fors had the ability to finish all of them off.

Faced with her teacher's promise, Fors tersely acknowledged.

"Was the 'door' to the concealed space opened?

She thought that the High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics in front of her were all from the Abraham family's treasure vault and had been thrown into the real world due to the recent abnormality. However, she did feel that there were too many of them.

"No." Dorian slowly shook his head, looking confused.

The other Abraham family members remained silent, equally confused.

No one would believe that treasure would fall from the skies unless it happened before their eyes!

"Should we pray to Mr. Fool?" Fors tried giving a suggestion.

Dorian, who had a vague guess, immediately looked at the other Abrahams. He saw the ones who had changed faiths to Mr. Fool nod in agreement. Those who hadn't changed faiths were clearly hesitant and eager to object.

After some consideration, Dorian composed himself and said, "Gather the ones with negative area-of-effect traits while using the correct method. Prevent them from combining with the surroundings.

"I'll pray to Mr. Fool at the side."

"Alright." The few members of the Abraham family hesitated for two seconds before agreeing.

Following that, they seized the opportunity to identify the characteristics and attempt to gather them.

After some of the members had obtained a certain amount, Dorian finally retreated to Fors's side and bowed his head to pray to Mr. Fool.

Soon, a grayish-white fog and an ancient palace deep in the fog appeared in front of him. A high and solemn voice resounded in his ears:

"These are the relics of Mr. Door.

"Your bloodline curse has been completely removed."

Relics of Mr. Door… Relics… Dorian ruminated over the word and opened his eyes, casting his gaze at the High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics.

He looked on silently, his vision gradually blurring.

…

East Chester County, the Hall family manor.

Alfred and the others, who had just figured out the source of the explosion and the "enemy attack" shout, saw the doors and windows opening at the same time as they crashed into the walls.

During this process, several pieces of glass shattered.

There is indeed something abnormal… Alfred raised his hand with a solemn expression. He said to his adjutant, squire, personal guards, and bodyguards, "Retreat back to the main house to prevent any accidents that might happen next.

"At the same time, send a telegram to the archbishop of East Chester diocese, and request for assistance."

He felt that the most important thing right now was not to investigate the anomaly, but to protect his father, mother, and sister.

He had plenty of time to do the former after daybreak. But if anything happened to the latter, it would be impossible to make up for it.

After returning to the manor's main house and arranging for strict patrols, Alfred walked into the living room and said to Earl Hall, "There was indeed something abnormal, but the guard couldn't describe what he saw. He only felt extreme fear at that moment."

Earl Hall nodded calmly and said, "We'll do further investigations after daybreak.

"Sit down and get some rest."

Beside him, Audrey was holding her mother's arm as she quietly listened to her father and two brothers talking.

Of course, this was only an image. She had been continuously releasing Virtual Personas in an attempt to find the reason for the sudden opening of doors and windows from the memories of eyewitnesses.

After a few minutes, she ended the investigation, somewhat disappointed. For the time being, she temporarily attributed it to the influence left behind by the mind dragon, Ariehogg, and Mr. Wrath.

At that moment, she realized that the golden retriever, Susie, had a strange look in her eyes. She quickly sent out a Virtual Persona and entered the mind island of the other party's soul to have a private conversation.

"What did you discover?" Audrey asked directly.

On Susie's mind island, a voice resounded:

"I smell a thick scent of blood. At the edge of the manor, It happened sometime before the doors and windows opened. Yes, it happened about ten seconds after the explosion."

After hearing that, Audrey pursed her lips and fell silent for a few seconds.

"Go take a look."

Susie immediately stood up and tiptoed out of the living room. She left the manor's main house from a side door on the first floor.

During this process, there would be people looking at her from time to time, but they didn't mind her and didn't attempt to stop her. After all, she was just a dog, a dog who had mastered Psychological Invisibility.

After walking the path to the furthest building from the manor's main house, Susie twitched her nose and chose an open window before jumping in.

Then, she saw a bloody corpse on the bed. Its skin had shed.

And what she saw was equivalent to Audrey seeing it through the Virtual Persona that she planted in her mind island.

In the living room inside the main house of the manor, Audrey, who was holding her mother's arm, lowered her head.

Then she lifted her head, and her eyes swept slowly and deeply across her family's faces—Earl Hall, Lady Catelyn, Hibbert, and Alfred.

She maintained her silence, becoming increasingly silent.

…

Bayam, inside the Cathedral of Waves.

Alger, who was wearing a robe embroidered with the Storm symbol, walked out from the underground area one step at a time. He nodded at the Mandated Punishers and priests who were waiting by the sides.

"The seals were restored to normal in time.

"You can return the items under your watch."

"Yes, Your Eminence." The Mandated Punishers, priests, and bishops heaved a sigh of relief as they struck their left chest with their right fists.

Alger didn't say anything else as he responded with the same salute.

After returning to his room, he slowly looked around. He took a deep breath and found a seat to sit down.

The Fool that doesn't belong to this era… Alger silently prayed to Mr. Fool, expressing his thoughts of preparing to leave the Church of Storms.

The explanation that the seal was restored to normal in time could only convince relatively low-level members of the Church. It was impossible to hide from any cardinal or high-ranking deacon, much less the pontiff and the Lord of Storms.

And if he didn't get Mr. Fool's approval and protection, Alger didn't dare leave the Church of Storms so casually. He would definitely suffer the wrath of a god.

A few seconds later, he saw the familiar boundless gray fog and heard Mr. Fool's reply:

"Okay.

"Go to the Church of the Sea God."

Phew… Alger relaxed, stood up, and took off his Storm robe.

After changing into a linen shirt, brown jacket, and pantaloons, Alger looked at the cardinal robe on the table and fell silent for a while.

Then, he reached out and folded the robe neatly.

After carefully examining it for a few seconds, Alger retracted his gaze and flew out of the cathedral through the open board window by controlling a strong wind.

He first flew to the bell tower and landed on the top. He looked down at the surrounding streets and down at Bayam.

During this process, Alger stepped on the edge of the roof and slowly circled it.

Finally, he closed his eyes.

A hurricane suddenly stirred as it swept Alger towards the Church of the Sea God.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein silently sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool.

His figure would occasionally turn incorporeal, as though he was wearing a mysterious and classical black robe. During such instances, he wore a hood that made his face indiscernible. At other times, he would return to normal. However, he was enveloped in a faint gray fog.

The frequency of this change gradually slowed down.

And every time Klein transformed into the black-robed, hooded figure, slippery tentacles with strange patterns growing would extend out from under his clothes.

These nearly transparent tentacles flailed about, striking everywhere as if taking the palace for itself.

After a while, Klein's figure finally stabilized.

Out of habit, he raised his right hand and rubbed his temples as he muttered to himself, *The awakening of the Celestial Worthy's will is faster and more intense than I expected… If I hadn't devoured Zaratul's Beyonder characteristic and used the remnant mental imprint to balance it and stalled for time, I wouldn't have been able to adjust my state and stop "Him" from awakening…*

However, this made Klein's mental state rather unstable.

And he didn't lose control because his Miracle Invoker potion had already been completely digested, and the new Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic he consumed was mostly digested shortly after consumption. The identity of The World was a Blessed of the owner of Sefirah Castle, making it directly equivalent to the Attendant of Mysteries. Therefore, Klein had already acted the role of Attendant of Mysteries for a very long time, and it had been quite successful.

As for the second Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic, he still needed some time to digest it.

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CHAPTER 1356
URGENCY

After stabilizing his anchors, the will of the Celestial Worthy, and the weak balance of his consciousness, Klein leaned back in his chair and observed the various powers brought about by the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic.

Among them, there were three most important ones. They were all grasped by Klein using Sefirah Castle and the "curtain," ahead of time, but he just didn't know the exact names.

The first was "Regenerate": If the materials that made up an item once had a Spirit Body, then the Attendant of Mysteries could use the powers of "Regenerate" to summon the corresponding Spirit Body Threads, making the item become his marionette. Then, he could establish a deep connection with the item and also naturally transform it into a marionette.

To put it simply, an Attendant of Mysteries couldn't allow something that didn't have Spirit Body Threads to produce Spirit Body Threads, but he could allow some items to regenerate their Spirit Body Threads that had long disappeared. The former represented metallic items, gold coins, gold pounds, and so on. The latter mainly consisted of beef, fish, and other food. Once humans ate food that were marionettes, they would also transform into marionettes, as though they had encountered intense corruption.

The second was "Reassembly," which was also known as "Tampering": It could reassemble many physical objects or abstract concepts into something different, resulting in an unbelievable effect. It was like changing the definition, logic, orientation, or rules.

The third was the "Realm of Mysteries": This was an ability used to create an embryonic form of a divine kingdom. It could bring about a certain concealment effect.

"Reassembly" represents the authority of "change," while the "Realm of Mysteries" represents "concealment." The two essential elements of The Fool's symbol are in place… However, "Reassembly" and "Tampering" doesn't sound nice, and the meaning isn't clear enough. "Grafting" is still better. It's obvious at a glance… Klein mumbled inwardly before casting his gaze around.

Now, he had deepened his control of Sefirah Castle, he could directly borrow the powers nearing Sequence 0 of the Seer pathway. He could also use most of the Beyonder powers below Sequence 0 of the Marauder and Apprentice pathways. It was quite similar to Dark Angel Sasrir from back then.

Of course, Dark Angel Sasrir could only use the first Blasphemy Slate to indirectly use the powers of the Chaos Sea. As for Klein, he was the owner of Sefirah Castle, one that hadn't fully gained control of the sefirah. Therefore, his level was higher than Dark Angel Sasrir's.

As for strength, in theory, he was stronger, but his strength was affected by too many factors. Having only become a Beyonder after a few years, Klein couldn't guarantee that he would definitely be able to defeat Heaven's deputy and the left hand of God.

In short, he was now considered a king of the King of Angels, and he was very close to the level of a true god.

After gaining a deeper grasp of Sefirah Castle, the difference between me in here and in the outside world is almost gone. It wouldn't result in me being a King of Angels outside but having the power of a true god in Sefirah Castle… The greatest advantage here is it provides me a defensive barrier that even a true god can't break. Yes, whether the Outer Deities can do it

remains to be seen… Klein slowly exhaled as he focused his attention on the current situation.

There were two things he was most worried about at present:

The first was the Primordial Moon, which was also the Mother Goddess of Depravity. Although "She" failed to fully descend into the real world with Mr. Door's return, a little portion of "Her" strength had invaded. Furthermore, "She" maintained it for a few seconds under the attacks of the five orthodox deities of Evernight, Steam, and company. Whether this would affect the surroundings, the corresponding pathways, and exert certain effects on some matters remained to be seen.

Second, Angel of Time Amon has already stolen Mr. Door's ritual and became Sequence 0 of the Marauder pathway. "He" would be Klein's most direct and most powerful enemy.

I wonder if Amon has taken the opportunity to accommodate Mr. Door's Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Key of Stars. If "He" has completed this step, "He" will be the most powerful true god in the real world. Hmm, I wonder how "He" compares to the Evernight Goddess. No one knows how much of the Death and God of Combat Uniquenesses the Goddess has accommodated.

Typically speaking, Amon shouldn't have the time to accommodate the Apprentice pathway's Uniqueness. Although Mr. Door's return is equivalent to the ritual itself, the most important matter at that moment was to replace Mr. Door, allowing the three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and the Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway to gather together, resulting in a qualitative change. There's no time to accommodate the Uniqueness of the Apprentice pathway. Also, this operation has a high chance of awakening the Celestial Worthy. Amon wouldn't take such a risk…

In other words, Amon's subsequent focus is to accommodate the Uniqueness of the Apprentice pathway and become a true god of two pathways.

Otherwise, under the watch of the other true deities, it will be very difficult for "Him" to finish off a King of Angels like me.

Furthermore, even if "He" does take the risk and succeeds, "Him" having accommodated the Apprentice pathway's Uniqueness means that "He" has to slowly adapt and stabilize "His" condition, making it impossible to deal with me in a short period of time.

I have to make use of the time to become The Fool. Only by doing so can I use Sefirah Castle and my own level to resist Amon.

I don't have much time left… Klein silently gave a self-deprecating comment. He leaned forward and gently tapped the edge of the long mottled table.

He was analyzing the possibility of him becoming The Fool in a short period of time.

The digestion of the Attendant of Mysteries potion was relatively simple. By the time Klein used his anchor and consciousness to suppress the awakening of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, and not lose control or become someone else, he could use Sefirah Castle to create an avatar like Amon. Then, he could use the power of Sefirah Castle to steal the undigested Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic he got from Zaratul.

At this point, Klein would immediately turn the avatar into a marionette to prevent any unexpected developments.

This way, Klein would drop to the level of an Attendant of Mysteries who had fully digested the potion, and he would have an Attendant of Mysteries marionette—this was one of the main ingredients of the potion.

And the Attendant of Mysteries who had digested the potion was qualified to consume The Fool's potion and become a Sequence 0 true god.

These series of operations weren't too complicated, but it was prone to mistakes. Furthermore, an ordinary dual Sequence 1 King of Angels from the Seer pathway couldn't do it unless "They" have a Sequence 2 Trojan Horse of Destiny friend of the Marauder pathway who's willing to sacrifice "Himself" to provide help. Of course, a Sequence 1 Worm of Time friend could do it.

Therefore, to Klein, the most troublesome thing was the other two matters: First, how to deal with The Half-Fool of the Antigonus family, and secondly, how to complete the ritual of "fooling time, history, or fate."

With my current level and strength, it isn't impossible to deal with the Antigonus family's ancestor. Of course, the prerequisite is that I should first familiarize myself with the corresponding Beyonder powers and changes in Sefirah Castle… Sigh, I don't have any idea on how to approach The Fool's ritual at all. Klein raised his hand and pinched his forehead, casting his gaze at the grayish-white fog beneath Sefirah Castle.

Among time, history, and fate, he was undoubtedly more familiar with history.

Now, he could use Sefirah Castle to directly influence the fog of history, allowing the corresponding powers of the Seer pathway to become stronger or weaker.

This was the embodiment of authority.

Fooling history… Fooling history… Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table again as various thoughts flashed through his mind, but he repeatedly wrote them off.

In his opinion, all the possible solutions didn't satisfy the requirements of "fooling history." This was because history objectively recorded what had happened. Whatever happened was definitely reasonable. And the solutions that could satisfy the requirements, such as returning to the past, consuming

the potion, and becoming The Fool that came from history, wasn't able to achieve it. At the very least, Klein had never seen the ability to reverse time.

As his gaze moved deep into the fog of history, Klein suddenly had a feasible idea.

The present reality of history was this: The Tarot Club members believed that they were following The Fool that didn't belong to this era—an awakened ancient god or an existence that surpassed an ancient god. In fact, Mr. Fool was originally just an ordinary person hanging above the gray fog. He used all sorts of resources to package himself and improve himself.

Klein's thoughts were inspired by Amon.

He could use Sefirah Castle to create an avatar, and let the avatar use Sefirah Castle to steal the fate, consciousness, anchors, and Zaratul's Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic.

Therefore, the main body's Beyonder characteristic was formed purely from the one inside the "curtain," in which the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings was slowly awakening in.

This way, the understanding of the Tarot Club members was correct. Mr. Fool was a great existence that was awakening.

This went against the true history, but it was a fact grounded in reality. It could fulfill the requirements of the ritual.

Of course, the premise was that the act of stealing an avatar needed to happen in Sefirah Castle or other concealed areas. Otherwise, it would also be recorded in history, preventing it from achieving the effects of "fooling."

As for how he was to deal with the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings when "He" awakened, and how his avatar was to kill his true form and make "Him" a potion, Klein was temporarily out of a solution.

The result of this attempt is equivalent to suicide. Heh, before being killed by the Celestial Worthy, my avatar's Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic would've been digested by then. After all, I successfully revived the Lord of the Mysteries… Klein shook his head and threw the incomplete plan to the back of his mind.

Under the circumstances where he couldn't think of a solution, he decided to seek advice from the existences that might know what to do.

He had two targets: One was Snake of Fate Will Auceptin, and the other was the Evernight Goddess.

The former might have some thoughts about "fooling fate," while the latter probably knew what kind of ritual the ancestor of the Antigonus family used to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness.

After stabilizing his mental state, Klein left Sefirah Castle and directly "Teleported" to Backlund.

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CHAPTER 1357
MEETING

Deep in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, on the peak of a mountain stood a gigantic cross that bordered the realm of reality and illusion.

There was a blurry figure hanging there. Ancient wooden stakes dyed with fresh blood that didn't drip down passed through "His" body, nailing "Him" to the cross.

At the bottom of the cross was the Angel of Fate Ouroboros, who was wearing a simple linen robe and had silver hair that reached "His" waist. "He" sat there cross-legged with a gentle and pious expression as "He" closed "His" eyes and prayed.

Adam, whose face was half-covered by a pale blond beard, walked over and stopped in front of the huge cross. "He" raised "His" head and silently looked at the hanging figure.

"He" held Arrodes in one hand and held the second Blasphemy Slate in the other. "His" eyes were limpid and his expression was calm.

After an unknown period of time, the image of The Hanged Man on the huge cross suddenly faded away, connecting to the sky and to the land below with a shadow curtain. Behind the curtain, there seemed to be a pair of cold eyes watching over the world.

In the next second, a rift appeared in the shadow curtain. It was dark inside, faintly reverberating with an illusory tidal wave.

Adam raised "His" left hand and let the ancient and mysterious magic mirror emit a faint glow.

In the light, a sticky but illusory black liquid surged out. A boundless sea that seemed to contain all colors appeared. It looked like it was at arm's length but couldn't affect reality.

Following that, Adam placed the second Blasphemy Slate into the illusory scene.

The illusory sea scene in the distance ebbed gently as it circled the second Blasphemy Slate, forming a certain connection with it.

The second Blasphemy Slate was a manifestation of the corpse of the ancient sun god—one which was extremely close to being a Great Old One, and almost equivalent to the owner of the Chaos Sea.

Upon seeing this scene, Adam's left hand moved slightly, allowing Arrodes to fly up and fall towards the Angel of Fate Ouroboros under the huge cross.

The second Blasphemy Slate that "He" held underwent some subtle changes, and through the rift on the curtain, "He" walked inside.

The shadow curtain closed and quickly faded away, leaving behind a huge empty cross.

No one said a word throughout the entire process. Everything was carried out silently. Angel of Fate Ouroboros didn't even attempt to open "His" eyes.

At the same time, Amon became a god and used the first Blasphemy Slate to block the tunnel that the Mother Goddess of Depravity was trying to enter through. The Lord of Storms finally smote apart the corpse cathedral that Adam had envisioned out of nothing, and one of Adam's identities.

After a while, Tail Devourer Ouroboros opened "His" eyes and cast "His" gaze at Arrodes, which had landed on "His" lap.

On the surface of the mirror, silver words appeared in the swirling illusory water:

"You should know the feeling of piously believing and following a great existence, right?"

Ouroboros nodded indifferently.

"So, can you send me back to my Lord?" On the surface of the mirror, silver words squirmed and formed a new sentence. "Once you answer, you can ask me two questions."

Ouroboros silently looked at the ancient mirror in silence for a long time.

Finally, Arrodes couldn't help but produce a new question:

"Why aren't you answering?"

Ouroboros looked at "Himself" in the mirror and replied calmly, "I haven't thought through it yet."

"Three questions…" On the surface of the magic mirror, the silver light slowly outlined two words.

…

In Backlund, on a lawn that belonged to a bungalow.

Will Auceptin, who was already over two years old, was happily chasing a fat golden cat with glistening fur. Beside "Him" was a nanny and a maid.

Ever since this Snake of Fate was born, Aaron Ceres's career had improved by the day. Now, he owned a private hospital that provided medical services

to high society.

As "He" ran, Will Auceptin stepped on a spot that was slippery. With a slip, "His" body involuntarily leaned back.

"He" took a few steps back and stepped on another rock.

This provided an impetus to stop Will Auceptin's fall, miraculously allowing him to maintain "His" balance.

In regards to this encounter, alarms started ringing in this chubby toddler's head. This was because with "His" luck, it was impossible for "Him" to step on a spot that could make people slip.

A familiar figure quickly appeared in "His" eyes.

It was Sherlock Moriarty wearing a half top hat and a black double-breasted coat.

Will Auceptin turned "His" head abruptly and looked at "His" nanny and maid. "He" discovered that they hadn't noticed the appearance of the stranger on the lawn.

"I have a nagging feeling you would say: 'Go ahead and scream. No one will hear you,'" the two-year-old toddler mumbled as he turned around.

Without waiting for Klein's reply, "He" spread "His" hands and said, "In short, I must congratulate you on becoming a King of Angels.

"Bullying children doesn't suit your current status."

Klein let out a soft chuckle.

"Do you know how to fool fate?"

Will Auceptin raised "His" head and looked warily at Klein.

"Giving me fake ice cream isn't equivalent to fooling fate."

With that said, "He" grumbled, "Why don't you squat down? At my age, it'll be bad for my neck's development if I have to keep raising my head like this."

Klein didn't have the air of a newly advanced King of Angels. He squatted down with a smile, allowing Will Auceptin to look him straight in the eye.

Will Auceptin held "His" nanny's hand and said, "Unless I've advanced to Sequence 0 and become a Wheel of Fortune, fooling me in any form doesn't count as fooling fate."

Klein thought and asked, "You haven't found the opportunity to accommodate the Die of Probability?"

"No." Will Auceptin shook "His" head before adding, "I have a premonition that it's coming soon."

Klein carefully looked at the chubby two-year-old toddler for a few seconds before suddenly smiling.

"If I were to give you and the Die of Probability to Ouroboros, would 'He' quickly advance to Sequence 0?"

Will Auceptin glared at Klein and said, "He will also need to wait for an opportunity to accommodate it. Furthermore, the opportunity to become a Wheel of Fortune, and the requirement to accommodate the Die of Probability isn't the same."

As "He" spoke, Will Auceptin curled "His" lips.

"If you wish to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness, the corresponding ritual can be simplified. It won't be that difficult.

"In such a situation, by ingeniously using the abilities of a Trojan Horse of Destiny and making a sacrifice to a certain degree, there's a chance of fooling fate.

"However, when you attempt to advance to Sequence 0, even if you accommodate the Uniqueness and absorb three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics on separate occasions, you will still have to hold a ritual, allowing the corresponding items to fuse and undergo a qualitative change."

Is that so… In other words, choosing to first accommodate the Uniqueness is just a trick, but in the end, I have to truly fool time, history, or fate… Klein nodded slightly and said, "I roughly understand."

He smiled and added, "Enjoy your childhood. I wonder how long it will last."

With that said, Klein's figure turned transparent and vanished from the lawn.

Will Auceptin's other empty hand instinctively grabbed forward before retracting it weakly.

"He left just like that… He's so rude. He actually didn't prepare a present when he visited…" the child couldn't help but mutter.

…

North Borough in Backlund. Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Klein, who had transformed into Dwayne Dantès, walked into the prayer hall and found a corner to sit down.

He looked at the Evernight Sacred Emblem on the altar, lowered his head, clasped his hands, and began to pray.

"The Evernight Goddess who stands higher than the cosmos and more eternal than eternity. You are also the Mother of Concealment, the Empress of Misfortune and Horror…”

As he prayed, Klein's body and mind gradually settled down as though he had entered a half-awake state.

After an unknown period of time, a boundless darkness appeared in front of him. Beside his feet was a clump of night vanilla and slumber flowers.

This place was so quiet that even breathing seemed to disturb those in slumber around him.

Before Klein could survey his surroundings, a figure suddenly descended from the depths of the darkness.

There was clearly no sky or land here, but the figure seemed to come from the crimson moon or the stars in the sky.

"She" was wearing a long, layered black dress that didn't seem complicated at all. It was adorned with countless resplendent lights, as though the starry night sky had been draped upon it.

"Her" head was indistinct and difficult to discern. He could only confirm that it was a female.

"Long time no see," the figure said gently before Klein spoke.

"Her" voice was like a lullaby.

Klein bowed in a gentlemanly manner and said, "Is this directed at the former Lord of the Mysteries, or me who was previously hung above Sefirah Castle?"

Klein was very certain that this was a dream, but a dream didn't mean that it was fake.

The Evernight Goddess's projection said with a smile, "I'm not sure where you were hanging above that door of light. After I left, I never went back again."

Indeed… Klein sighed inwardly. From the details, he confirmed the origins of the Evernight Goddess Amanises.

"The three cocoons of light that tore open were side by side," he replied simply.

The Evernight Goddess's projection was silently floating in the darkness, giving off a surreal feeling.

"She" said softly, "The people there were all candidates meant for the Lord of the Mysteries's revival, but due to some unknown incident, "He" lost control of many things.

"If it wasn't for that, I would've died long ago, and lived with the identity of the Lord of the Mysteries. Then, you and Roselle wouldn't have had the chance to return to reality."

This means that the death of the Celestial Worthy is more thorough. "He" can only rely on the will left inside the Beyonder characteristic and the mechanical arrangements of Sefirah Castle to revive? Klein sighed and smiled.

"I can already hear 'Him' whispering into my ears."

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CHAPTER 1358
CONVERSATION

The Evernight Goddess's projection calmly said, "For 'Him' or 'Them,' we are unable to defeat or stop 'Them.' All we can do is resist and suppress 'Them.'"

Perhaps, at certain times, a tiny oversight or relaxing even the slightest will turn us into "Him"…On the path of being a Beyonder, danger is always accompanying us. No one knows when one will fall into the abyss… Klein silently added a few words for the Evernight Goddess.

He thought for a moment and asked, "Did you cause some sort of disturbance when I was born?"

Seemingly fused with the surroundings, the Evernight Goddess nodded slightly.

"I used the Uniqueness in Antigonus to indirectly affect Sefirah Castle to 'Tamper' the Beyonder characteristic that accompanied your birth to the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

Indeed… Klein sighed and frowned.

"The Uniqueness of Antigonus can indirectly influence Sefirah Castle?"

The Evernight Goddess's projection replied gently like a lullaby, "'He' has already lost control.

"This also means that 'His' self-awareness is no longer able to suppress the Lord of the Mysteries's will in 'Him.' The two psyches are stitched together,

revealing the most primitive, most instinctual, and also most bloody and crazy side.

"And the Lord of the Mysteries is the former owner of Sefirah Castle. The present Antigonus can indirectly influence Sefirah Castle by using this identity very naturally."

It's no wonder the Evernight Goddess has a greater understanding of the strange door of light than Emperor Roselle. On the one hand, "She" was born from Sefirah Castle, and on the other hand, "She" had imprisoned the crazy Antigonus… Klein was enlightened as he continued asking, "Why didn't you have any Beyonder characteristics accompanying you and Roselle when both of you were born?"

In that case, be it the Evernight Goddess or Emperor Roselle, they definitely would've chosen one of the Seer, Apprentice, or Marauder pathways.

The Evernight Goddess's projection said indifferently, "This is also why I said that something unknown had happened to the Lord of the Mysteries, causing many of the prior arrangements to be out of control.

After two consecutive failures, Sefirah Castle experienced a certain change.

"This is also a good thing for you. As the apocalypse arrives, the remnant will of the Lord of the Mysteries has dissipated. In the end, all that's left is a mental imprint that's attempting to awaken.

"If you were born in the Fourth Epoch, you would've become 'Him' the moment you became an Attendant of Mysteries."

This was because Klein had used the "curtain" left behind by the Celestial Worthy during his advancement. As for the Beyonder characteristics in the bodies of Antigonus and Zaratul, they had undergone generations of Beyonders and Beyonder creatures, diluting and wearing off the will.

Klein had a nagging feeling that the Evernight Goddess had some guesses about what had happened to the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. However, since "She" deliberately didn't mention it, it wasn't appropriate for him to probe further. All he could do was say, "How did Antigonus manage to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness?"

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection didn't hide anything as "She" replied gently, "'He' sought the help of Adam and Amon.

"'They' were supporting Alista Tudor back then."

Using the abilities of the Trojan Horse of Destiny? Klein acutely grasped the core reason based on Will Auceptin's explanation and his inference.

The Evernight Goddess's projection that was like the starry sky of the night quietly comforted "Her" surroundings.

"'They' captured a demigod from the Solomon Empire and got Adam to do a deeper level hypnotism act and a transplant of the corresponding memory, making him believe that he was Antigonus.

"Then, with Amon working with Antigonus, 'He' stole Antigonus's identity and fate while Antigonus used the 'Tampering' authority to combine the identity and fate with the experimental subject.

"That demigod from the Solomon Empire began living in the state of Antigonus, and after some time, he took the initiative to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness.

"'He' undoubtedly lost control. At this moment, the real Antigonus removed the 'Tampering,' allowing 'His' identity and fate to return into Amon's hands. Amon ended the theft and returned them to the original owner."

Klein listened attentively and added thoughtfully, "If that's the case, it's equivalent to 'Antigonus failing to accommodate the Uniqueness and turning into a monster' and 'a perfectly well Antigonus with no problems at

all.' The two completely different fates existed in the real world at the same time. Therefore, fate has been fooled to a certain extent…

Before he finished his sentence, Klein sensed some latent problems and hurriedly asked, "Aren't there problems with this?"

"It's very risky," the Evernight Goddess's dream projection calmly replied. "Fate isn't easy to bear. If one can't retrieve the fate from the target in that short period of time while he's losing control, things will undoubtedly fail. Retrieving it a second earlier will not achieve the effect of the ritual. Retrieving it a second later will lead to Antigonus shouldering the fate of losing control and inevitably end up with the same outcome."

That's right. One has to naturally bear the burden of the troubles brought about by fate… If not for that, Amon would've long stolen my fate and swaggered into Sefirah Castle… Klein mumbled inwardly as he began to think about how he should imitate the ritual of the Antigonus family's ancestor.

It was difficult to complete a normal ritual, and with the urgency of the matter, using a simplified ritual to accommodate The Fool Uniqueness was the best option.

Once I become The Half-Fool, my control over Sefirah Castle will improve. My level and strength will at least reach the level of a true god. This way, even if I face a dual pathway true god like Amon, I'll be able to protect myself and wait for reinforcements even if I'm not a match for "Him"…As Klein thought about the strength match-up and development he hoped for, he began coming up with a preliminary ritual plan.

He planned on using the Evernight Goddess's help to suppress the Antigonus family's ancestor and use Sefirah Castle to steal "His" identity, fate, and self-awareness.

This way, his body would have his own consciousness, the will of the Celestial Worthy, Antigonus ancestor's self-awareness, as well as the

anchors from the New City of Silver, New Moon City, and Rorsted Archipelago. He would also become Antigonus to a certain extent and accept "His" fate of losing control and going mad.

The reason why Antigonus went crazy was that "His" self-awareness could no longer suppress the awakening Celestial Worthy—the two psyches were stitched together. When "His" self-awareness reached Klein's body, "He" would undoubtedly repeat the same process. This was because the Celestial Worthy's will in Klein's body was no less than the one in "His" actual body.

In other words, the fate of losing control and madness was unavoidable. Klein believed that there wouldn't be any additional burden when bearing it. At the same time, with him having more anchors than Antigonus, his own consciousness could remain center stage and in a harmonious state, maintaining a sliver of rationality.

In such a state, he would use the identity of the Antigonus family's ancestor to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness. And in the corresponding fate, this was something that "He" had long accommodated, so it wouldn't bring about any further repercussions.

Hence, fate had been fooled.

After the ritual ended, Klein would remove his theft and restore his original identity and fate, and no longer be affected by the madness, allowing him to become The Half-Fool.

The main problem of this plan was in two places: First, it was to maintain his own state. Any slight accident could easily cause Klein to go crazy and be powerless to save himself. Second, no one knew for sure how much the Celestial Worthy's will in the body of the Antigonus family's ancestor would awaken or bring about unsuppressed changes. He could only rely on the Evernight Goddess to balance it out.

At this moment, the Evernight Goddess's projection seemed to have guessed his thoughts.

"If you wish to steal the fate of Antigonus, it's best to let 'Him' enter a temporary state of eternal slumber.

"I can try to help you, but I need a medium to have the necessary confidence. This is an angel that had accommodated The Fool's Uniqueness."

"What medium?" Klein asked, seemingly in thought.

The Evernight Goddess's projection said with a smile, "The river water of the River of Eternal Darkness."

As expected… To Klein, this answer wasn't surprising at all. It was even within his expectations. This made him feel rooted to the ground.

He deliberated for a moment and said, "Just the river water?"

The Evernight Goddess's projection nodded slightly and said, "You won't be able to take away the entire River of Eternal Darkness at the moment. You'll understand once you reach the depths of Calderón City.

"You can ask the questions when you're back."

Without waiting for Klein to answer, "She" added, "For you, there's an unusual danger there. You better wait until your mental state is stable before you go."

"Alright." Although Klein didn't know what he would encounter in the depths of Calderón City, he knew that he wasn't in the right state to take risks, especially when it involved a sefirah.

The Evernight Goddess's projection continued, "When you wake up, hold a bestowment ritual. I will give you an item that can be used to scoop up the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness."

Klein nodded and said without a word, "Adam is part of the ancient sun god, one of 'His' identities."

The Evernight Goddess's projection didn't show any obvious signs of emotion. "She" gently said, "'He' has already gone to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and met the True Creator."

That's fast… After feeling a little surprised, Klein felt that it was only right.

The reason why Adam allowed the secret to be exposed was that the secret was no longer of value.

The Evernight Goddess's projection continued, "No matter what happens next, it will take a long period of time. You don't have to pay attention to it for now."

After Klein nodded, the figure in front of him quickly turned blurry. The night vanilla and slumber flowers under his feet flew up one after another, scattering throughout the darkness.

He opened his eyes and saw the dark hall and the pure light shining through the holes in the wall. The latter were like stars embedded into a velvet night sky.

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CHAPTER 1359
EARLY MORNING

Klein watched as scarlet flames suddenly appeared and engulfed him.

When the sparks scattered, his figure had already vanished from Saint Samuel Cathedral.

In an ordinary inn's empty room, Klein walked out of the sudden rising flames and began setting up a bestowment ritual.

Soon, the mysterious door formed by candlelight opened. An ancient accessory flew out from the endless darkness and landed on the altar.

This accessory seemed to be made out of gold. It looked like a slender bird, surrounded by a pair of wings formed by white flames. The bronze eyes shimmered with layers of light as though there were illusory doors hidden within.

Klein sincerely thanked the Evernight Goddess, ended the ritual, and picked up the golden bird-shaped accessory.

This seems to be the image of the legendary Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace…

Beyond this ancient Death's own pathway, "She" had apparently grasped partial authority of the Apprentice pathway. This is a preliminary conclusion from the city ruins in the Forsaken Land of the Gods that believed in the Phoenix…

It's no wonder most ancient gods find it difficult to control their emotions. They were on the edge of madness. No, they were constantly teetering

between madness and rationality… Before the first Blasphemy Slate appeared, none of the Beyonder creatures had the concept of a Sequence pathway. They only had the concept of convergence, reproduction, and blind attempts… As Klein carefully examined the golden bird-shaped accessory, he sighed inwardly.

As the owner of Sefirah Castle, he could sense that there was a subtle connection between the accessory and the River of Eternal Darkness.

So it can contain the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness? Yes, the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness is definitely not river water in the true sense of the phrase, but an abstract concept or symbol. Klein nodded in thought and threw the golden bird-shaped accessory into Sefirah Castle, sealing it in the junk pile to prevent any unnecessary accidents.

…

On a mountain peak outside Bayam City.

The Red Angel evil spirit watched as the edge of the sea gradually lit up as an orange sun slowly left the horizon.

At some point in time, a young man wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe appeared beside "Him."

The man played with a crystal monocle and wore it on "His" right eye. It was Amon, who had become Mr. Error.

Sauron Einhorn Medici turned "His" head and glanced at Amon.

"The sacrifice you provided was actually the original body."

"If it wasn't my true body, how could I have the time to steal the ritual and replace Bethel?" Amon replied with a smile. "As a qualified Conspirer, you shouldn't have not thought of this."

The Red Angel evil spirit scoffed.

"How would I know that you weren't trying to trick me? Perhaps you'd predicted my prediction?"

Amon smiled and didn't answer directly. Instead, "He" took out a strange crown covered in rust and blood.

"This is your reward." "He" threw the item to Sauron Einhorn Medici.

After the Red Angel evil spirit caught the strange crown, "He" was somewhat surprised.

"Wow, you actually didn't try to go back on your word."

"Doing something that doesn't match your expectations is also a form of deception." Amon pinched the monocle on "His" right eye and said with a smile, "I'm looking forward to you becoming the Red Priest and devouring that Demoness. When that happens, your image will definitely be extremely interesting."

As Amon said this, "His" smile carried an unconcealable sense of warped humor.

Sauron Einhorn Medici fell silent for a moment before saying, "I don't think it will be very different from how I am now."

Two bloody mouths opened on both sides of "His" face before quickly closing.

Amon adjusted the monocle on "His" right eye and looked to the other side of the sea.

"The situation in the Western Continent seems interesting."

With that said, the present Mr. Error, the former Angel of Time turned into light and dissipated.

The Red Angel evil spirit looked in the direction of where Amon was looking at and tossed the strange crown in "His" hand.

On both sides of "His" face, the bloody mouths appeared once again as "They" said, "After absorbing this Beyonder characteristic, you'd better stay away from Bansy."

"If you wish to grow breasts and have your body swell up, you can continue staying there."

Medici curled "His" lips and said, "Isn't this something you both wish for?"

…

Facing the altar filled with materials and artifacts, Klein raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

The table in front of him instantly became empty and clean. All the junk had been split up in categories and returned to their original location.

This was a Miracle that stemmed from one of Klein's accumulated wishes.

Compared to the past Miracle Invokers and Attendants of Mysteries, the "Miracles" I can create can be described as quite varied. It's very practical, including but not limited to building houses, interior design, garbage classification, and environment protection… Klein looked at the cleared and laughed self-deprecatingly.

He then opened the door and left.

He wanted to return to the real world and return to human society to strengthen his humanity and stabilize his mental state. His problem now was relatively problematic. If he directly sought Miss Justice's treatment

before first suppressing the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, he would only contaminate her and allow his psychiatrist to suffer mental illnesses. Of course, if Miss Justice had reached Sequence 2, the effects wouldn't be too great.

The current Backlund had been rebuilt, and the number of pedestrians coming and going had returned to their previous peak. Just as Klein pushed open the inn's door, he heard all sorts of voices.

"Wait! Wait!"

"Fresh fish from Pritz Harbor. It has plenty of meat and little bones. It's great for frying!"

"Special ginger beer matched with muffins and potato wedges!"

"Hot and fresh oyster soup!"

"The freshest vegetables!"

…

Most of the noise came from the street vendors, and some came from a small number of passengers who were chasing the public carriage or pedestrians who were knocked down by people in a rush. The early morning rush painted such a noisy, sonorous, and chaotic scene.

Klein listened to these unfamiliar yet familiar shouts and silently looked at the scene in front of him. He didn't move for a few minutes.

Only when a thief came close did he put his hands into the black coat's pockets and walk towards the nearest coffee shop.

"A cup of good coffee, a set of mutton stewed with peas, and a piece of oatmeal bread," Klein said to the affordable coffee shop's owner.

"A total of 11 pence," the boss said after a mental calculation.

Then he added, "The price of everything is rising now."

Klein didn't say anything. He took out a one-soli note from the junk pile in Sefirah Castle and handed it to the boss.

He then found a seat by the window which wasn't very greasy. He took out a few pieces of tissue to line the table.

Following that, Klein placed a piece of letter paper on top of it and took out a dark red fountain pen.

After watching the morning scenery and pedestrians, he finally wrote:

"Dear Mr. Azik,

"I haven't written to you for another month, because I had no choice but to sleep for some time. This isn't because I'm hurt, but because the ritual requires it.

"When I woke up and walked into human society again, on the streets, it suddenly reminded me of the life I had when I was in Tingen.

"At that time, it was always very noisy in the morning. A large number of citizens would leave their homes, rushing to the factories or companies. The mobile peddlers gathered on the street and peddled their vegetables, food, and fruits of questionable quality. They were always cheap.

"I would always protect my wallet and carefully squeeze through them before heading to the station and wait for the public carriage with many people.

"I worked at the Blackthorn Security Company at 36 Zouteland Street, and had a group of good colleagues.

"Dunn Smith was the Captain, the supervisor there. He was an experienced, kind, and responsible Beyonder. He had a mild personality and was experienced in his job. He also cared for all the members in the team, and his only flaw was his bad memory. For matters which weren't too important, he might forget about it the moment he turned around. He often said 'hold on, there's still another thing.' Of course, there was a reason why: he had lost too many companions. He hoped that they would all stay in his dreams, so he often became lost as to which matter was reality and which belonged to dreams.

"Old Neil was my first mysticism teacher. The most useful skill he taught me was expense claims. He always designed strange ritualistic magic, hoping to obtain help from the Goddess. Some of it succeeded, while others produced ridiculous accidents. Until today, I can still recall them. He was a very kind person. Even when he was seeking to fulfill his everlasting dream, he didn't wish to harm others.

"Leonard is a poet with his own secrets. At first, I thought he was very mysterious, and a hidden expert that needed attention to be placed on. Later, I realized that he was a crude, simple, impulsive, rebellious, aloof, and rude young man. Furthermore, he really doesn't have any literary talent, so he could only rely on memorizing things to complete the acting requirement. Yes, he barely has some merits. He's considered rather brave, and he has sharp intuition and terrifying reasoning abilities in certain matters. However, this is limited to certain matters.

"Frye was a cold-looking Beyonder who no one dared to approach. But in fact, he has a sense of responsibility and a warm heart. He would always extend his hand when others needed help.

"Kenley was very short. He used to be a civilian staff member, and he then took the initiative to apply to become an official member. He was quite smart, but he would never decline a case. Every time he played cards, he would talk about his fiancée.

"Rozanne is the receptionist at the Blackthorn Security Company. She's lively and lazy, and she's loved by everyone. To us, she's like a younger sister. She also likes every single one of us, but she also hates all the official members because her father was once an official Beyonder who later died in the course of duty. Perhaps, in her heart, official members were equivalent to people who received a notice that they were infected with a critical illness.

"Mrs. Orianna is an accountant, a victim of a supernatural case. She's delicate and gentle, and she pursues an exquisite life. She usually doesn't speak much, but she takes good care of everyone and doesn't make things difficult for us regarding finances. For example, she rarely rejects Old Neil's expense claims—no matter how ridiculous the reason was. She would only leave it to the Captain to make a decision.

"Ma'am Seeka Tron has rare natural white hair, and she's an unsuccessful author. She has an outstanding temperament and a quiet personality. She doesn't seem like a Beyonder who fights at night. She's also very brave and very firm. Even when facing death, she doesn't flinch.

"Ma'am Royale is very similar to Frye. They don't talk much but are very concerned about their colleagues. Yes, except at the card table.

"Bredt is the best at writing reports among the clerks. He's a romantic gentleman. Even though he's been married for fifteen years, he still loves his wife very much. I think he'll live a good life because he lives by the maxim that the less he knows, the longer he'll live.

"Cesare Francis is our carriage driver. Despite being a civilian staff member, he often encounters dangerous situations. Therefore, the Captain handed over the matters regarding the purchase of goods and applications to him. He doesn't make his presence known, and perhaps this is the key to his survival.

"I occasionally think about it. If it weren't for the things that happened later, I would definitely still be living in Tingen. I would work on time every day.

I'll be on duty to man the basement, and I would deal with the few cases that crop up while playing cards with my colleagues. I would occasionally accompany Melissa and Benson to watch a play or a circus show. If I can come home early one day, I'll study cooking. That's a huge hobby of mine. When the weekend comes, I might come to visit you and talk about the history of various fields…

"It's a pity that life is always pushing us forward and making us face changes."

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CHAPTER 1360
CHOICE

After Klein wrote down his impression of Tingen, he briefly mentioned that he had completed the ritual to become a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries, as well as resolve one of his long-time traumas—the leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul.

He didn't describe his predicament in detail, only seriously discussing the mental problems that angels suffered.

Putting away the fountain pen and folding the paper, Klein reached out to take out Azik's copper whistle from Sefirah Castle and blew at it.

Inside the cheap coffee shop, white bones spewed out like fountains, forming a huge messenger.

The messenger then shrank his body, becoming only the height of a normal person.

At the same time, it knelt down on one knee and stretched out its palm.

"There's no need to be afraid of me." Upon seeing this, Klein laughed. "It's not like I would do anything to you?"

As he spoke, he picked up the letter and placed it in the skeleton messenger's hand.

The messenger nodded heavily a few times; it was unknown what it was agreeing with.

Then, its body disintegrated, turning into bones that drilled into the ground.

At this moment, the boss brought coffee, oatmeal bread, and mutton stewed with peas.

As Klein enjoyed breakfast that wasn't too delicious but was filled with a bourgeois style, he looked out the window and enjoyed the morning scenery without any reason. He admired the pedestrians, carriages, trees, mist, food, and machinery that made up the scene.

If there was no apocalypse, it's best to be a Sequence 7 Beyonder to maintain the life in Tingen and live rather leisurely while being capable of handling most cases. When prepared, a Magician, who has many tricks up his sleeve, won't appear too weak when facing Sequence 6 and Sequence 5 Beyonders. As for Faceless and Marionettist, one can easily get lost while acting. It's relatively easy to lose control when one advances, making it rather dangerous. Of course, if one has a sealed Creeping Hunger, it would be perfect… Klein casually thought as he recalled Creeping Hunger which had landed in Amon's hands.

He didn't know how Amon would treat this Sealed Artifact, but he only felt that an item of this level was of no value to an Angel of Time. After playing for a while, "He" would probably throw it into a secret "warehouse" in the darkness.

I wonder if there's a chance to retrieve it. Just as this thought flashed through Klein's mind, he suddenly felt a little guilty.

This was because even if he could snatch Creeping Hunger back from Amon's hands, he would throw it into the junk pile, making it wait to be bestowed to the Blessed or believers that needed it.

This was no different from being in Amon's hands.

Klein quickly diverted his attention.

I lost the mirror again.

Adam shouldn't be interested in a mirror at the saint level. Perhaps, I can get it back…

No, Arrodes seems to have been spewed out from the Chaos Sea. In certain matters, it's possible that it can be a medium… Sigh, I only hope that Adam doesn't damage it, and that I have the time to retrieve it…

After becoming an Attendant of Mysteries and gaining a deeper control of Sefirah Castle, Klein already possessed a certain level of authority in the "Concealment" domain.

Whenever he was thinking about important matters, there would always be a thin shadow around him that no one else could see.

This was equivalent to the embryonic form of a divine kingdom, the Realm of Mysteries.

Therefore, he dared to directly think of Adam's name.

After sighing, Klein suddenly recalled something and hurriedly got the Worms of Spirit on duty in Sefirah Castle, to "Graft" a certain area in the spirit world he fixed when he advanced over.

Immediately after, he finished the leftover mutton and the last bit of oatmeal bread that he dipped into the soup. He finished the coffee beside him.

After putting on his hat and standing up, Klein took a step forward and entered the spirit world that corresponded to Utopia.

Then, he removed the "Grafting" and returned to the ruins of Utopia.

This was to use the abilities of "Grafting" and his ability to freely enter the spirit world to indirectly achieve a "Teleportation" effect. Of course, the prerequisite was that he could locate the corresponding region in the spirit

world. On this point, as the owner of Sefirah Castle, Klein had a unique advantage. As for Zaratul and the other Attendants of Mysteries, they could only rely on "Their" preparations.

As soon as he stepped into the ruins of Utopia, Klein surveyed the area and discovered that the collapsed houses and charred corpses were shimmering with different colors.

They were the Beyonder characteristics inside the monster marionettes, the wealth accumulated by Klein back in the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

This might be useless to him, but he still had many believers and Blessed that would gradually increase in numbers. As a "deity," he had to stock up some Beyonder characteristics in order to bestow them.

Thankfully, the Lord of Storms didn't take the opportunity to sweep them away… As Klein silently muttered to himself, he couldn't help but thank Leodero.

…

East Chester County, inside the Hall family manor.

After the sun finally rose, the suffering people returned to their rooms one after another to make up for their lack of sleep. Only Alfred, Earl Hall's personal bodyguards, the deacons, and Nighthawks sent by the Church of Evernight to investigate the reason behind the incident last night remained.

As Audrey used the golden retriever, Susie, to monitor the development of the situation, she opened her bedroom door and walked in.

Through the curtains and the weak sunlight in the room, a figure sat quietly on a high stool like a large doll.

It was a huge, snow-white rabbit.

Audrey's brows twitched as she whispered, "Mr. Wrath."

This was Mr. Wrath from the Psychology Alchemists that had pursued the mind dragon, Ariehogg. It was suspected to be one of Hermes's identities.

As she spoke, Audrey reached out her hand and closed the door.

And with this action, the back of her hand flashed with a star-like crimson tattoo.

"I'm sorry; I made use of you." When the door closed, the giant white rabbit took the initiative to say, "However, I might have been used by someone else as well."

Audrey thought of the opening of the doors and windows in the middle of the night and took two steps forward. She replied in thought, "There's no need to apologize. Just don't disturb me in the future."

She was tactfully expressing that she wanted to leave the Psychology Alchemists, hoping that no one would come looking for her again.

The huge white rabbit stared at her with its bright red eyes for a few seconds and said, "Your previous wish was to protect your parents and family, but don't you think that you've been embroiled in too much trouble? The danger that you've brought them is greater than the help you provide?"

Audrey fell silent. She didn't speak for a long time.

"Normally speaking, a saint can indeed allow the family and family to gain more safety, but the premise is that they do not involve themselves in the struggle between angels or deities. Or perhaps, they are part of a powerful organization that can be relied on in the true sense of the word." Upon saying this, the huge white rabbit slowly said, "I have two gifts to express my apology. You can choose one."

"Two?" Audrey asked in a low voice.

The giant white rabbit nodded, its ears constantly wiggling.

"One is to truly become Miss Pride of the Psychology Alchemists. We can ignore all your other secrets and tacitly allow your other operations—as long as you don't reveal our matters and bring danger to the Psychology Alchemists. Of course, there will be a certain disadvantage. You will shoulder the burden of certain matters and might be embroiled in quite a bit of trouble. The only difference is that you will receive a lot of help and be rescued in time."

"What about the second one?" Audrey had no intention of getting compensation from the Psychology Alchemists. To not have the secret organization disturb her again was the best form of apology.

Furthermore, she suspected that Mr. Wrath's true intention behind "His" apology was just another form of exploitation.

The huge white rabbit answered calmly, "I can help you divide another identity for you so that 'she' can stay by your family and provide them with some protection and emotional comfort. As for you, you will stay away from them and live on in this world with another identity.

"This way, your troubles will not affect the people you want to protect.

"In the supernatural world, under certain circumstances, distancing yourself is the best form of love and protection."

Audrey fell silent once again as her green eyes seemed like a still lake.

"You don't need to answer me at once. Or you can combine the two methods." The giant white rabbit got off the high stool and stood up. "You know how to get into the Garden of Eden."

As it spoke, its figure gradually disappeared into the sea of collective subconscious.

…

Bayam, in a room in the Church of the Sea God.

The Oracle, Danitz, dressed in a gorgeous robe, sat on a chair, silently looking at Alger Wilson.

The sleepiness from waking up in the middle of the night was gone from the fright.

The cardinal of the Church of Storms actually wanted to defect to the Church of the Sea God!

This was a huge matter in the field of religion, in the world of mysticism and international politics!

Even though he only had a rough understanding of the Church of Storms, Danitz believed that with their style in handling matters, they definitely wouldn't let this matter go. Perhaps a calamity was already on its way to the entire Rorsted Archipelago to destroy it.

Furthermore, a cardinal is definitely highly valued by the Lord of Storms. Alger's betrayal might attract a god's punishment at any time… The more Danitz thought about it, the more he trembled, afraid that he would be affected.

This made him recall a saying from his hometown:

"Don't be near people abandoned by the gods."

This was because those guys might get implicated when lightning smote down.

If not for the fact that Gehrman Sparrow had sent me a message in the name of being Mr. Fool's attendant to help me settle Alger Wilson in, I would've already tied up this ticking bomb and sent him back to the Church

of the Lord of Storms… The more afraid Danitz was, the more he couldn't help but mutter inwardly.

Of course, he was just letting his thoughts run wild. He didn't even consider their difference in strength.

After a while, someone knocked on his door.

Danitz jumped up and quickly walked to the door, opening a crack.

"Any results?" he asked in a low voice.

The intel supervisor of the Church of the Sea God said simply, "Lord Oracle, the Church of Storms has switched cardinals."

"What about the original one?" Danitz pressed in surprise.

"It's said that he was transferred back to their headquarters," the intel supervisor recounted what he learned from some of the servants at the Cathedral of Waves.

Transferred back to their headquarters… As Danitz was confused, a grayish-white fog suddenly appeared in front of him.

He heard Mr. Fool's words:

"From this day forth, Alger shall wear a mask and become the pontiff of the Church of the Sea God."

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CHAPTER 1361
JOINT OPERATION

Pontiff… Danitz jumped in fright, nearly unable to believe the revelation he had received.

If it wasn't for the fact that this order directly came from Mr. Fool, he would have definitely cursed.

Of course, if the person opposite him was Gehrman Sparrow, he would suck it up.

"Lord Oracle, is there anything else?" The intel supervisor of the Church of the Sea God saw that Lord Danitz's expression was rather odd. This left him a little afraid.

Danitz retracted his thoughts and forced a smile.

"Pay close attention to the development at the Cathedral of Waves."

"Yes, Lord Oracle." The intel supervisor heaved a sigh of relief and hurriedly bowed to bid farewell.

Danitz turned his head and looked at Alger Wilson as he said with a brilliant smile, "Mr. Fool has already issued a revelation."

Alger didn't hesitate. He immediately stood up and pressed his right palm against his left chest.

Danitz straightened his back and solemnly said, "God said that from this day forth, Alger shall wear a mask and become the pontiff of the Church of

the Sea God."

"Mr. Fool's will is my will!" Alger couldn't hide his smile as he bowed.

Half of his smile was for Danitz to see, showing his humility, while the other half was from the bottom of his heart. This was because the revelation meant two things:

Mr. Fool and the Lord of Storms had reached a certain agreement. With a tacit understanding, his betrayal would no longer be pursued. Of course, he had to wear masks and use a fake name to prevent humiliation to the Church of Storms.

Becoming the pontiff of the Church of the Sea God was a critical step to reaching the throne of Sea God.

From Alger's point of view, this meant that he had officially become Mr. Fool's subordinate. In the future, be it the exchange for the identity of Sea God or being the leader of the Church of The Fool, there would be plenty of opportunities. As for Mr. Fool, "He" was a great existence that was at the same level as a true god, or even higher. How could "His" proxy not be an angel?

After the bow, Alger waited patiently for Oracle Danitz to bring him a silver-black mask.

He received the mask and wore it solemnly.

…

While wearing a red glove, Leonard strolled along the shores of Midseashire, enjoying the R&R earned from closing a supernatural case.

As for the mysterious opening of doors and windows last night, he had already received the orders from the Holy Cathedral not to pursue it through investigations or learn more about the matter.

Regarding this order, Leonard couldn't do anything about it because he had long learned the general truth from Old Man Pallez Zoroast:

Mr. Door had returned to the real world, and Angel of Time Amon took the opportunity to steal "His" apotheosis ritual and advance to Sequence 0 Error. Almost at the same time, Mr. Fool awakened further. Through Sefirah Castle, "He" had briefly and weakly connected to Beyonders of the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways.

As an angel of the Marauder pathway, Pallez Zoroast was undoubtedly able to sense the changes in Amon's corresponding authority and "His" apotheosis. "He" also discovered that Sefirah Castle had established a connection with "Him."

"Old Man, Amon has already advanced to Sequence 0. You shouldn't be of much use to 'Him' now. Why do you still want to Parasitize my body?" Leonard took in the fresh morning air as he suppressed his voice and asked with a hint of concern and confusion.

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

"Naive.

"Do you think that you don't need my guidance anymore after becoming a saint and having mastered a lot of mysticism knowledge?"

"You can choose to teach me face-to-face," Leonard said after some deliberation.

To him, having an angel "Parasitizing" his body was both a boon and bane for him.

The good thing was that even if he encountered a real Mythical Creature, he wouldn't be completely defenseless. As long as he softly shouted "Old Man," the problem might be resolved. In addition, history and various rare mysticism knowledge from the Fourth Epoch were also rather useful.

The greatest disadvantage was that his life was in the hands of the Parasite. If the other party had any evil intentions, he couldn't stop it.

This question was once Leonard's greatest worry, but it wasn't too problematic now. This was because Mr. Fool's awakening was deepening, allowing "Him" to completely suppress Pallez Zoroast. Furthermore, Leonard had also become a high-ranking deacon of the Church of Evernight. He would definitely be under the watch of the Evernight Goddess, and he could even be specially marked by "Her." Under such circumstances, it was impossible for a deity with the "Concealment" authority to not discover Pallez Zoroast. If Old Man had any nefarious thoughts, he would've been resolved long ago.

What Leonard was most vexed about was that many things weren't too convenient as a result.

Although he was already used to having an old man "Parasitizing" his body, and he would even casually chat with him while on the toilet, he still preferred having that time to himself in such situations.

Therefore, he felt that having Old Man leave his body, and letting "Him" live in his house like an elder would be a better way of getting along with "Him." When he needed to deal with more dangerous matters, he could get Old Man to temporarily "Parasitize" him.

Upon hearing Leonard's suggestion, Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

"Are you still thinking about removing the "Parasitizing" when you return home, and 'Parasitize' when out?

"Do you think I'm your bodyguard?"

Leonard laughed dryly before saying, "If you haven't fully recovered and wish to continue 'Parasitizing,' I have no objections."

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for two seconds before his slightly-aged voice resounded in Leonard's mind.

"Next up is actually the most dangerous period. For the position of the Lord of the Mysteries, The Fool and Amon will definitely have a battle. When the time comes, under the influence of all kinds of Beyonder characteristics, angels of the same pathway might be affected. Heh, it's better to be kept under the protection of Evernight's gaze.

"When the Lord of the Mysteries is born, I won't even bother with you even if you were to beg me to be 'Parasitized'!"

Leonard was slightly taken aback as he subconsciously repeated the name.

"Lord of the Mysteries?"

"This isn't something you can fully understand. Of course, with me around, there's no need to worry," Pallez Zoroast sighed and said with pride.

Leonard was just about to take the opportunity to ask when he suddenly saw a Red Gloves team member running over with a telegram.

"Reverend, a telegram from the Holy Cathedral," the team member said respectfully.

Leonard nodded slightly and received the telegram. He quickly scanned it.

"Head to the Southern Continent and participate in the besieging of the Rose School of Thought."

Southern Continent… Rose School of Thought… Leonard narrowed down to two keywords.

He quickly returned to the largest cathedral in this city and used large-scale ritualistic magic to establish a connection with the Holy Cathedral. In his dream, he met the Pope, Ma'am Arianna, and other high-ranking officials.

After a simple exchange, Leonard roughly understood the essence of the mission:

The various orthodox Churches would delegate three to four demigods to head to the Southern Continent to besiege the Rose School of Thought which had become very active after the world war.

This was a long-term mission. As the Rose School of Thought's demigods knew how to hide their tracks, they did things in a rather secretive manner, they weren't easy to locate or lock onto. It wasn't easy to deal with them either.

According to what the Pope had said, it was already considered quite good to see enough results within three years.

During this process, the Holy Cathedral would observe the situation and rotate demigods to ensure that the archbishops and high-ranking deacons were in a relatively stable mental state.

After leaving the dream, Leonard looked around and suppressed his voice.

"Old Man, things are a little strange. Why would the various Churches suddenly target the Rose School of Thought?"

This wasn't an easy task. In the past few centuries, it wasn't as if the orthodox Churches hadn't made similar attempts, but they could only suppress and weaken them, without being capable of eradicating the Rose School of Thought.

On the one hand, it was because there were cracks in their alliances. There was suspicion among each other and a lack of cooperation. On the other hand, due to the Rose School of Thought's demigods' indulgence, their mental states might be abnormal, but when faced with danger, they knew how to avoid, hide, and conceal. They wouldn't throw themselves into danger for no reason.

In addition, with the blessings of the Chained God and the Mother Tree of Desire, it was difficult for the deities to provide precise guidance for their actions.

Pallez Zoroast didn't immediately answer Leonard's question. After about ten seconds, "He" sighed and said with a slightly-aged voice, *"This is to eliminate potential threats, and to prepare for the apocalypse."*

Prepare for the apocalypse… Leonard turned agape and wanted to say something, but he eventually fell silent.

…

Backlund, Harvest Church.

Emlyn White had just entered the hall, but before he could head to his room and change his clothes, he saw Father Utravsky stand up in the front pew, like a mountain rising from the ground.

"Earth Mother has instructed us to head to the Southern Continent and bury the evil-doers." The Blessed spoke in a low voice.

His voice reverberated in the hall, like a slow clap of thunder, causing the praying Sanguine believers to open their eyes.

So the dream last night was real… Emlyn was enlightened.

Last night, he dreamed of the Ancestor, and he dreamed that "She" wanted him to work with Father Utravsky and the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction to head to the Southern Continent to deal with the Rose School of Thought members who believed in the Primordial Moon.

Of course, if there was a chance, the enemies who believed in the Mother Tree of Desire would not be spared.

As he often had fake revelations, Emlyn didn't take this dream to heart. He planned on changing his clothes and completing his prayers before seeking confirmation with Father Utravsky.

He tersely acknowledged before replying to Father Utravsky in a rather composed manner.

"There's no rush.

"I'll first contact the members of the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction."

Father Utravsky nodded nonchalantly and said, "Select some volunteer Sanguine too."

…

In the Intis Republic, in the capital, Trier, a supervisor of an intelligence agency was assigning tasks to his subordinates.

Suddenly, his vision blurred as he heard a distant voice ring in his ears.

"Orville… Dylan… Orville… Dylan…”

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CHAPTER 1362
WITNESS

As a Beyonder who joined the Intis Public Security Bureau as a member of the Secret Order, it wasn't the first time that Antoine encountered something like that.

In the past, whenever he advanced, he would hear "Hornacis… Flegrea… Hornacis… Flegrea…” He nearly lost control of himself several times.

Unlike before, the content of the whispers seemed to have changed.

After the ravings died down, everything in front of him returned to normal. Antoine frowned and muttered to himself, *My mental state has been very stable recently, and I haven't consumed the potion or attempted to advance. Why would I hear the whispers of a secret existence?*

This doesn't seem to be the same as before…

What does Orville mean? I lack enough information. I can't understand it at all…

Dylan, Dylan, yes, the brass of the Order have mentioned that our mysterious and terrifying leader once hid an ancient castle called Dylan…

Tsk, once I recall that existence, I can't help but shiver. Although "He" has returned to normal in the past two years, the terrifying legends and physical destruction that "He" left behind is enough to give people a lifetime of nightmares…

Antoine calmed himself down and suppressed his puzzlement. He continued to assign missions to his subordinates.

…

In front of a tombstone, Klein, who had just put down the white flowers, turned his head slightly, as though he was listening to something.

Although he didn't hear anything, as a King of Angels who wielded control over a portion of his pathway's authority, he could acutely sense that something was amiss. Some secret information was being transmitted to specific targets.

Zaratul isn't completely dead yet? Klein retracted his gaze and muttered to himself.

Back then, he had relied on his level, status, and authority to forcefully stop Zaratul's resurrection. He didn't sense anything abnormal, but after studying himself, he realized something problematic.

The Beyonder characteristic he had absorbed from Zaratul was one that contained an entire set of Sequence 9 to 1 Beyonder characteristics.

That also meant that this only included a single Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic.

And Snake of Fate Will Auceptin had mentioned that Zaratul and the ancestor of the Antigonus family had both taken an additional Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic in "Them."

Therefore, the reality of the situation was that there was no doubt that there was an additional Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic on Zaratul which had vanished. As for whether there were any additional Beyonder characteristics like Scholar of Yore and Bizarro Sorcerer, Klein had no way of guessing due to his lack of understanding of Zaratul.

Based on this situation, Klein had long suspected that Zaratul wasn't completely dead.

Of course, if the other party wanted to revive, it wouldn't be that simple. This was because using too simple a method would result in a lack of concealment. It would definitely be discovered by the higher Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway, and thus, an effective prevention method would be set up.

When Zaratul was able to separate a Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristic from "Himself," "He" was undoubtedly a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries. There weren't many enemies that could restrain "Him"—ones that had to be dealt with using the most cautious of attitudes.

Therefore, Klein believed that "He" had used the portion of the Beyonder characteristics that "He" had dissociated from himself to seize an opportunity. However, it wasn't to directly use it to revive. Instead, it was a way to make plenty of preparations. "He" needed an opportunity or some mediums to make the preparations play out.

From the looks of it, "He" hid that portion of the Beyonder characteristic that contained the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic in a particular manner and concealed it carefully. Otherwise, when I advanced to Attendant of Mysteries, I should've been able to use Sefirah Castle to directly see it…

Yes, the next step should be to use some concealed method to guide or entice a specific target to revive "Him." Heh, "He" hasn't accommodated a Uniqueness, so "He" can't "broadcast on all channels." Besides, "He" has to be sure that the advanced me or Amon doesn't hear the corresponding content and spoil "His" plans. Therefore, the number of targets "He" can entice is rather limited… All members of the Secret Order, or a portion of the members? Klein, who was genuflecting, nodded in thought.

He exhaled and grumbled without hiding anything.

Why are High-Sequence Beyonders of the Seer pathway so difficult to kill?

There were all sorts of preparations and trump cards.

This made him truly understand why the Goddess didn't directly kill the ancestor of the Antigonus family.

For The Half-Fool, death might mean a new lease of life!

However, an intricate and complicated setup often means that the ability to take risks is inferior. Who knows if Zaratul's resurrection plan will benefit some lucky Secret Order member. The possibility of this happening might even be higher than "Him" returning from the fog of history. Also, there's a chance of being interfered, influenced, or exploited by the Outer Deities… Klein sneered inwardly as he slowly stood up.

He temporarily didn't have any thoughts of finding the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic. This was because, under the immense pressure brought by Error Amon, he had no choice but to seize the opportunity to strengthen his humanity and stabilize his mental state. He had to head to Calderón City in the spirit world to retrieve the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness, so as to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness. He had no time to waste on non-urgent matters.

By the time he successfully advanced and restored a new balance for the situation he was in, he didn't mind heading to Intis and dealing with the members of the Secret Order in search of the hidden treasure vault that Zaratul had hidden. This would completely put the angel who had lived since the Fourth Epoch to eternal rest.

He reined in his thoughts and lowered his head to look at the tombstone in front of him. Klein slowly retreated, inserted his hand into his pocket, and turned to the side to enter the spirit world.

In recent times, he was like a tourist in mysticism. Occasionally, he would return to where he used to be, and occasionally, under the guidance of fate,

he would casually travel around the spirit world, heading to different realities to witness different scenes.

As a result, his self-awareness and self-consciousness gradually recovered and solidified. He was now able to use his anchors to suppress the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy to a certain extent.

This made his mind a lot more stable than when he met the Evernight Goddess.

In the spirit world—the saturated layers that resembled an abstract oil painting—Klein wandered aimlessly as he walked a few steps in a direction that wasn't in the usual meaning of the word direction.

Following the guidance of fate and spirituality, he left this place and returned to the real world.

The first thing that appeared before him was a small square and a cathedral belonging to the Evernight Goddess.

At this moment, many people were entering the cathedral, looking delighted.

I'm back in Backlund? Klein looked up at the sun that penetrated the thin clouds and followed the crowd to the cathedral's door.

The moment he passed the entrance, his gaze suddenly froze.

He saw Benson.

Benson Moretti.

The black-haired, brown-eyed man's face looked somewhat similar to Klein's. However, the slightly older-looking man had his hair combed neatly backward, revealing his broad forehead.

He stood beside the altar, wearing a well-ironed suit, looking a little nervous.

Klein stared for two seconds before quickly looking away.

Following that, he swept his gaze across the front pew and saw Melissa in a white, conservative dress.

Compared to before, the young lady's face no longer had that adolescent look on it. There was more meat to her face, making her no longer look so skinny.

She kept chatting with the people around her, skillfully handling all kinds of matters and socializing.

She still dresses in such an old-fashioned manner. Thankfully, she didn't wear black… The corners of Klein's lips curled up as he mumbled. He walked to a corner of the cathedral and found a seat to sit down.

About ten minutes later, Melissa finished her work and sat in her seat.

The joyous music started to play as it gradually turned solemn.

A lady wearing a clean, white wedding gown held her father's arm in one hand and held her mother's arm with her other. She walked down the aisle towards the altar.

Benson, who was standing near the altar, gulped a mouthful of saliva and couldn't help but smile.

This was his wedding.

Klein, who was in the corner, saw this scene and leaned back a little. He lowered his head slightly and muttered, "He smiles like a curly-haired baboon…”

After the bride was brought to the front of the altar by her parents, she bowed to Benson before facing the Sacred Emblem and the priest.

Benson bowed and turned around.

After the bride's parents sat down, the priest said, "Dear friends and family, we are gathered here today to witness and celebrate the union of this couple in marriage under the auspices of the benevolent Goddess.

"Praise the Lady." All the guests present raised their right hands as long as they were believers of the Evernight Goddess before drawing four points in a clockwise fashion, drawing out a star.

This included Klein.

When everyone settled down, the priest turned his head and said to the bride, "Do you, Lucy Brook, take Benson Moretti to be your lawfully wedded husband, promising to love and cherish, through joy and sorrow, sickness and health, and whatever challenges you may face, for as long as you both shall live?"

The lady named Lucy looked at the Evernight Goddess's Sacred Emblem and nodded solemnly.

"I do."

Benson's smile reappeared.

The priest turned to look at him and said, "Do you, Benson Moretti, take Lucy Brook to be your lawfully wedded wife, promising to love and cherish, through joy and sorrow, sickness and health, and whatever challenges you may face, for as long as you both shall live?"

Benson immediately nodded and said, "I do!"

Upon seeing this and hearing him, Melissa's vision turned blurry. Her heart winced along with joy.

After going through all sorts of ups and downs, their family was finally welcoming a new member.

Suddenly, she turned her head subconsciously to the corner and saw an empty seat. There was no one there.

Melissa immediately pursed her lips and shook her head slightly.

After scanning the area for several seconds, she slowly retracted her gaze and looked back at the altar.

It wasn't until the priest announced that Benson and Lucy were man and wife did Melissa smile again.

…

In the Hall family manor in East Chester County, Klein walked out of the void.

He had stabilized his mind, and could now seek treatment from his psychiatrist. At the same time, he needed to solve a problem.

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CHAPTER 1363
TREATMENT PLAN

On the veranda covered by the autumn sun, Audrey wore a refreshing vacation straw hat and sat on a lawn chair as she leisurely flipped through a fashion magazine.

There were exquisite pastries and a cup of black tea made from tea leaves from her family's manor on the round table beside her.

Suddenly, she looked up to the edge of the veranda and saw Gehrman Sparrow walking over in a black trench coat and silk top hat.

Audrey turned her head and glanced at her maid, Annie, and realized that she, like the servants around her, ignored the stranger who had appeared out of nowhere.

At the same time, Audrey noticed that the surroundings seemed to darken a little.

She stood up, lifting the corners of her skirt as she curtsied.

During this process, she had originally planned on seriously discussing the matter between the Psychology Alchemists and Mr. Wrath, but on second thought, she smiled again and said in that infectious and brisk tone, "Mr. World, are you here to seek psychological counseling, or to deal with Mr. Wrath's problem?"

If it was just the former, Audrey believed that The World Gehrman Sparrow would let her meet him above the gray fog. That would be more convenient

and faster. Therefore, this angel was definitely here under Mr. Fool's instructions to complete a mission in the real world.

At the same time, she acutely sensed that Mr. World's emotions were rather mixed. He was satisfied and happy, yet depressed and sad.

As Gehrman Sparrow's main doctor, this situation wasn't rare. It often meant that he needed a certain degree of counseling or comfort.

"Both." Klein pulled a chair over and sat by the round table.

"Do you want black tea or coffee?" Although Audrey hadn't taken the initiative to investigate Mr. World, she had met Dwayne Dantès many times before. They had attended meetings, banquets, and dances together, and under the keen observation of a Spectator, many details weren't secrets.

For example, Audrey knew that when Dwayne Dantès was Gehrman Sparrow, he preferred food that was sweet with a little sourness. He liked to drink coffee with sugar without milk; for black tea, he loved having lemon slices; out of all the pastries, his first choice was the cream pastries. He loved foie gras, roasted chicken skin, and loved rib-eye steaks more than beef tenderloin. His love for Desi pie far exceeded bread.

In addition, Audrey was undoubtedly certain that the other party was a spice enthusiast. He had high expectations of condiments, and his preferences in this aspect were inclined towards that of Desi County.

Due to these details, Audrey believed that it would be very rude to not invite Mr. World to enjoy the pastries on the table. And the beverage of choice to match these snacks was undoubtedly either black tea or coffee.

"Black tea," Klein answered after some thought.

Miss Justice's relaxed and amiable attitude made him feel much more at ease. He felt that this state would be more beneficial for the subsequent "Placating."

Since that was the case, it would definitely be better for him to enjoy the pastries while receiving psychological treatment.

"Give me another cup of black tea and add a lemon slice," Audrey said to her maid, Annie.

Annie wasn't surprised by the instructions, finding everything reasonable. She turned around and walked to the veranda's entrance, giving instructions to the servants standing there.

Audrey wasn't in a rush to begin the psychological treatment process, nor did she ask Mr. World why he was in a complicated mood. She smiled as she carefully introduced the local products of the manor. She made a comparison with Dwayne Dantès's Maygur Manor and naturally informed him of the present situation regarding his butler and servants.

Some stayed in the manor and continued their previous work. With Maygur Manor's production, it was perfectly fine sustaining them. There was even some surplus that could be converted to funds to repair the houses and be donated to charity organizations. Audrey only sent an accountant, an assistant butler, and a staff member from the foundation to do a check on them. Some felt that, without a true employer, they couldn't play their role to their fullest potential. They felt ashamed of the salary they received and chose to resign and look for work. Some of them developed an interest in charity work and found a new calling to life and joined one of the foundations under Audrey's name…

Klein listened silently, occasionally raising a question, as though he was chatting with a friend.

When the tea was served, he took a sip and nodded in satisfaction.

After watching him eat a piece of cream cake, Audrey's green eyes darted around as she said with a smile, "Food doesn't seem to be necessary for an angel, right?"

"Yes, it's just a hobby," Klein answered simply before adding, "It can be used to maintain one's humanity."

Maintain one's humanity… Audrey ruminated over the sentence. "This is to resist the godhood within you? Your mental problems come under such a category?"

She gently guided the topic to his psychological treatment.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "That's right.

"You should've experienced it. Every Beyonder who has obtained godhood will definitely experience it in some way. The difference is in the quantity."

Audrey seriously recalled and said, "I occasionally dream of a ball of light that illuminated the entire world. Occasionally, I would hear an indescribable sound, and I would see a blurry, strange, illusory ocean that seemed to contain many conflicting thoughts. I'm certain that it was an illusion, but it was also so real.

"Well, I occasionally dream of a huge cross. I heard someone praying softly but I couldn't tell the specifics no matter how I tried."

The second is likely from the sefirah, Chaos Sea, and the indirect corruption from within. The third is Visionary Adam beginning to exert influence on the Beyonders of the same pathway… The first one is the Primordial One awakening in the ancient sun god's body, the ancient God Almighty? Klein thought for a moment before saying in a deep voice, "The original Creator created all living things and also split into various Beyonder characteristics. This is the source of being extraordinary.

"Therefore, every one of us has godhood in our bodies. They have the original Creator's will. The more Beyonder characteristics gathered, the more 'He' will awaken and replace us."

He used the most common and most ambiguous method to explain the root of the problem in a way that wouldn't lead to corruption.

This had been discussed to a certain extent at the Tarot Club, so Audrey didn't find it difficult to understand. She said thoughtfully, "That's why one needs to use one's humanity to resist godhood. At the same time, anchors are needed?"

"Yes, the light you dream of, the indescribable sounds you hear, and the illusory ocean that you see are all a type of corruption. And the gigantic cross and prayer sounds should be a result of the influence that Visionary Adam has on the Beyonders of the same pathway," Klein explained the two different situations.

Audrey subconsciously sat up straight and looked around. She appeared a little afraid.

Gehrman Sparrow actually said the name of the He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named!

"Don't worry. 'He' can't hear me with me by your side," Klein explained.

Audrey retracted her gaze and didn't hide her surprise and astonishment.

"You've already advanced to Sequence 1?"

Isn't that too fast…”He" had only become a Sequence 2 angel slightly more than half a year ago!

Klein answered frankly, "More like a King of Angels."

"…” Audrey was silent for a few seconds. She pursed her lips and said with a "vexed" smile, "I nearly had a psychological problem just now."

Klein chuckled as well.

"To me, becoming a King of Angels isn't necessarily a good thing.

"Yes, High-Sequence Beyonders of the Spectator pathway have to pay particular attention to their mental state. To other pathways, the enhancement of godhood and the worsening corruption is rather obvious. But this isn't the case for a Spectator. You have to constantly inspect and check yourself. Any tiny changes to one's personality and their understanding of things should be traced back to the source. It must be confirmed that there are no problems and that the difference can be considered a normal change. Otherwise, you'll unknowingly become another person who can coldly kill those who you originally wanted to protect.

"It's not easy for Beyonders of the Spectator pathway to go crazy, but it's also the easiest for them to go crazy."

Audrey replied in shock, "I understand."

She continued the topic and began asking, "Your mental state is unstable, and you have a psychological problem. Is it because you became a King of Angels in such a short period of time that it exceeded your expectations?"

"Yes." Klein drank a mouthful of black tea and said, "The will that doesn't belong to me within me has mostly awakened. I can only barely suppress it and maintain some basic level of mental stability."

As Audrey listened to Gehrman Sparrow's description, she used her Beyonder powers to observe and analyze him.

After the other party finished speaking, she revealed a comforting smile and said, "I roughly understand your current situation. The initial treatment plan is divided into two steps: I'll first enter your mind world and awaken the memories related to your humanity. Oh, it doesn't include the kind that will make you so miserable that you wish to give up. Then, when your godhood reacts, I'll use Placate, Hypnotism, and other Beyonder powers to reduce the

corruption and the negative effects it brings, so as to help you better suppress it."

Klein was silent for a moment before saying, "Okay."

He decided to use his unique trait of maintaining lucidity in the dream and the mind world, and first gather up the memories related to The Fool before "Grafting" them to the Worms of Spirit above the gray fog.

At that moment, Audrey got her maid, Annie, to bring over a white silk scarf.

Then, she used the thin scarf to cover her eyes and ears.

Klein watched this scene in puzzlement as he waited for Miss Justice to explain.

After tying the scarf, Audrey smiled and said, "This is a hypnotism that allows me to seal my Spirit Body's perception.

"This way, even if I were to enter your mind world, I wouldn't be able to hear or see those awakened memories. Of course, I'll keep my spiritual intuition; otherwise, I wouldn't be able to find your island of consciousness, and I wouldn't be able to sense the changes in your godhood.

"I could've just hypnotized you, but you're already a King of Angels. I'm worried that I'll be affected by your consciousness, so I'm using this symbolic ritual to achieve the state of being hypnotized and strengthen the effects."

She calmly explained, calming Klein's mood without him realizing it.

He nodded gently and said, "Alright, let's begin."

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CHAPTER 1364
PROACTIVE KLEIN

After opening the "door" to the Body of Heart and Mind, Klein carefully extracted the memories related to The Fool. He gathered them together and "Grafted" them above the gray fog.

Following that, he saw the blonde-haired Audrey, who had a light white silk scarf covering her eyes, appear on the ancient stone steps. Step by step, she landed onto his mind island via the sea of collective subconscious.

After some hesitation, Klein no longer allowed his consciousness to stay high in the sky. He gave up the corresponding control and allowed them to return and fuse together.

If he didn't do that, he would maintain absolute rationality in the subsequent treatment, making him unable to be moved by all kinds of memories and lose the possibility of strengthening his humanity.

This meant that Audrey's treatment was destined to fail right from the start.

After arriving at the mind island that resembled a dream world using her spiritual intuition, Audrey stopped and spread her arms slightly.

She recalled her parents' love for her, the excitement she felt when she first became a Beyonder, and the joy she felt after helping others to change her emotions and emit corresponding fluctuations.

This was a method of awakening Gehrman Sparrow's memories related to his humanity. It was a Beyonder manifestation of the effects of "empathy."

Scenes that were worth cherishing, or those hiding deep within, flashed across Audrey's mind one after another. Beneath her feet, from the surface of the island that represented Klein's mind, firefly-like light points seeped out of the "soil" and floated up.

Every point of light presented a different scene:

"A kid taking a stride forward with his short legs, receiving an ice-cream;

"A student secretly reading novels and comics under the cover of a textbook."

"A teenager sitting in front of his computer and playing games with full focus. Hearing the sound of a key suddenly being inserted into a keyhole, he jumped up and performed a force shutdown on his computer. Rushing back to his room, happy that his actions weren't discovered, he had a bounce in his step. Going to the living room, he asked his mother for pocket money, before appearing beside his father to casually ask questions about his studies;

"A young adult and his companions pushing a bashful friend to the corridor, right up to the person he had a crush on. Then, turning around, he laughed loudly;

"A young adult with some hint of adolescence to him stealing a glance downstairs, watching a figure leave, but unable to open his mouth no matter what;

"An employee with a slightly protruding belly waving his hand impatiently when he returned home for the holidays. After telling his parents not to serve him food or set up blind dates for him, he sees his parents' white hair and loses himself in thought when he calmed down;

"A scholarly-looking man and his brother and sister moving out. When they saw the dirt and dust on each other's faces, they laughed;

"…”

Klein sat at the round table at the veranda, one hand holding his top hat and the other hanging in midair, as though he wanted to cover his face.

Two transparent drops of water slowly slid past the two sides of his nose bridge and dripped into the void.

Klein closed his eyes, his expression soft and pained.

In his mind island, Audrey seemed to have transformed into a whirlpool of emotions as she pulled together similar memories.

After the entire island was covered in firefly-like points of light, a faint gray fog emerged.

In the fog, there was a door of light that was dyed bluish-black. It was formed from illusory and brilliant spherical light.

The main body of each spherical light was composed of transparent, ringed, or starlight-like worms and insects. They embraced each other and intertwined like mythical creatures.

The door of light looked a little odd at first glance, but if one looked closely, they would discover that its surroundings were dark. It was as though it was wearing a hooded black robe.

Thus, on a whole, it looked like an unknown mysterious person hiding under a robe.

In the next second, a slippery, illusory tentacle appeared under the deep black robe of the mysterious person.

At that moment, although Audrey's consciousness couldn't see or hear anything, her spiritual intuition gave her a strong sense of danger. She had a feeling that a sea consisting of corruption was about to drown her.

No, this isn't an illusion! She believed that if things continued to develop like this, she would get infected with a severe mental illness, or even lose control and go crazy on the spot!

Audrey was just about to "Placate" herself with all her might, weakening the corruption ahead of her when the firefly-like light dots floating above the island rapidly gathered. They illuminated the grayish-white fog, diluting the darkness around the strange door of light, making the tentacles covered in mysterious patterns shrink back.

This was also the reason why Klein could receive psychological treatment only after barely suppressing the awakening Celestial Worthy's consciousness.

This made Audrey sense the weakening of the danger, and she quickly did a Psychoanalysis. Then, she immediately "Placated" the corruption, performing a true act of hypnosis.

After repeating it over and over again, Audrey took an unknown amount of time before she finally managed to obtain the initial results she expected.

She then left Gehrman Sparrow's mind island and returned to her body.

This treatment was very difficult, so she didn't use a "Virtual Persona" and directly used her Body of Heart and Mind.

After sensing the end of the treatment, Klein raised his hand to wipe his face, allowing The Fool's memories "Grafted" above the gray fog to return to his true body.

A few seconds later, Audrey removed the white silk scarf wrapped around her eyes and nose, snapping herself out of her self-hypnosis.

She looked at Mr. World opposite her and muttered to herself poignantly, "Is this the mental problem brought by godhood?"

How terrifying…

Klein nodded slightly and said, "Yes, every angel has one. The only difference is whether it's serious or very serious."

"Saints have it too. Even Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders who aren't demigods will have it

too." Audrey added with Gehrman Sparrow's former explanation.

"To a Low- or Mid-Sequence Beyonder, the remnant mental imprint of the former owner of the characteristic is relatively more dangerous." Klein picked up the gold-lined cup and took a sip. "This is the cruel law of the mysterious world. This is because our Beyonder powers come from external objects, from the Beyonder characteristics."

Audrey nodded before shaking her head gently. As she contemplated, she said, "I don't think it's that pessimistic, just like the source of every human life comes from something else: air, bread, meat, water, etc.

"When we absorb them, we will also absorb their negative effects, accumulating all kinds of problems that eventually make us fall sick. However, this doesn't mean that we have to completely resist them and treat them as external objects. Once they're absorbed, there will always be some part of it that belongs to us.

"I didn't express it well, but I believe you should understand what I mean."

Klein was taken aback for a moment before replying thoughtfully, "A Beyonders acquisition of a Beyonder characteristic is like humans having food?

"Then, one should have peace of mind and not have too many repulsive thoughts; it's about resisting it, but also working alongside it; and suppressing it, but also fusing together with it?"

"Roughly like that." After Audrey said that, she laughed self-deprecatingly. "However, this also seems to imply a negative message: humans will eventually die, but Beyonders…"

She didn't finish her sentence, unwilling to agitate the patient opposite her.

She switched topics and said, "Pay a visit another two times this week. I'll be able to stabilize you under normal conditions. Yes, normal conditions.

"Also, you can reminisce about things when you're free, or go somewhere you yearn to go."

Klein nodded and said, "What do you have in mind about Wrath's suggestion?"

The smile on Audrey's face slowly disappeared as her expression gradually turned serious.

"Do you have any suggestions?"

Klein put down his teacup and calmly said, "Strictly speaking, the danger you bring is divided into two categories: One is when you actively or passively involve yourself in certain matters, attracting powerful enemies to your side, implicating your family, relatives, friends, and the innocent. The other is that your very existence allows some factions to target the people you value the most, doing so to threaten you.

"For the latter, unless you're dead, there's no way for you to ever avoid them. Of course, most of these things are a result of the former.

"If you give up on all your current identities in the mysticism world, and only be Mr. Fool's believer and Miss Audrey Hall from now on, no longer taking the initiative to participate in matters related to Beyonder or other matters with unpredictable elements, you can avoid most of the risks of the former and drastically reduce the latter.

"Under such circumstances, with the Evernight Goddess favoring the Hall family, and Mr. Fool's protection provided to you is enough to deal with the rare instances of dangers, ensuring your family's safety.

"That's why there's no need to split off another identity."

Audrey fell silent for a while. She bit her lower lip indiscernibly and asked, "What if I do want to split off an identity?"

"As long as you let that identity believe in Mr. Fool, it's not much different from what I said just now. The only difference is that, from this point forth, you'll have to stay away from your family and friends and live with another identity." Klein's voice sank slightly as he said in a serious tone, "Also, are you really fine with Hermes splitting off an identity for you?"

Audrey's emotions were disrupted by this question. Her eyes flickered as she said, "However, splitting identities should be a Beyonder powers of a Sequence 3 Dreamweaver."

She definitely wouldn't be able to accomplish it by herself.

The corners of Klein's mouth curled up as he suddenly asked, "You're able to use that Pride mask to enter the Garden of Eden directly?"

As Audrey couldn't take the initiative to mention the Psychology Alchemists, he very directly pointed it out.

Audrey nodded gently, surprised, puzzled, and guessed something.

"I'm unable to pay the equivalent price, and…”

Without waiting for her to finish, Klein said with a cold expression,

"On the one hand, Adam has drifted from Mr. Fool and nearly killed me. On the other hand, with the apocalypse approaching, Mr. Fool has prophesied something: when the time comes, 'He' might fall asleep again. As 'His'

Blessed, I won't be able to escape a similar fate. The payment you need to pay is that, when such an anomaly happens, perform certain dangerous things according to Mr. Fool's instructions and try hard to awaken 'Him.'"

Without giving Miss Justice a chance to digest this sentence, Klein extended his right hand and grabbed a few times at the void ahead of him, pulling out a grayish-white, cold persona mask.

Using his status and Audrey's trust in him, he forcefully summoned the projection of the Pride mask from the Historical Void.

"It's connected to my mind, so no one else can use it." Audrey subconsciously pointed out the problem when she saw this.

"Give me a strand of hair," Klein said calmly.

Audrey didn't think too much about it. She plucked out a strand of blonde hair and handed it to Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein took the strand of hair and wrapped it in the eye holes in the persona mask.

Then, he held his silk hat in one hand and the grayish-white mask in the other as he slowly stood up.

During this process, he mobilized Sefirah Castle and "Deceived" the rules.

Pa!

Klein wore the Pride mask without facing any resistance. Immediately, he saw human-clothed animals walking upright.

He had entered the Garden of Eden directly.

Looking at the black cathedral in the middle of the city, Klein curled his lips and took out the Staff of the Stars and wore the silk top hat over his head.

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CHAPTER 1365
DESTRUCTION

The moment they sensed the intrusion of a stranger, the animals wearing cloaks or exquisite long skirts stirred as they looked at Klein with the desire to attack.

At that instant, Klein, who was wearing the Pride mask, felt as though he was an enemy of the entire city.

He wasn't unfamiliar with the situation in the Garden of Eden. He knew that the upright animals dressed as humans were in different aspects of Bestial Desires. They were more like conceptual and abstract entities instead of being physical.

In other words, they didn't have Spirit Body Threads, so they wouldn't suffer any physical harm. Otherwise, Klein could've hoisted these animals up, allowing them to sway with the wind.

In the next second, with the bear whose suit was about to rip apart taking the lead, the animals in the Garden of Eden either bared their fangs or let out low growls as they surged towards Klein from all directions.

Once bitten or hugged by them, one would be corrupted by the corresponding Bestial Desire. One could only rely on their willpower or the various Beyonder powers of the Spectator pathway to resist them.

Faced with such a situation, Klein, who was wearing a half top hat, tapped the Staff of the Stars. Without panicking in the slightest, he raised his left hand, spread his fingers, and suddenly closed them.

The Garden of Eden, formed from gothic-style architecture, was suddenly covered in a layer of gloom, as if a giant curtain had draped over it.

"Realm of the Mysteries," the embryonic form of a divine kingdom!

Klein sealed off the Garden of Eden to prevent the powerhouses inside from escaping.

Following that, he walked forward one step at a time, like a gentleman taking an after-meal stroll.

The animals who mimicked humans by wearing human clothes rushed to his side when they naturally changed directions and embraced each other.

The python with its flicking tongue devoured a canine creature filled with the desire to mate; the strange person with a colorful spider as a face bound a huge, red-eyed rat up with a web; a violent werewolf bit the languid cat; the brown bear walking upright gave the fox with shiny fur a bear hug…

These animals that represented Bestial Desire fused together as they canceled each other out in pairs.

Klein, who had grasped the authority of "Grafting," slowly walked through them, as though he was inspecting the concepts of humanity and Bestial Desires.

Just like that, he walked to the eighty-meter-tall cathedral and stopped.

Then, he lifted his head and looked at the skulls embedded in the black pillar for two seconds.

Klein's expression didn't change at all. He raised his left hand to press down his hat and walked up the stairs into the cathedral.

He immediately saw a grand and spacious hall, with a huge cross and a grayish-white dragon statue wrapped around the cross.

In front of the cross was a small long table with five seats on both sides of the long table.

At this moment, at the end of the long table, there was a man in a black wheelchair. His face was abnormally pale, and his pale yellow eyebrows were long. His hair was neatly combed, and there were some wrinkles on his forehead.

This was the leader of the Psychology Alchemists, Pauli Derlau.

At the same time, he was also the famous hermit Eric Drake, and the King of the Black Throne Barros Hopkins.

Of course, whether he was the main body or one of his various identities, no one knew.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a silk top hat and a black trench coat, walk over slowly and in an extremely oppressive manner, Pauli Derlau clasped the armrest of the wheelchair with both hands.

When the other party entered the Garden of Eden, he didn't hesitate to leave this mind city, but he failed to do so.

The eyes beneath the Pride mask that seemed to move towards his forehead seemed to be mocking him.

Phew… Pauli Derlau quickly "Placated" his emotions before his eyes lit up with a pure, illusory light.

This light formed a pair of holy wings in front of him. Under the layers of wings, there was a pious person of light genuflecting in prayer.

This was an angel.

At the same time, an elder with white hair and ordinary looks appeared to the left of Pauli Derlau. To his right, a priest with a pale blond beard

covering his face stood up.

Ancient angel, Hermes! Visionary Adam!

Klein didn't stop walking forward as he muttered to himself, "I wish for all illusions to disappear."

Just as he said that, he raised his left hand and snapped his fingers.

The Angel of Light, Hermes, and Visionary Adam, instantly dissipated and vanished, leaving behind a single Pauli Derlau sitting in the black wheelchair.

He had just used the Beyonder powers of a Dreamweaver to weave a few almost realistic images. Once the enemy believed that they were real, they would become real. Although the damage they caused didn't have any physical manifestations, it would make the target die for unknown reasons.

Pauli Derlau has made countless targets die from fright in such nightmares.

Unfortunately, he had encountered Klein—a King of Angels who could maintain his lucidity in dreams and also possessed true vision. He used the "Wishes" power of a Miracle Invoker to easily crack the illusion.

Seeing this, Pauli Derlau's eyelids twitched. Without any hesitation, he pushed himself up from the black wheelchair.

During this process, his body rapidly expanded as he transformed into a huge grayish-white dragon.

Dragon Transformation!

An incomplete Mythical Creature form!

Compared to a Sequence 4 Manipulator, the incomplete Mythical Creature form that Pauli Derlau exhibited was even larger. Furthermore, there was a

certain change to his head, making it closer to a lizard and not a human. It had golden vertical pupils and scales that were intertwined with mysterious patterns, making it cold and warped.

As the incomplete Mythical Creature form appeared, all kinds of thoughts, consciousness, desires, and wills swept out like a storm, attacking Klein's mind island in half-illusory and half-realistic ways.

This was a combination of "Mind Deprivation" and "Mental Plague," allowing every creature that was affected to experience corruption and go crazy on the spot.

To an angel, such attacks were the most sinister. This was because all of "Them" had certain problems with "Their" mental states. "They" could lose control at any moment due to the tilting of the scales!

Klein, who was wearing the grayish-white Pride mask and half top hat, didn't stop walking forward. He didn't attempt to avoid the plague storm at the mental level. He remained firm and stoic as he walked step by step towards Pauli Derlau.

In the next second, transparent insects appeared on the back of his hand. His clothes expanded as though countless indescribable monsters were crawling underneath.

Suddenly, Klein lost control and turned into a huge whirlpool formed by transparent maggots.

The vortex extended out slippery tentacles with strange patterns. In the middle, there was a door of light that was dyed bluish-black.

Upon seeing this scene, even in his incomplete Mythical Creature form, Pauli Derlau, found it difficult to stop his thoughts from coming to a halt as he stood rooted to the ground.

The massive grayish-white dragon seemed to have become a puppet; its head was filled with mush and its joints were all rusted.

He had stared straight at a great existence that he shouldn't look at!

Above the gray fog, Klein, who was sitting at The Fool's seat, immediately dispersed the out-of-control historical projection.

After entering the Garden of Eden and pulling out the Staff of the Stars, he had switched places with the Historical Void projection that the Worms of Spirit inside Sefirah Castle had summoned, and directly returned to his ancient palace.

He clearly knew that Visionary Adam had gone to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and was attempting to fuse with the True Creator, making it impossible for "Him" to descend with "His" true body any time in the short foreseeable future. At most, "He" would send out one of "His" other identities, but it would be useless against a king of Kings of Angels. However, Klein still felt that he should be cautious, lest he fall into Adam's or Amon's trap.

Following that, he summoned himself from the fog of history. He wore the Pride mask and held the Staff of the Stars in his hand as he projected himself back into the cathedral of the Garden of Eden.

Seeing that Pauli Derlau had lost most of his rationality and was unable to control his body, Klein didn't directly control his Spirit Body Threads to turn the mind dragon into his marionette. He maintained his pace as he slowly approached the target.

In Pauli Derlau's eyes, Gehrman Sparrow was like death incarnate. He approached him slowly with his own rhythm, but there was no chance of escape.

At that moment, the grayish-white dragon statue on the huge cross behind him moved.

Almost simultaneously, Klein raised his left hand and pulled downwards.

The shadow curtain that enveloped the Garden of Eden instantly contracted, enveloping the huge cross, the grayish-white dragon statue, and Pauli Derlau within.

In the next second, Klein raised the "curtain."

The incomplete Mythical Creature that Pauli Derlau had transformed into combined with the gigantic cross as though it was a knotted giant tree.

And the grayish-white dragon statue connected the entirety of the Garden of Eden, turning the city outside the cathedral into an abnormally illusory sea that contained all colors.

This wasn't the Chaos Sea, rather the "loaning" of its strength. It had been "Tampered" by Klein and "Reassembled."

At that moment, Gehrman Sparrow, who had been walking slowly forward, arrived beside the knotted giant tree. He raised his right hand, and under the vacant yet slightly fearful gaze of Pauli Derlau, he lashed out with the Staff of the Stars.

This cane that was embedded with many gems hit the target heavily, separating it into two.

Between the sounds of parts falling to the ground, Pauli Derlau's body that had been combined with the huge cross fell to the ground.

The leader of the Psychology Alchemists died before he could even say his last words.

While waiting for Pauli Derlau's Beyonder characteristic to appear, Klein looked around and chuckled inwardly.

As expected, Hermes's true goal was to use the faction backing Miss Justice to destroy the Garden of Eden and use it to escape from Adam.

The mind dragon, Ariehogg's words made "Him" steel his resolve…

However, "He" should've still left a few Sealed Artifacts for me. There's no need to abscond with everything… Could it be that the rabbit should be wearing a Greed mask instead of Wrath?

The Psychology Alchemists might appear again in the future, but the one controlling it in the shadows is no longer the Twilight Hermit Order, but Hermes "Himself."

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CHAPTER 1366
SET UP

Retracting his gaze, Klein cast his gaze at the Beyonder characteristic that Pauli Derlau's body had produced.

It was formed from thin mist, seemingly an unreal, grayish-white brain from a dream.

He believed that the Garden of Eden was the safest place, so he placed his true body here. All activities in the outside world are just his many different identities? Who would've known that Hermes, who was supposed to be a defensive barrier, had abandoned this place. If a real angel were guarding the Garden of Eden and had fully utilized the uniqueness of this mind city, I wouldn't be able to so easily "Deceive" the rules and successfully infiltrate it… As Klein thought to himself, he randomly made a wish to accelerate the Beyonder characteristic's formation and condensation.

Pa! He snapped his fingers and fulfilled his wish.

Following that, he picked up the Dreamweaver Beyonder characteristic and something that could be used as the supplementary material. He took off the Pride mask on his face and left the Garden of Eden.

As he left, the remaining parts of the city collapsed and merged into the boundless sea of collective subconscious.

From that point onward, the legend of the Garden of Eden would emerge in many dreams, eventually drawn out by some artists, or fabricated into widespread stories.

And all of the stories would come to a consensus—the Garden of Eden was eventually destroyed.

Returning to the Hall family manor's veranda, Klein looked at Miss Justice, who had already composed herself, and handed over the Dreamweaver Beyonder characteristics, the corresponding ingredients, and the potion formula he had seen from the second Blasphemy Slate.

Before Audrey could say anything, he said in a deep voice, "You can go back on your word before officially advancing."

Audrey received Mr. World's gift and nodded silently, indicating that she would seriously consider it.

Wearing the exquisite straw hat, she watched Gehrman Sparrow turn around and walk to the edge of the veranda, disappearing step by step.

…

After removing his traces and concealing the clues, Klein cleverly used "Grafting" and the uniqueness of Sefirah Castle to return to Backlund, appearing in front of Judgment Xio, who was on holiday.

The MI9 colonel, who was munching on an apple, immediately put down the food in her hands. As she wiped her mouth with a tissue, she stood up.

"W-what's the matter?"

She cautiously didn't address him as Mr. World, nor did she call him Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "Mr. Fool got me to ask you if you wish to obtain the potion formula, Beyonder characteristic, and supplementary ingredients for Sequence 4 Imperative Mage?"

Xio frowned slightly, not feeling any joy. She asked solemnly, "Then, what's the price?"

Klein nodded approvingly.

"The apocalypse is coming. Many changes are beginning to happen, and Mr. Fool has prophesied some matters.

"When the time comes, it's very likely that 'He' will enter a period of slumber again. And as 'His' Blessed, 'His' left-hand man, I'm unable to escape the same fate. The price you need to pay is that when such a situation really appears, follow the revelation left behind by Mr. Fool, doing something that might be dangerous or simple. It might be an attempt that will take a long while, or just a short moment, so as to awaken Mr. Fool."

As a King of Angels Seer, the owner of Sefirah Castle, Klein had long been able to make certain levels of prophecies. Recently, he had seen some blurry visions and inspiration. Therefore, without any solid plan, he consciously started putting in place various arrangements.

Right now, I'm a real charlatan… he lampooned himself in thought.

Before Xio could speak, he added, "You can choose to decline. You are not the only person chosen."

Xio believed that Mr. World wouldn't use sarcasm when it came to such matters. She didn't immediately answer as she seriously considered the matter.

Without the pending apocalypse, she felt that she would've rejected the offer. Although a demigod was powerful and terrifying, being able to rule a battlefield and control the fates of others, and was a creature that truly possessed godhood, becoming a Sequence 4 wasn't a matter that was urgent for her.

As a Sequence 5 Disciplinary Paladin, she was able to ensure that she completed most of the missions as a colonel of MI9, with her own capabilities. With her salary and additional income, she could maintain a very decent life for her family.

Even if she were to encounter danger, she could obtain sufficient aid from the official factions. Furthermore, she could make preparations by getting Leymano's Travels in advance, and ask her friend, Fors, to protect her in secret.

In addition, she had investigated the cause of her father's death and fulfilled her wish to restore his honor.

Therefore, no matter what, she didn't have to pay the huge price to become a Sequence 4 Beyonder. Besides, it wasn't impossible for her to get an opportunity from MI9.

Of course, Xio had no idea how much longer until this would happen in the future.

Be it Mr. Fool's warning, or the various prophecies I deliberately gathered using my job, it clearly or vaguely points out that the apocalypse is coming… There are only sixteen years left… Xio subconsciously turned her body to look at the second floor.

Under my present living conditions, Mom will definitely be able to live for another sixteen years. At that time, she wouldn't be too old. Furthermore, Mr. Moon has provided all kinds of medicine to maintain her health… Sixteen years later, Rio will be a young man in his prime, at the peak of his career… Fors might already become a Sequence 3 Beyonder, and in order to deal with the apocalypse and seek hope, she would be busy running around, but I wouldn't be of much help… Xio slowly retracted her gaze as she fell silent.

Then, she looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and nodded solemnly.

"Okay."

"You can set up a ritual at any time and make a wish to Mr. Fool. 'He' will fulfill your wish." Klein didn't waste any time and gave a simple explanation.

His Imperative Mage Beyonder characteristic and potion formula were all obtained from the New Moon City's sacrifice. Of course, he had also bestowed his believers with the Sealed Artifact, General of the Pupil-less Eye, in exchange.

After Xio made her decision, she stopped worrying about the matter and said, "Wendel apparently went to Utopia, but strangely, he returned that very night and didn't go to court to testify.

"That makes him puzzled and worried."

"Tell him that there's no need to worry about this matter anymore. All the people of Utopia were buried in a natural disaster." With that said, Klein turned and walked into the spirit world.

…

In the outskirts of Backlund East Borough, in a cemetery.

Klein silently looked at the niches filled with urns of ashes and didn't look away for a long time.

After a while, he slowly walked under a tree's shade. He took out the historical projection of the adventurer's harmonica and blew it.

With four blonde, red-eyed heads and dressed in a dark and complicated long dress, Reinette Tinekerr immediately walked out of the void.

Without waiting for Miss Messenger to speak, Klein asked, "The various Churches are preparing to besiege the Rose School of Thought and plan on

joining forces with you.

"Is there anything I can help you with?"

He had learned of the matter from Leonard and Emlyn.

Reinette Tinekerr's four blonde, red-eyed heads said, "There's…" "Nothing…" "For…" "Now…"

"Talk…" "After…" "Locking on…" "Target…"

That is to say that, with the interference in divination, and prophecies, and the protection from Outer Deities like the Mother Tree of Desire, Primordial Moon, as well as Kings of Angels like the Chained God, the Rose School of Thought demigods aren't that easy to find. They need a certain amount of time to employ various strategies? That's right. Even Arrodes wouldn't dare spy on them under such circumstances. Perhaps I can summon its Historical Void projection… Klein thought for a moment and said, "If there are items directly related to them, using them as a medium I can lock onto the corresponding target."

When the time came, he could use Sefirah Castle's power to penetrate the shield.

"Alright!" Reinette Tinekerr's four beautiful heads bobbed up and down at the same time.

With nothing left to discuss, he planned on letting Miss Messenger return.

He had originally intended to jokingly ask, "Do I need to pay for the summoning this time?" His spiritual perception suddenly stirred as he fell silent.

A few seconds later, he took out a gold coin from Sefirah Castle.

This was one of the five gold coins that had been tainted by Sefirah Castle's aura.

"The payment this time." Klein handed over the gold coin with a smile.

"No need…" "This time…" After Reinette Tinekerr's two blonde, red-eyed heads said that, the remaining two didn't say anything.

"She" had powerful spiritual perception capabilities, and appeared as though "She" had sensed something.

In the next second, one of the two blonde, red-eyed heads that didn't open its mouth rose up and bit the gold coin at Klein's fingertip.

"Alright," Klein retracted his hand and said with a smile.

Then, he casually asked, "Is Miss Sharron and Maric still in Backlund?"

"Yes…" Miss Messenger informed Klein about "Her" student's address.

…

In a house, Maric sat at a long table and skillfully played cards with his zombies.

Suddenly, Sherlock Moriarty appeared on an empty chair. He put down his hat and took the covered cards from a zombie without any hesitation.

Maric looked up at him. His lips moved, but he didn't open them in the end.

He let the zombie in charge of croupier duties continue to hand out the cards.

Just like that, Klein joined them. He played a few rounds, winning and losing at times.

In the corner, Sharron, who was wearing a black regal dress and a small and delicate bonnet, appeared at some point in time. She held her face with one hand and quietly watched the game.

After playing for about two hours, Klein stood up and formally bowed to Miss Sharron and Maric.

Then, he chuckled, put on his hat, walked towards the door, and disappeared.

…

Deep in the spirit world, Klein, who had finished a course of three treatments, appeared outside Calderón City.

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CHAPTER 1367
DISTRIBUTARY

As he didn't know what state Amon was in right now, Klein didn't dare delay. After his mental problems were resolved, he immediately came to Calderón City and prepared to obtain the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness.

And because it involved a sefirah, he could only vaguely see some visions when using divination or making a prophecy. He couldn't accurately make a judgment.

After surveying the area, Klein raised his hand to summon the Historical Void projection from a few minutes ago, allowing his true body to return to Sefirah Castle.

His consciousness then shifted to the projection, making it corporeal.

Following that, Klein grabbed at the void again and pulled out the Staff of the Stars's historical projection.

To be honest, after being able to use most of the Beyonder powers below Sequence 0 of the Apprentice pathway through Sefirah Castle, Klein no longer needed a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact like the Staff of the Stars. He could basically replicate whatever mystical effects it had without the negative effects.

However, he always felt that an angel still had to possess a close-combat weapon because it was possible to fall into a region that nullified Beyonder powers at some point in time.

In the mysterious world, this was definitely something that could happen. Be it the law restrictions from the Arbiter pathway, or the Beyonder effects of a particular Outer Deity, it was possible to achieve similar effects.

Under such circumstances, if he picked up a hard staff that came with passive effects and directly smashed it in the enemy's head, it would prove to be rather effective.

As a King of Angels of the Seer pathway, making preparations in all aspects was an instinct!

After weighing the Staff of the Stars and pressing down on his top hat, Klein took out the golden bird-shaped accessory from Sefirah Castle and placed it in his left breast pocket.

Then, he took a step and entered Calderón City, the divine kingdom of ancient Death—Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace.

The first thing that entered his vision was a huge bottomless pit. All sorts of strange buildings circled the deep pit and extended downwards in circles, forming a grand city that was beyond the understanding of ordinary people.

Some of the buildings were standalone houses that stood atop pale-white stone pillars, while others were huge rectangular coffins. There were no windows, and the doors were on the roofs. Some of them were just tombs with gravestones at the entrance, while others were constructed from all kinds of bones, making them seem rather messy…

The closer to the bottom of the pit, the more intact the buildings were. The closer they got to the top, the more they collapsed, filled with the decay and ruin of time.

With just a glance, Klein made a faint grayish-white fog appear around him. He directly used Sefirah Castle's status to resist the laws of Calderón City which turned all living beings into the dead.

To him, becoming a dead person wasn't a negative effect, but he didn't like that cold and indifferent feeling.

The grayish-white tide that rose previously has receded… Klein, who was wearing a top hat and trench coat while carrying the staff, nodded in thought. With one step, he stepped deep into Calderón City, which could be seen with the naked eye.

This time, he used the Marauder pathway's Beyonder powers to steal the distance of his perception so as to avoid being entangled with the various dangerous monsters that were active in this mysterious city.

This wasn't something he was afraid of. The ones who should be afraid were the monsters. If it wasn't for the fact that he didn't wish to waste time, he wouldn't have minded taking the opportunity to gather a batch of marionettes to make up for the losses caused by the destruction of Utopia.

Apart from this reason, Klein was still cautious about something else.

Calderón City was a city of the dead. It was very likely that in the deepest depths of the city flowed the River of Eternal Darkness. And in essence, marionettes were already dead, so once they approached anywhere close to the bottom, there was a possibility of a mutation.

Venturing deeper one step at a time, Klein realized that he had thought too much.

None of the monsters hidden in this strange city dared to appear. The aura of Sefirah Castle allowed their instinctual desire to live to overcome their inclinations of madness and their habits of hunting.

The deeper he went, the quieter his surroundings became. The strange buildings remained intact, but they seemed to be dead for years. Even their auras were cold, gloomy, and decadent.

It's the same as looking at a black-and-white film. If I didn't hear my breathing and heartbeat, I would've suspected that I was deaf… Klein coughed lightly and used his grumbling to resist the silence of death.

His intuition told him that once he got used to this environment, his body and mind would become still and silent. Then, he would truly die in the full meaning of the word.

The closer he got to the ground, the stronger this feeling became.

As he kept stealing the distance, Klein proceeded forward for a long time before finally seeing the bottom of the pit.

No, this wasn't the true base of the pit. It was just a huge, black palace that stood in the way.

The palace was propped up by columns. There were all kinds of bones and different corpse pieces embedded in them. Some parts of the palace were even covered in blood. They belonged to different races.

Klein stared at it for a few seconds. Without any hesitation, he carried the Staff of the Stars and entered the palace through the open door.

On both sides of the hall were different types of coffins in different colors. They sat there silently, as if they had already been weathered by death.

As Klein entered, there was a sudden noise coming from inside the coffins. It sounded like a rusted joint opening.

The grayish-white fog around Klein thickened again as all the coffins suddenly quietened down.

Ignoring them, Klein walked to the depths of the hall. There was a grayish-white stone staircase descending with a huge stone monument erected at the entrance.

At the top of the stone monument stood a long and slender statue that resembled a giant bird made of bronze. Its wings had all kinds of pale-white symbols.

Under the bronze bird-shaped statue, the surface of the stone monument was written in text that originated from the Language of the Dead. Their shapes were all different, looking like simplified birds or coiled snakes that looked different. They formed a few indistinct words:

"Even deities cannot escape;

"Imprisonment even in death."

Is this a warning to all living beings who come to Calderón City to not go down the stairs? It directly leads to the River of Eternal Darkness? Klein's thoughts raced as he carefully read the words on the stone monument.

From his point of view, this meant that, even if a Sequence 0 true deity were to approach the River of Eternal Darkness, they would be trapped there and unable to escape. And even if they were to die, they would still be imprisoned by this abstract river, this sefirah. Although they wouldn't dissipate, they wouldn't be able to escape.

From the looks of it, it's just like the Chaos Sea. Without any sefirot protection, merely approaching the River of Eternal Darkness will result in a terrifying mutation… Klein retracted his gaze and tidied up the golden bird-shaped accessory attached to his breast pocket. He walked past the bronze statue's stone monument and walked down the grayish-white staircase.

He didn't steal the distance again, to prevent himself from slamming headfirst into danger.

In the dark, silent, and cold environment, the golden bird-shaped accessory in front of Klein's chest released a pale-white glow, illuminating a small area. It was like a tiny lifeboat struggling in the waves of death.

After descending for an unknown period of time, the aura of Sefirah Castle around him expanded out of reflex and became extremely thick, like a grayish-white cocoon.

At the same time, Klein turned his head slightly and heard a faint, illusory whooshing sound.

This seemed to indicate that a dark river was slowly flowing deep underground not far from him.

In the next second, Klein looked down at his feet.

At some point in time, there was a dark stream of incorporeal water surging out from somewhere.

Even light couldn't exist on its surface.

This is different from what I saw last time… Klein frowned slightly.

Back when he came to Calderón City to hunt the Spirit World Plunderer, he had caused a certain change, causing large amounts of grayish-white illusory tidal water to surge up the bottom of the pit.

The colors that he saw the two times were completely different.

Just as Klein's thoughts raced, at the bottom of the stone staircase, where the dark tide surged over, a thin grayish-white fog spread up. Together with the illusory liquid, it expanded into a grayish-white liquid that was more mist-like.

When the water reached Klein's feet, it silently shrank back as though it was constantly ebbing up and down at a particular frequency.

This faint gray fog is a little familiar… Klein's expression turned solemn.

After pausing for a few seconds, he continued down.

This time, the rising illusory tide drowned him, causing his body to turn light, causing his emotions to quickly turn cold and his thoughts to gradually weaken.

If not for the protection of Sefirah Castle's aura around him, Klein suspected that he would passively fuse with the tide without being able to resist.

Following that, the grayish-white cocoon rose and bobbed up and down in the water before slowly reaching the end of the staircase.

At the end was a void. Amidst the emptiness flowed a straight, wide, illusory, colorless, dark river.

This river was so blurry that it was difficult to see it clearly. This was because its surroundings were covered with a swath of grayish-white like a thin layer of fog.

"Indeed…" Klein couldn't help but mutter when he saw this.

He was no stranger to this kind of fog. He had seen it behind the door in Bansy's ruins before. He had seen it at the easternmost end of the Forsaken Land of the Gods before, as well as beneath Sefirah Castle!

And unlike other places, there was a portion of the water from the River of Eternal Darkness that penetrated the grayish-white fog and fused to some extent with the latter, changing colors between dark-black and pale-white.

The river water here kept swirling up before falling down, like a stream that was running through the illusory darkness.

On both sides of the distributary stood huge and pale-white stone pillars. They seemed to be supporting something, preventing whatever it was from collapsing.

At this moment, between the stone pillars, and on the banks of the distributary, countless blurry, translucent figures were pacing back and forth, slowly but unceasingly.

Among them, the most eye-catching one was a seemingly lost figure that would occasionally enter into the depths of the distributary before turning around. Yet, it didn't seem like it could leave the river.

It was huge, similar to the stone pillars around it. It had a heavy black robe draped over it, and from its side profile, it looked very old.

Suddenly, it turned its head and looked at Klein.

Its face had obvious Southern Continent characteristics, but it had already rotted while white feathers stained with pale yellow oil grew out.

Klein knew "Him," and "He" was Mr. Azik's father, the Death of the Fourth Epoch:

Emperor of the Underworld Salinger.

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CHAPTER 1368
DEATH IMPRINT

Death Salinger, who was pacing around the River of Eternal Darkness, looked at Klein, who was enveloped in the grayish-white cocoon.

"His" eyes that had pale-white flames that were about to be extinguished instantly reflected the golden bird-shaped accessory on Klein's chest.

In the next second, a deep roar came from "His" rotting mouth, reverberating above the river, causing the entirety of Calderón City to visibly shake.

The distributary that occasionally rose up or plunged down, sometimes dark and sometimes pale-white, reached the end of the stone staircase with the rising of tides, surging towards Klein.

During this process, the illusory tide fused with the grayish-white fog, creating a similar color.

The grayish-white torrent slammed into Klein's body repeatedly, but it failed to destroy the cocoon around him.

Death Salinger's rotting body took steps to the edge of the distributary, but "He" couldn't escape no matter what. All "He" could do was stand there and roar wildly.

Klein's gaze swept past "Him" as he looked at the blurry figures loitering around the banks.

One of them had already been swept to the center of the distributary by the surging tide. They couldn't help but sink to the bottom of the river, melting like ice.

The remaining ones didn't show any fear as they maintained their blank and lost state, moving back and forth endlessly.

At a glance, Klein saw many familiar figures.

They were the same person—Azik Eggers with "His" bronze skin and soft facial features.

This Death Consul seemed to have dissociated into multiple selves. "They" constantly paced between the pale-white stone pillars on both sides of the River of Eternal Darkness.

This… As Klein's heart stirred, his right leg suddenly turned cold.

He subconsciously lowered his head and saw a pale-white hand.

The palm penetrated the grayish-white cocoon and grabbed his calf.

And the owner of the palm floated in the surging torrent was like a water ghost as it attempted to pull Klein into the depths of the water.

Its attack could actually ignore the aura of Sefirah Castle!

Sensing Klein's gaze, the pale-white palm's owner raised his head to reveal his face.

He had black hair and brown eyes. His facial features were ordinary and he had a scholarly air.

Klein Moretti!

The "water ghost" was Klein Moretti!

In the next second, Klein's left leg, right shoulder, and left arm were grabbed by different pale-white hands.

This made him feel cold all over as his Spirit Body seemed to freeze. He couldn't even use all his Beyonder powers. It was impossible to resist.

The three pale-white hands belonged to different blurry figures, while the different blurry figures all had the same face—Klein Moretti's face!

Under the pull of the four "water ghosts," Klein's body gradually separated from the grayish-white cocoon and sank into the torrent.

His body became colder and colder, and his thoughts gradually fell into silence. His vision gradually darkened, and eventually, there were only dark ebbing waves.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein's consciousness returned to his original body.

Then, without any hesitation, he extended his palm and used the power of Sefirah Castle to steal an item from the latter through his connection with the historical projection.

A golden beam of light flashed as Klein held the golden bird-shaped accessory.

At the same time, he stopped maintaining the Historical Void projection.

The "drowning" figure disappeared from the Eternal Night flood.

It can ignore the aura of Sefirah Castle, which means that those four figures truly are "me"…But why would I be trapped in the stream of the River of Eternal Darkness, pacing about endlessly? Four figures, four figures… Klein's expression was solemn as he gently tapped the edge of the long mottled table. He gained some inspiration amidst the tapping.

The words "four," "souls," and "death" corresponded to the reality that he had died four times and had revived four times.

Of course, after becoming an Attendant of Mysteries, the four resurrection opportunities had been reset again.

Every time I die, regardless of whether I successfully revive or not, I will leave an imprint in the River of Eternal Darkness? I died four times, so there are four figures wandering the banks of the River of Eternal Darkness? Klein roughly grasped the crux of it before he sighed inwardly. The River of Eternal Darkness is indeed a sefirah. As expected of the symbol of death, repose, destination, endpoint, and darkness… This is what the Goddess meant when "She" pointed out that I'll encounter a different kind of danger? Hmm, when the historical projection was "drowned," I suffered some mental damage. If my mental state was unstable, I might've suffered some terrible consequences by now.

Based on this deduction, Klein had a brand new understanding of the many Azik figures and the wandering Death Salinger.

"They" were the corresponding imprints of death.

Mr. Azik has indeed died many times in the process of searching for his memories, but he comes back to life every time. According to the present situation, although an Undying doesn't die, it leaves behind a lot of hidden dangers. Once the number of deaths reaches a certain level, their true bodies might be attracted to the River of Eternal Darkness one day, ending up as one of the figures that wander around there for an eternity… Only Salinger's figure is there… This means that, after accommodating the Uniqueness, "His" death imprint also becomes unique. As Klein's thoughts raced through his mind, he became worried about Mr. Azik's state of survival.

And there were two solutions to resolving this problem: One was to make Azik's soul whole and make "Him" stop repeating "His" resurrection

process. And second, to help the Evernight Goddess become a Great Old One and gain control of the River of Eternal Darkness.

Heh heh, perhaps this is another binary choice. When the Goddess becomes a Great Old One, there's no need for "Her" to make use of half of Mr. Azik's soul again. Klein reined in his thoughts and focused his attention on his goal.

He had entered the depths of Calderón City, not to resolve the death imprint of Death Salinger, and destroy any chances of "Him" reviving; instead, he was here to retrieve the river water from the River of Eternal Darkness.

Clearly, the illusory tide's water that flows out of the river doesn't work. It's only an aura that flows out, not the river water itself. Also, water that has fused with the grayish-white fog won't do either. It's not pure enough, so it wouldn't be able to accomplish the desired effect. From the looks of it, only when the distributary turns back into its deep and dark state can I get the water. Heh, there's definitely no way to get it from the main river. That grayish-white fog is definitely a solid barrier. Klein quickly formulated a plan based on his analysis.

That was to avoid going close to the River of Eternal Darkness, and not attract the attention of Death Salinger. He would wait for the distributary's water to recede and turn dark before he headed over before allowing his four death imprints to drag his historical projection to the bottom of the river.

During this process, the historical projection would seize the opportunity and use the golden, bird-shaped accessory to scoop the river water. Then, he would return his consciousness back to Sefirah Castle. Using the powers of "Theft," as well as the close connection between the two items, he could take away the golden, bird-shaped accessory.

After considering the finer details to the procedure, Klein returned to Calderón City and summoned his Historical Void projection.

He repeated the previous process and soon returned to the stone tablet next to the giant bronze bird statue. He walked down the grayish-white stone steps, step by step.

The aura of Sefirah Castle around him gradually thickened, turning into a thin "cocoon."

It didn't take long before Klein arrived at the end of the staircase. He saw the River of Eternal Darkness flowing in the void, the pale-white columns on both banks, and the countless blurry figures that lingered at the banks of the distributary.

This time, he wasn't in a hurry to go forward. He left the staircase and waited patiently at the same spot for the distributary's water to recede. The grayish-white colors faded and the water darkened.

Right now! Klein's figure flashed as he "stole" the distance and appeared in Death Salinger's blind spot.

Without any surprise, as his body sank into the River of Eternal Darkness, the pale-white hands immediately penetrated the aura of Sefirah Castle and grabbed his limbs.

His four death imprints appeared around him, eager to drag him to the bottom of the river!

Klein's head submerged under the dark river water, making his body turn cold as his thoughts turned still.

Before he completely lost his senses, transparent and distorted maggots crawled out from Klein's neck. They quickly crawled to the side of the golden, bird-shaped accessory, clustered around it, and lifted it up, preparing to scoop the water of the River of Eternal Darkness.

At that moment, a massive shadow appeared in the swirling illusory river in front of Klein.

It was a giant bird floating in the water, one that was completely submerged by the River of Eternal Darkness's distributary.

The giant bird's surface was covered with white flames, and the feathers formed from mysterious patterns, but most of them had been melted away by the River of Eternal Darkness. The exposed parts were pitch-black and rotten with pale-yellow pus on the surface.

The giant bird's eyes seemed to be made of bronze, and layers of illusory doors were hidden within.

Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace!

The ancient Death who had opened up the Underworld!

In front of Gregrace's eyes, a bronze beam burst out, enveloping the golden, bird-shaped accessory and Klein's historical projection in a bid to drag them over together.

After weighing his current situation, Klein instantly made a decision and gave up the attempt of scooping the river water.

His consciousness immediately returned to Sefirah Castle, and he stole the golden, bird-shaped accessory.

His historical projection dissipated.

There's danger in the water too… The ancient god, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace, has completely sunk into the River of Eternal Darkness… If the Goddess can truly accommodate the Uniqueness of the Death pathway, and if Salinger can't use that opportunity to revive in "His" body, "He" should also sink into the water like Gregrace. And the death imprint of Gregrace will melt further… Klein silently sighed as he modified the plan.

Following that, he summoned the Historical Void projection and returned to the end of the stairs.

After waiting for a while, when Death Salinger turned around and slowly walked towards the bank, Klein suddenly "stole" the distance and appeared in front of "Him."

In the next second, Salinger let out a low growl, rapidly increasing the flow of the distributary.

At the same time, Klein was grabbed by his death imprints, and forcefully dragged to the bottom of the river. He sensed the Phoenix Ancestor, Gregrace.

Like before, Gregrace's bronze eyes lit up.

However, what enveloped this light wasn't Klein and the golden, bird-shaped accessory, but Death Salinger.

Grafting!

Seizing this brief opportunity, the Worms of Spirit crawled out from Klein's historical projection and lifted the golden, bird-shaped accessory.

The bronze eye of the accessory also released a beam of light, scooping up a tiny portion of the river water.

In the next moment, Klein's consciousness returned to Sefirah Castle. He raised his hand and retrieved the accessory.

Phew, I'm finally done… Looking at the golden, bird-shaped accessory in his hand, he slowly exhaled.

As the owner of Sefirah Castle, this mission wasn't too difficult. As long as he didn't rashly enter with his main body, he could rely on repeated failures to accumulate experience and figure out the situation.

And if it wasn't for the fact that there were two Deaths in the distributary of the River of Eternal Darkness, one wandering and the other sinking, Klein

wouldn't have failed twice.

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CHAPTER 1369
POMP

After weighing the bird-shaped, golden accessory in his hand, Klein quickly returned to the real world. He casually picked an empty plot of land and set up an altar to hold a sacrificial ritual.

With regards to the other secrets hidden in Calderón City, as well as the loitering figures around the River of Eternal Darkness, he temporarily didn't have any thoughts of starting a deeper exploration of it. This was because he still had more important matters to prepare for. He also had a key question to ask the Evernight Goddess.

Soon, he held the ritual and allowed the candlelight and spirituality materials to fuse together, forming a Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment.

Without any hesitation, Klein placed the bird-shaped, golden accessory into the wind, allowing it to slowly pass through the mysterious door and vanish into the endless darkness.

In the next second, he sharply noticed that he had been dragged into a dream.

In the center of the dreamscape was a gothic palace that seemed to blend with the darkness around it. Its details were exquisite, its color dim, but it was still gorgeous.

Klein passed through bushes of night vanilla and slumber flowers before stepping into the palace.

In the deepest part of the hall, the Evernight Goddess was sitting on an ancient high-back chair. "She" was still wearing the layered black dress that didn't seem complicated.

The sparkling spots on the dress reflected the dome and the walls, and the pillars of the palace created a quiet and dreamy starry sky.

The Evernight Goddess, whose face seemed to be covered in layers of fishnet veils, held the bird-shaped, golden accessory and slowly stood up. "She" walked down the stairs to Klein.

"Her" voice sounded, sounding like a lullaby:

"What do you have to ask?"

Klein politely took off his top hat and bowed slightly.

"I want to know if the grayish-white fog that envelops the River of Eternal Darkness has something to do with that Lord of the Mysteries."

That was also the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

Although he couldn't see the Evernight Goddess's face clearly, Klein felt like "She" was smiling when he looked straight at "Her."

"Yes. Furthermore, not only is the River of Eternal Darkness enveloped by the grayish-white fog, but the city behind Bansy Harbor, and the entire Western Continent is enveloped by the same grayish-white fog."

Klein hesitated for a moment before saying, "This is a kind of seal?"

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection nodded.

"That's right. Apart from Sefirah Castle and the Chaos Sea, all the other sefirot were sealed in the Western Continent by that mysterious Lord of the Mysteries.

River of Eternal Darkness, Brood Hive, City of Calamity, Tenebrous World, Nation of Disorder, Knowledge Moor, and Key of Light have all been sealed in the Western Continent by the Celestial Worthy? Isn't this too much? What pomp… It's no wonder that the city behind Bansy Harbor's door is like the former Shanghai… This is the City of Calamity affecting that city in the real world, as well as Bansy. Then, to a certain extent, it has caused certain changes? Klein was enlightened and amazed.

Back when he saw the scene behind the door in Bansy, he had suspected that it had something to do with the Western Continent. Furthermore, according to the clue that Bansy was the headquarters of Red Angel Medici's family, he suspected that behind the door was the reflection of the sefirah, the City of Calamity.

After a moment of silence, Klein didn't conceal his feelings. He sighed and said, "The power of that Lord of the Mysteries far exceeds my imagination…

"How could such a Great Old One, who is known as one the pillars of the universe, silently perish?"

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection shook "Her" head.

"It wasn't silent.

"From the clues that were available, 'He' died together with the God Almighty of ancient times.

"That God Almighty's corpse formed the first Blasphemy Slate in the Chaos Sea. And beside it was the Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway."

In other words, in the middle of the First Epoch, the Lord of the Mysteries and God Almighty had a battle that was abnormally intense but didn't cause much of a stir. In the end, both perished? This can explain why the ancient sun god had the Uniqueness or a Grazed Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway when "He" walked out of the Chaos Sea. It was ripped off by the

ancient God Almighty from the Lord of the Mysteries… Amidst his thoughts, Klein asked in puzzlement, "Why would 'They' want to kill each other? 'They' are both pillars and aren't from similar pathways. There shouldn't be any life-and-death conflicts that cannot be resolved."

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection said gently, "Convergence is an instinct.

"The higher the level, the stronger the instinct.

"That Lord of the Mysteries and God Almighty of ancient times were unable to restrain themselves from converging together, becoming the embodiment of the entire Universe, which is also the innate instinct of the original Creator."

The crazier one becomes the stronger they become? And beyond cunning, powerful, terrifying, and filled with wisdom, there's such a side to the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings? Klein thought for a moment and said, "That Lord of the Mysteries and God Almighty of ancient times, are, in essence, different sides of the original Creator?"

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection said in a comforting voice, "Using the same existence but different personas as an analogy will be more accurate.

"The original Creator was the maker of the Universe, and also its destroyer. It is both day and also night. It's the light of holiness, and also the decadent abyss. It is an amalgamation of all contradicting concepts and symbolism.

"That's why 'He' naturally has a tendency to be dissociative in a way that cannot be controlled. Once 'He' splits, there will be a strong trend towards convergence.

"In a time more ancient than the era we lived in our past lives, the original sleeping Creator had naturally split into multiple personas. They were also in a state of slumber, but they began to use the authority and Beyonder

characteristics they controlled to influence the world, making many preparations for the true dissociation when the original Creator awakened.

"Here, the most powerful and active ones were God Almighty and the Lord of the Mysteries. The latter had another honorific name in the Western Continent.

"In the early-mid stages of the First Epoch, 'They' should've used different methods to grasp the additional sefirot. This made 'Their' inclination to converge more intense, making it impossible for them to control themselves, and began taking actions against each other.

"According to the ancient sun god's research, the pillar of support is the highest level of stability one can achieve. If a Great Old One exceeds this limit, just accommodating an additional sefirah will lead to being controlled by the convergence instinct in an irreversible manner.

"No one knows the exact situation of the battle. Even the Seven Lights of the spirit world do not know. We only know that, from that fateful moment onwards, the two Great Old Ones known as the 'Pillars' vanished completely. As for the other sefirot other than the Chaos Sea and Sefirah Castle, they were sealed by Sefirah Castle's powers in the Western Continent. That was once the territory ruled by the Lord of the Mysteries.

"This setup led to a problem. It was that, before the reappearance of the Lord of the Mysteries and God Almighty, and before removal and breaking of the Western Continent's seal, no Sequence 0 in this world could become a Great Old One to resist the Outer Deities.

"As the apocalypse approaches, this problem will force all the true deities to nurture a Lord of the Mysteries or God Almighty. And the former Lord of the Mysteries and God Almighty are very likely to awaken in 'Their' bodies."

This… Therefore, the sealing of the other sefirots was done deliberately by the Celestial Worthy, preventing the later Sequence 0 true deities from

deliberately avoiding this pathway, killing the chances of the birth of a new Lord of the Mysteries? And as long as a new Lord of the Mysteries is born, "He" has a high chance of being revived and completely awakening… Isn't this too sinister? From a certain point of view, there's no need to be afraid of others knowing this arrangement. The more entities that know of it, the more they will be inclined to quickly support the growth of a Lord of the Mysteries, so as to prevent them from only having a few years towards the end to gain control of their corresponding sefirot… The more Klein thought about it, the more terrifying the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings appeared.

This made him sigh inwardly.

As expected of a pillar that can make the Genie fall into such a predicament to this day…

Klein immediately asked, "Then why didn't you support the growth of a Lord of the Mysteries in the Fourth Epoch?"

He actually knew the answer to this question. As time passed, as the original Creator's different personas, the Celestial Worthy and God Almighty will have "Their" wills constantly weaken. The closer they got to the apocalypse, the weaker the corresponding will became. This made those of the future be able to resist and suppress "Them," and avoid losing "Themselves."

This could be proven by the fact that Adam had waited until recently to advance to Visionary.

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection revealed a smile.

"Back then, Amon and Bethel were unwilling. All of them wished to make all sorts of preparations, hoping to make the attempt when the apocalypse was approaching.

"As for Salinger, 'He' planned to use the River of Eternal Darkness to fuse with the Red Priest's Uniqueness to create a brand new Great Old One path. Then, 'He' went mad. 'He' wasn't able to resist the desire for converging the Twilight and Evernight pathway."

Death was also forced into such circumstances. On the one hand, the apocalypse was only a thousand years or so away, and on the other hand, the River of Eternal Darkness had been sealed by the Celestial Worthy, a pillar. This prevented "Him" from attempting to control it… It's too sinister, too much! Klein couldn't help but inwardly criticize the Celestial Worthy.

At this moment, the Evernight Goddess's dream projection continued, "The seal on the Western Continent is gradually weakening with time. The sefirot will instinctively or consciously use their symbolism to corrode the Uniqueness and High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics that land on them to influence the outside world.

"The first to seep out energy was the River of Eternal Darkness. In the Second Epoch, it formed a distributary through Gregrace. After that, in the Fourth Epoch, traces of more sefirot began to appear on the Northern and Southern Continents and the islands over the Five Seas.

"This is an important factor hidden behind many of the anomalies in the Fourth Epoch."

The sefirot had indirectly exacted their influence through the seal in the Fourth Epoch… It's no wonder Adam said that my understanding of the Fourth Epoch's history isn't deep enough… From the looks of it, Bansy Harbor retained the elven customs not because it was an elven settlement, but also because of other factors… Klein thought for a few seconds before smiling.

"I roughly understand.

"Is that why you've been helping me all this while?"

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CHAPTER 1370
DECISIVE

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection replied with a smile, "If it's just to nurture a Lord of the Mysteries, I should be betting on Amon. At the very least, the chances of 'Him' succeeding is much higher than yours."

Without waiting for Klein to ask any further, "She" continued with a voice as ethereal as a dream:

"The era that was buried in the past is a memory shared between us, and also the critical period in which our humanity was born, sprouted, and nourished. Even if I've had a long life, it still remains my fondest of memories.

"You have its imprint in you, so I'm more willing to help you."

The love for the house extends even to the crows perching on its roof… Klein made a conclusion in the form of an idiom.

At that moment, he recalled the words Emperor Roselle had written in his diary:

Home.

In his wistful silence, the dream projection of the Evernight Goddess switched to saying,

"When you're ready, you can go to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range anytime.

"Of course, it's your freedom to choose. No one will force you, and no one can force you either. You can choose to stop at a certain stage and not become a Great Old One, nor allow the Lord of the Mysteries to awaken in your body. Then, at the last moment of the apocalypse, you can bring the people and objects you want to protect and 'Wander' to other planets in other solar systems to avoid the attention of the Outer Deities, and create another civilization."

Klein had long thought of this problem. After a moment of silence, he said, "I'm not sure if Roselle had said one thing: You can hide for a moment, but you can't hide forever."

He was speaking in Jotun with the Evernight Goddess, so it was a little odd when translating the proverb.

Escaping was just a temporary strategy. It couldn't be used as a long term plan.

After a pause, Klein continued, "Although the Universe is vast and without an end, the Outer Deities are clearly more familiar with it than we are. They're also stronger, directly representing a certain aspect of the universe. It's very difficult to avoid 'Their' pursuit. Besides, even if we succeed, peace will only last for some time. The recreated civilization will be destroyed in less than a thousand years. When that happens, we won't even have the chance to become Great Old Ones, never capable of any form of self-redemption."

This was because if one wanted to successfully escape during the invasion of the Outer Deities, they had to give up all the sefirot. Otherwise, they would definitely become the focus of "Their" attention. Let alone wandering the cosmos, even withstanding the first wave of attacks was an unknown.

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection spoke slowly,

"Apart from the items ripped from the Outer Deities, only taking away the Uniquenesses and High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics of the other pathways might not necessarily garner the attention of the Outer Deities. 'They' wouldn't spend too much time searching."

"You also said that it's not necessarily the case. The Outer Deities should still have a certain desire for the Uniqueness and High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics of similar pathways. This can help 'Them' approach the level of a pillar," Klein replied calmly. "We can't place our hopes on 'Their' feelings. 'They' aren't benevolent."

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection nodded and said, "In this aspect, you're more aware than Roselle. Of course, it's because he had learned of the Great Old Ones and the Outer Deities a little too late."

"She" continued, "You have another choice: use Pallez's method to personally lower your level and let Amon steal Sefirah Castle. This way, you can live well as a Sequence 1 angel. You don't have to constantly worry that the Lord of the Mysteries will awaken in you. It won't be that exhausting."

In the Church of Evernight's bible, there was the division of angels and archangels. Klein had always guessed that the latter referred to Sequence 1, and today, he had finally obtained confirmation.

Of course, this was only the standard of one Church, not necessarily the rest.

After hearing the Evernight Goddess's words, Klein fell silent for a long time before asking, "Can Amon be trusted?"

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection said frankly, "I can't give you a definite answer."

Klein asked again, "If the Lord of the Mysteries awakens in Amon's body, will 'He' take back all the High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics of the

Seer, Marauder, and Apprentice pathways?"

"I don't know," the Evernight Goddess's dream projection replied in the same tone.

Klein fell silent again. After a while, he said, "Personally, I don't wish to become a Great Old One, but I can't let down and betray those existences who have placed their bets on me. 'They' have more or less helped me.

"Once Amon becomes the Lord of the Mysteries, 'He' will definitely help the ancient sun god retrieve the Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic from the Lord of Storms and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, causing 'Their' deaths.

"Besides, Amon is a reckless god."

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection nodded slightly and said, "Your humanity has been maintained well."

After making up his mind, Klein freed himself from his low spirit state. He smiled and said,

"If I hadn't maintained my humanity, and allowed the godhood to gain an advantage, I would've also made a similar choice. That's because a godhood's instinct is convergence upon oneself."

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection gently chuckled.

"Make your preparations. Meet Antigonus as soon as possible."

Klein nodded and suddenly recalled something. He hurriedly asked, "Has Amon already used Mr. Door's ritual to accommodate the Uniqueness of the Apprentice pathway?"

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection slowly replied, "If it were another existence, then definitely not.

"But if it's Amon, there's a 50% chance.

"'He' likes to take risks and seek thrills."

Klein didn't say another word as he watched the Evernight Goddess's projection vanish before him as the dream gently collapsed.

The altar that he had yet to clear occupied his vision again.

To him, heading to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range to face the Antigonus family's ancestor didn't require much preparation from him. He would mainly rely on Sefirah Castle to produce an avatar to steal the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic—the one from Zaratul—that he hadn't digested yet, allowing his main body to be in a unique state that could accommodate the Uniqueness.

As his mental state stabilized, even without Zaratul's remnant mental imprint, Klein could still rely on his humanity, consciousness, and anchors to barely suppress the partial consciousness of the Celestial Worthy.

However, before that, Klein's spiritual intuition told him that he needed to do something.

After looking around, he tidied up the altar and dragged Dwayne Dantès out of the fog of history.

Sitting at the table, Klein spread out a piece of paper and wrote a letter to Mr. Azik.

As it hadn't been a while since he wrote the previous letter, there wasn't much content. He only mentioned the River of Eternal Darkness that was situated underground in Calderón City, as well as the death imprints on both banks of the distributary. He emphasized the numerous Azik Eggers he had seen, and his guesses.

After folding the letter, Klein took out Azik's copper whistle and blew at it.

The skeleton messenger appeared at the size of a normal human. It knelt down on one knee and opened its palm.

After Klein handed the letter to it, he took out a gold coin from Sefirah Castle.

"This is to thank you for all the work you've done.

"If you can't accept it, hand it to your master and let 'Him' decide."

This gold coin was one of the transformed gold coins that had been tainted by the aura of Sefirah Castle.

He had already used one of them to pay Miss Messenger's fee, and he had lost one to Maric when they played cards.

The skeleton messenger was stunned for nearly five seconds, but he didn't dare disobey Klein's words. He clasped the letter and the gold coin with his bony fingers.

It disintegrated and fell to the ground like a waterfall before drilling into the ground.

Following that, Klein took out another gold coin and placed it in his pocket.

At the same time, he made the Worms of Spirit on duty in Sefirah Castle to take a look at a certain crimson star.

…

East Balam, in a cathedral belonging to the Evernight Goddess.

As the first batch of demigods participating in the besieging of the Rose School of Thought, Leonard Mitchell had already used a Sealed Artifact to reach the Southern Continent.

However, he had no progress for the time being. This was because the Rose School of Thought demigods seemed to sense the danger in the air as they simultaneously hid themselves.

This made Leonard have no choice but to wait patiently, ready to answer the call of any dispatches.

While he had nothing to do, he wore his red glove and entered the cathedral's prayer hall. He did his daily prayer in a rather devout manner.

In the dark and serene environment, he seemed to fall asleep.

After an unknown period of time, Leonard opened his eyes and stood up. He walked down the aisle towards the door.

At that moment, he saw a familiar figure. It was Klein Moretti, wearing a top hat and formal suit with black hair and brown eyes.

Leonard's pupils dilated as his brows pricked up. Klein, who was also praying, lowered his hands and stood up. He walked past him and slowly approached the altar.

During this process, neither of them spoke, as if the other party was just a stranger.

After reaching the donation box near the altar, Klein took out a gold coin from his pocket and threw it in with a serious expression.

Then, he changed direction and left the cathedral from another door.

Leonard stood in the middle of the aisle and watched this scene with a puzzled look. He frowned slightly.

At this moment, in his mind, Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice echoed:

"Find a chance to get that gold coin."

…

Backlund, in a particular house.

Will Auceptin held a silver spoon and focused on digging at the pale green ice-cream in front of "Him."

Suddenly, "He" extended "His" left hand to block the side of the food.

On the chair beside "Him," Dwayne Dantès's figure instantly appeared.

"I seem to have missed your birthday twice," Klein said with a smile. "This is a belated present."

As he spoke, he took out a gold coin and pushed it to Will Auceptin.

"This is a lucky gold coin for you."

Will was stunned for two seconds before muttering, "The gift celebrating my birth was a lucky amulet. For a birthday gift, it's a lucky gold coin. You really don't have any creativity."

As "He" spoke, "He" reached out "His" chubby hand and quickly took the gold coin.

Klein smiled, stood up, and vanished.

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CHAPTER 1371
WHO ARE ALLIES AND WHO ARE FOES

Bayam, inside the Church of the Sea God.

After the Mass, Alger Wilson returned to his room and saw a figure appear by the window.

It was Gehrman Sparrow in a top hat and trench coat.

Without waiting for Alger to speak, Klein took two steps forward and solemnly said, "I have come under Mr. Fool's orders."

He habitually acted as the Attendant of Mysteries.

Alger immediately lowered his head and pressed his right hand to his left chest.

"Praise Mr. Fool."

Klein nodded slightly and took out an item from the junk pile of Sefirah Castle.

Alger's eyes immediately reflected a short scepter made of bones.

The tip of the scepter was embedded with tiny blue gems. A small number of them were dyed black, and a small number was covered in the light of dawn. Around it were countless pure points of light, and the sounds of illusory prayers emitted from it, stacked and holy.

Alger's eyes widened as he couldn't help but reveal a hint of greed.

As a Sequence 4 demigod of the Sailor pathway, he was extremely certain that the white bone scepter before him was the symbol of the Sea God's identity, level, and strength.

As he endured the slight dizziness from the prayers, he cast his gaze at The World Gehrman Sparrow, waiting for the deity's attendant to speak.

Klein raised the Sea God Scepter with one hand and said with a solemn expression, "This is Mr. Fool's gift and a sign of trust, as well as a reward for protecting a large number of believers.

"No matter what happens in the future, you are to keep following Mr. Fool's instructions and do your best to complete the missions 'He' gives."

"…” Alger acutely sensed the hidden meaning.

He suspected that Mr. Fool would encounter something in the future, causing "Him" to suffer injuries or enter a nadir state.

At the thought that he had already left the Church of Storms and had no way out, Alger pressed his right hand to his left chest and replied loudly, "My faith lies only with Mr. Fool!"

Upon seeing this, Klein secretly nodded before repeating what he had said to Miss Justice and Miss Judgment.

This made Alger heave a sigh of relief. After all, knowing what might happen in the future was better than not knowing anything.

Without hesitation, he repeated his words in a serious tone.

Klein handed the Sea God Scepter to him.

"You should get used to this Sealed Artifact and the daily life as a Sea God. Once you finish digesting the Cataclysmic Interrer potion, use it to concoct the potion. The prior acting will reduce the difficulty of advancing."

In fact, Klein could now remove the "Grafting" and transfer the concept of "Sea God" which was directed at him and Sefirah Castle to Alger, allowing him to directly become half a Sea God. It would allow him to better adapt to his identity and better act in advance.

However, considering how he was about to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness, he needed sufficient anchors to balance the consciousness of the Celestial Worthy's awakening. He couldn't be missing the Sea God's believers. Klein decided to wait until his condition had stabilized before completely transferring everything that was related to Sea God.

Currently, Alger was an attendant more suitable to wield the authority, helping the deity listen and respond to prayer without enjoying the corresponding anchors and identity. The Sea God Scepter's owner was still Klein, as everything still pointed at him. This was the miraculous use of "Grafting."

Alger suppressed his excitement and joy as he answered Gehrman Sparrow sincerely and received the Sea God Scepter.

Then, he deliberated and asked, "What negative effects does this Sealed Artifact have?"

"Mr. Fool has already applied certain seals to it. The negative effects of the Sea God Scepter have been greatly reduced," Klein said simply. "It will only make the wielder more irritable and cause the spirit to be in a certain state of chaos. In addition, it will drain the blood of the surrounding creatures every month. You can fly to the sea or an uninhabited island ahead of time."

That's still manageable… Alger secretly heaved a sigh of relief before asking what Beyonder powers the scepter had.

After Klein briefly described it, he vanished.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

After finishing the additional preparations, Klein sat on The Fool's chair and conjured a piece of goatskin and a dark red fountain pen. He began analyzing the possible developments at the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range when he faced the Antigonus family's ancestor.

If everything goes smoothly, and I enter the final stage of accommodating The Fool's Uniqueness, the Goddess will definitely have to remove the Concealment. This is because this is the only way to allow the region to interact with reality, allowing fate to connect, thus achieving the effect of fooling fate.

From Mr. Door's apotheosis ritual, the commotion caused by accommodating a Uniqueness is definitely not trivial. Once it's not concealed, this matter will definitely be detected by the other deities. Furthermore, those who are concerned about this matter must've been watching the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range recently. Once there are any changes there, "They" will immediately know.

In such a situation, there's no doubt that there will be interference, destruction, assistance, and support. It's very important to find out who the foes and allies are. Otherwise, there's no way to make targeted preparations.

The Goddess is definitely on my side. If "She" were an enemy, I would've been concealed countless times. It's impossible for me to grow to this level. To put it simply, "She" had many opportunities to sell me out. Furthermore, "She" could sell it at a very good price previously. Furthermore, to "Her," it wouldn't affect "Her" ability to support who becomes the Lord of the Mysteries. That's why "She" can make a decision based on "Her" preferences. Adam is currently unable to bypass the seal and obtain the River of Eternal Darkness.

The ones who do not wish for Amon to become the Lord of the Mysteries the most are the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Once someone attempts to destroy my ritual to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness, "They" would definitely help me and directly provide help.

Apart from these four true deities, the remaining Sequence 0s are:

Visionary Adam and the True Creator are Amon's father. The probability of helping "Him" is definitely higher than "Them" being on the sidelines; Earth Mother has placed a bet on me through Emlyn, but it's not necessarily the case that "She" would definitely help me at the critical moment. To "Her," waiting patiently for the outcome when there are no interests at play is the best choice. The Primordial Demoness's condition is odd. It's possible for "Her" to make any choice. The attitude of the God of Steam and Machinery is ambiguous. It's more likely for "Him" to remain neutral or privately make a deal with Amon and Adam. I don't have any chips to move "Him."

Other than these true deities, there are some uncommon Sequence 0s or the consciousnesses in existence that are nearly at Sequence 0.

The Lord of the Abyss, also known as the Dark Side of the Universe, is suspected to have been invaded by the Mother Tree of Desire. "He" would occasionally respond to the prayers of the Blood Sanctify Sect. It has been a long time since "He" exerted any influence on the real world. Likewise, the Chained God is in a similar situation.

What "They" will do will only depend on the Mother Tree of Desire's thoughts. And to the Outer Deities, delaying the birth of a Lord of the Mysteries should be a consensus. Under such circumstances, stopping me from being able to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness will only cause me to be at an absolute disadvantage in the competition with Amon, allowing the competition to quickly determine a winner.

The most plausible strategy of the Mother Tree of Desire is tacit consent. "She" might even help me to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness, preventing the scale between me and Amon from tilting. After that, "She" will repeatedly destroy our inclinations and attempts to converge, delaying the birth of the Lord of the Mysteries to the apocalypse.

The Red Angel evil spirit definitely hasn't recovered to the level where "He" can be involved in such matters. The Hidden Sage is very mysterious, making it difficult to guess "His" thoughts, but "He" should know that I am hostile towards "Him."

At this point in the analysis, Klein made a conclusion:

"Allies: The Evernight Goddess, Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom:

"Foes: Visionary Adam, True Creator, and Mr. Error Amon.

"Neutral with tendencies to support me: Earth Mother, Dark Side of the Universe, and Chained God.

"Neutral with tendencies to support Amon: Hidden Sage.

"Neutral and ambiguous attitudes: Primordial Demoness, God of Steam and Machinery."

Yes, I'll ignore how far Adam and the True Creator have fused. I'll consider the worst-case scenario. I'll treat "Them" as the ancient sun god and treat them as a dual-pathway Sequence 0 true god… The Goddess has the Uniqueness of the Twilight Giant and Death. Although "She" hasn't accommodated them, "She" has some level of control of them using that bird-shaped, golden accessory as a medium. Even if "She" can't compare to the ancient sun god, she can definitely stall "Him"…

I'll also consider Amon as a dual-pathways Sequence 0 true god. At least two of the Lord of Storms trio have to be diverted to have a chance to fend

"Him" off… From the surface, I still hold a certain advantage… Klein looked at the content listed on the piece of paper as he thought silently.

However, this advantage didn't consider the neutral factions.

Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table and considered the worst situation.

The Primordial Demoness, Hidden Sage, and God of Steam and Machinery might all choose to help Amon based on their own secret dealings or "Their" morality.

This way, even if Earth Mother participated in the battle, Klein's side would be at a disadvantage. The God of Steam and Machinery and the other god from the omnipotent and omniscient pathway would cancel out each other. The Primordial Demoness would hold back the Earth Mother, who had just taken back the Uniqueness of The Moon. The Hidden Sage would face the Universe's Dark Side and the Chained God which were controlled by the Mother Tree of Desire—the powers that the Outer Deities could sneak into the world were extremely limited. This gave the Hidden Sage a likely advantage.

Furthermore, this cancellation was a calculation based on ideal conditions. In reality, under the chaotic situation, Amon, who was in charge of the "Error" authority, could play many tricks. It was possible that "He" would be able to find weaknesses in an instant and bypass the obstacles, causing Klein's ritual to fail and make him lose control on the spot. In addition, some deities who supported Klein on the surface might turn to help Amon due to reasons he wasn't aware of.

As for the Sealed Artifacts that could change the power balance between the deities, Klein didn't know much about them and wasn't able to make an analysis.

Heh, I didn't expect that there would be a day when I fleeced the Mother Tree of Desire. Yes, I have to make some preparations for the worst-case

scenario to prevent things from developing in this direction. Klein dispersed the paper and fountain pen in front of him and cast his gaze at a particular prayer light.

His figure vanished from Sefirah Castle and appeared on Bernadette's Dawn.

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CHAPTER 1372
THE OTHER USE OF THE MAGIC WISHING LAMP

Queen Mystic Bernadette seemed to have a sense of foreboding when she saw Gehrman Sparrow's arrival. Without any surprise, she put down the ancient scroll in her hand and cast her gaze at the visitor at the door.

Klein didn't stand on ceremony and said directly, "I wish to borrow the Magic Wishing Lamp for a day."

Bernadette nodded gently and raised "Her" hand to pick up the Magic Wishing Lamp beside "Her."

"Her" invisible servant immediately held the unique lamp and brought it to Klein.

Klein took it and said in a deep voice, "Thank you."

Bernadette didn't make any requests. It was as though she wasn't afraid that she would end up having accumulated an additional wish and dying a strange death.

She believed that Mr. Fool would be able to resolve this problem because the existence had displayed this ability the last time.

In the next second, Klein, who had transformed into Gehrman Sparrow, vanished from the Dawn and returned to Sefirah Castle.

When he placed the Magic Wishing Lamp on the table in front of him, he immediately saw the candlewick light up, emitting a sticky light that formed a distorted, blurry golden figure.

"You haven't fulfilled your promise yet, so I won't fulfill your wishes according to your will again," Genie said with a majestic and dignified voice. "You should know that the current owner of this lamp is Roselle's daughter. The first wish you made was to place 'Her' accumulated wishes that could allow 'Her' to suffer a backlash at the level Above the Sequences on you. And this time, I won't permit you to transfer 'Her' wishes onto yourself."

When Klein had used the Magic Wishing Lamp to escape, he hadn't changed the ownership of this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. It still belonged to Bernadette, and its wielder was still Queen Mystic.

Therefore, his wish would simultaneously be accumulated on himself and Bernadette.

At that time, his first wish was to transfer the two wishes that Bernadette had previously made under his name. This cleared Bernadette's accumulated wishes, and he was burdened with two wishes.

But at the same time, this first wish was also accumulated. Therefore, after it was fulfilled, Bernadette's count became 1, and Klein's was 3.

Following that, Klein made a second wish. It would undoubtedly be counted towards both Bernadette and him.

Finally, Bernadette's wish count was 2 without exceeding the critical point, while Klein reached 4. Without any surprises, he encountered the backlash from the rules that were at the level of an Outer Deity. He died on the spot in Adam's corpse cathedral and successfully escaped.

Under the premise that Klein made another wish, it would make Bernadette's wish count reach 3, causing her to unavoidably suffer

something terrifying.

Of course, he could also mimic the first wish he did previously, transferring Bernadette's wish count onto himself and spending one chance at "revival." However, the Genie had already made it clear that "He" would distort any similar wishes, allowing the wish to be realized in a way that Klein didn't wish to see.

Sigh, it's also because I was in a rush the last time. And Roselle was affected by the Primordial Moon, so the wish we came up with was definitely flawed… At that time, I should've added a description to make the first wish only count under my name. Or perhaps, I should've added another wish between the first and second wish to transfer the ownership of the Magic Wishing Lamp to me. After all, my death would result in the ownership being cleared, and the Magic Wishing Lamp would return to its wielder… As Klein sighed inwardly, he smiled at Genie.

"You should be no stranger to 'Tampering' and 'Reassembly.'

"With your level and current state as this lamp, I can now rely on Sefirah Castle to 'Graft' its ownership from Bernadette onto me. Or perhaps, we can use a different method and directly use 'Theft'?"

Genie's blurry golden figure fell silent. After a few seconds, "He" said, "Although you aren't as cunning as 'Him,' you're just as shameless.

"However, this is of no use. After you accumulate your wishes and die, the ownership of this lamp will still return to Roselle's daughter. And I will distort the rules and place your wish count onto 'Her.'

"Also, I said earlier that before you fulfill your promise, I won't fulfill your wish normally again."

Klein maintained his smile.

"I once heard a story regarding investors.

"When a company is in trouble, the ones who are more willing to provide aid will definitely be the original investors. Although they have already paid a lot, if they don't continue investing, they might not be able to recoup their investment and end up losing all their money.

"Of course, if they could use other means to retrieve their own share, or exchange their investment for greater benefits, it would be another story.

"Which type do you think you are?"

Genie stared at Klein, who was sitting in The Fool's seat, and laughed.

"After you gain a deeper grasp of Sefirah Castle, you also seem to have obtained the eloquence of a Swindler. However, unless you help me remove the seal now, it will be difficult for me to affect matters at the level of Sequence 0. At most, you will encounter a backlash from Above the Sequences laws and die again.

"However, this won't be of any help to what you wish to do now. Death means failure. Furthermore, you should know very well that losing control during your advancement will affect all your avatars. It's not something that can be avoided by cutting off all connections."

Klein smiled and nodded.

"Indeed, I haven't thought of a wish yet. I'm just making preparations."

With that said, he looked at the Magic Wishing Lamp.

"Actually, this lamp has another use that can affect matters at Sequence 0.

"I heard that a true god once attempted to destroy this lamp, but failed in the end. Indeed, how can a lamp that can seal an Outer Deity be so easily damaged? It definitely has the power of the Lord of the Mysteries or Sefirah Castle."

As he spoke, the smile on Klein's face gradually became obvious.

"It's such a waste not to use something as sturdy as this as a shield."

"…” Genie fell silent for a long time.

After such a friendly exchange, Klein and Genie exchanged their views. The fact that both of them were connected by fate had allowed "Them" to come up with a preliminary agreement.

Then, Klein placed the Magic Wishing Lamp into his pocket, prepared to use it at any time.

After completing all of this, he cast his gaze at the fragments of light related to the Hornacis mountain range in the fog of history.

He was almost done with his preparations. Next, he would create another avatar and steal the undigested Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic from himself. Then, he could face the ancestor of the Antigonus family.

And this might very well trigger a divine battle.

To be frank, Klein didn't wish for that to happen. This was because a war of deities would likely have a negative impact on the real world.

Back when the Rose Redemption stopped the resurrection of the Primordial One, in the divine battle to assassinate the ancient sun god, which involved the help of Dark Angel Sasrir, it directly brought about a disaster that affected the entire Eastern Continent. This caused more than 99% of the living creatures there to die, making large swaths of the terrain to resemble the abyss.

The War of the Four Emperors and the Pale Disaster had nearly destroyed the Northern Continent, causing countless people to die and mutate. This

caused the mountains to turn into lakes, valleys into peaks, rivers changing paths, the land to collapse, and the ocean to go berserk.

The battle between the Evernight Goddess and the God of Combat happened in the astral world. It happened in the Evernight Goddess's divine kingdom, and it was relatively brief. Therefore, it had the least impact on the real world. However, before that, the world war that exceeded a year had drained the blood and tears of countless people.

If it was possible, Klein was actually willing to give up on Sefirah Castle and live on as a Sequence 1 or even a Sequence 2 angel. The matter would then develop in the most peaceful way.

However, along the way, there were already too many existences who provided him with kindness, help, and faith. At this moment, if Klein were to give up, he would put them into danger. This wasn't being kind, but selfish.

From time immemorial, which successful person didn't bear the fates of many people?

If he gave up, what about the rest?

The members of the Tarot Club, The Fool believers of the City of Silver and Moon City, Azik Eggers, Reinette Tinekerr, Will Auceptin… Various faces quickly flashed across Klein's mind.

Finally, he let out a long sigh.

If Amon could be trusted, it wasn't that Klein couldn't hand over all of this to "Him." However, this God of Deceit had always been reckless. Even "His" believers were all "Himself."

If Klein were to give up just like that—notwithstanding his own safety—the people or demigods he had just thought of might be caught by his enemies

or directly end up wearing a monocle on their right eye. Among them, Will Auceptin and The Fool's believers were in the most danger.

Believe in the might of deities, but do not trust "Their" benevolence!

This was Klein's decision. When facing the Evernight Goddess, he had used the Lord of Storms and company as an example. This was telling "Her" that he wouldn't let "Her" down after all the help "She" had given. This was the existence that had bet the most on him. If Klein were to give up, the Evernight Goddess might have to pay a greater price to obtain the River of Eternal Darkness. "She" might even not be able to obtain it forever. This was because after the appearance of the two pillars—Lord of the Mysteries and God Almighty—it meant that the threat from the Outer Deities would be reduced to its lowest level. There wouldn't be any need for additional Great Old Ones to appear.

Phew, I'll later use Sefirah Castle to "Graft" the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range to the astral world. This can prevent the war of deities from bringing any harm to the real world to the greatest extent. It can also allow the deities who are guarding the cracking barrier to unleash "Their" full strength. After all, most of my supporters are orthodox deities… Klein's mind raced as he came up with a solution.

He then snapped his fingers and used Sefirah Castle to create an avatar to stand beside him.

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CHAPTER 1373
FACING

The avatar Klein created was a blueprint of his present state, and not Dwayne Dantès, Sherlock Moriarty, or Merlin Hermes, so as to avoid any obstacles in his self-awareness.

After experiencing the mutation brought by Adam, he became more careful in such aspects.

Glancing at his avatar, Klein's thoughts made his face turn blank.

The avatar extended its right hand and stirred Sefirah Castle's strength to grab at the main body.

Again and again, it failed more than ten times. Finally, it managed to extract bits of dark light from the main body.

Finally… Klein sighed and extinguished the thought of trying to execute this attempt during the actual battle.

Despite not resisting at all, with his body and mind at ease, his avatar had still spent so much time failing while using Sefirah Castle's level and strength. It was easy to imagine its value in actual combat.

As more and more Beyonder characteristics left his body, Klein felt relaxed. He felt like he had finally abandoned a heavy burden after a long walk.

Of course, there was a certain fluctuation in his mental state. After losing the lingering mental imprint from Zaratul, the awakening of the Celestial Worthy's consciousness began to invade his mind.

This was within Klein's expectations; therefore, he wasn't flustered at all. With his self-awareness that had long stabilized, his tenacious willpower, and his ample anchors, he gradually resisted the corruption of the Celestial Worthy's will and found a new balance.

At the same time, when the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic that Klein hadn't fully digested entered his avatar's body, its blank face suddenly twisted, growing out dark, lusterless eyes, and an indistinct white long beard.

At this moment, it greatly resembled Zaratul.

However, it was unable to withstand the madness brought about by the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic. Its body rapidly developed towards collapse as transparent, distorted maggots crawled out and slippery and sinister tentacles extended out.

It lost control on the spot.

Klein didn't stay idle. Without any hesitation, he moved his finger, making the avatar turn into his marionette.

This terminated the process of losing control.

At this point, he had already made all preparations. His main body had completely digested the potion, allowing him to be in a state to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness. He also had a Sequence 1 marionette.

Following that, Klein leaned back into his chair and replayed what he was about to do in his mind to see if there were any fatal flaws.

This is the most I can do for the battle of the deities. I can only do my best afterwards… Hmm, am I being too optimistic about the first stage because of the Goddess's help and the supplementary River of Eternal Darkness's water? That's why I'm not worried that the Antigonus family's ancestor won't cause any accidents? After a round of scrutiny, Klein felt that he was

still not cautious enough. There was a little arrogance and carelessness in the matter.

After some thought, he created another avatar which still had a blank face.

After completing this, Klein stood up, took out Creeping Hunger from the fog of history, and wore it on his left hand.

This was a preparation for any possible small-scale battles. Under such a scene, "Blink" was faster and more convenient than "Grafting."

After adjusting his collar, Klein slowly surveyed the area and made his gaze fall on the strange door of light that was stained with bluish-black. It landed on the humans who were hanging there, wrapped in transparent "cocoons."

As he scanned each and every one of them, his gaze landed on the three shattered transparent "cocoons."

In the next second, Klein's figure vanished and appeared in the grayish-white fog of history. He walked to the time before the First Epoch, and he arrived at the stacked metropolis of old.

He stood at the top of a dilapidated skyscraper that barely stood erect. He looked down at the pile of wreckage, the public transportation vehicles that had turned into metal pancakes, and numerous overlapping sedans.

Amidst the silence, he swept his gaze across the remaining buildings. It seemed to pass through the barriers of history, allowing him to see the electric lamps lit up inside them.

The light from the lamps spread out gently, illuminating the glass and skyscrapers, streets, and every corner of metropolis ruins.

After staring at it for a long time, Klein retracted his gaze and took a step back to the real world.

Right on the heels of that, he directly teleported to the summit of the Hornacis mountain range. He "saw" that ancient palace that was shrouded in fog, dilapidated, and overgrown with weeds.

His marionette and avatar appeared in front of him, like two guards.

Facing the ancient palace, Klein pressed his top hat, raised his right hand, and snapped his fingers.

The peak of the Hornacis mountain range instantly turned dark. Illusory stars appeared around them.

Klein had "Grafted" this place to the astral world.

Without any hesitation, he led his marionette and avatar to the main door of the ancient palace.

The marionette that looked almost identical to him was one step ahead. It bent down, stretched out its hands, and slowly pushed the heavy stone door open.

The door slowly creaked open, revealing the scene inside.

And it was different from the last time Klein sent the Trunsoest Brass Book over. It was dark inside, making it impossible for anyone to see the numerous corpses hanging above the hall, nor could he see the cluster of transparent maggots that were sitting on the huge stone chair.

Without needing to guess, Klein made use of the intuition of a Seer at the King of Angels level to confirm that this was the change caused by the Evernight Goddess using the River of Eternal Darkness's water to allow the ancestor of the Antigonus family to enter a state of eternal slumber.

After the marionette and avatar entered, he slowly walked through the door and entered the palace.

The darkness swayed and changed.

Numerous buildings appeared in the surroundings as figures walked along the streets. Their voices spread out, causing the surroundings to become lively and noisy.

The people ignored Klein and his marionette and avatar as they headed for their destinations while chatting with each other.

They and the buildings were dark in color, almost close to black-and-white. They were like old photos that came from deep within history that had suddenly come to life.

This made Klein think of black-and-white holographic projections, the scenes in the Historical Void, and those in real dreams.

He strolled through this town and walked along the elevating streets.

And the higher they went, the more magnificent the buildings became. The massive stone pillar supported an exaggerated dome.

The people living in this "black-and-white photo" were generally tall. They seemed to be learning, working, and resting.

The scenes here changed continuously, showing the birth of a baby, the growth of a child, the ignorance of youth, the worries of an adult, the pressure of a middle-aged man, and the sorrow of aging.

Of course, they were all interlinked with each other. Only a portion would become the main theme at times.

As Klein ventured deeper, he saw the residents of the towns die.

Their loved ones weren't overly sad. They carried the dead back home, placed them on the bed with a pillow as if the corpses were still alive.

When Klein was about to leave the town's borders, the dead got up from bed, left their family, and walked out of their homes, heading towards the highest point of the street.

There was also a city there. It seemed to be the City of the Dead, the eventual refuge of life, a kingdom of eternal repose.

This was very close to where normal people lived. The latter was distributed by the mountainside to the peak, while the former was on the peak.

Others might be surprised by such a state, but Klein instantly understood what this scenery meant.

This was because he directly saw Spirit Body Threads on the deceased.

The moment they were about to die, their Spirit Body Threads floated towards the peak, controlled by an unknown existence.

That also meant that they had become marionettes.

Therefore, the deceased could leave their own families and head to the peak after dying for some time.

And this was completely in line with the details mentioned in the "Research of the Hornacis Main Peak's Relics."

The Nation of the Evernight belonged to the Mother of the Sky from the Evernight pathway, but at the peak, there was a town used by the Antigonus family's ancestor.

Therefore, the residents of the Nation of the Evernight were respectful and afraid of Evernight. They believed in the Mother of the Sky. At the same time, they believed that death was not the end. They believed that their dead loved ones would bless them from Evernight.

Indeed, death wasn't the end. The City of Dead was just beside them—at the peak. They could reach it just by walking, and the dead would continue living their lives as marionettes.

In the eyes of ordinary people, this was undoubtedly the same as still being alive.

The nation of the living and the City of Dead were like two ends of a road. The distance between life and death was so close that they were like neighbors.

This also explained why the Nation of the Evernight didn't have tombs, as the deceased didn't need to be buried. They turned into marionettes and headed for the peak.

This should be the Nation of the Evernight from back then… Klein nodded slightly and proceeded towards the peak in the dark environment.

What entered his eyes was indeed a seemingly normal town, but everyone here was a marionette.

After passing through the marionettes who dressed and looked different, Klein entered the magnificent palace that seemed to honor a deity.

Deep in the palace, on the huge stone chair, a figure propped its elbow on the armrest, its head leaning back against the chair.

"His" face was rather young, but "His" long hair was half-white. Half of it was concealed, the other revealed; "His" appearance was that of a man, and "His" eyes were darker than Zaratul's, and they contained an indescribable sense of the vicissitudes of life. "His" facial features were pretty good, but "His" cheeks had a thick, black tuft of fur that resembled a wolf fur. "He" gave off a feeling of both old-age and youthfulness, rationality and madness.

This was the ancestor of the Antigonus family. This time, "He" didn't appear in the form of a Mythical Creature, and instead sat on a huge stone chair in "His" original appearance.

At that moment, "His" eyes were tightly shut as though "He" was in a deep sleep. And inside the hall, there were corpses wearing simple or luxurious clothes hanging from the ceiling.

They were like inverted forests that swayed gently in the wind.

After entering a state of eternal slumber, the ancestor of the Antigonus family finally managed to temporarily free himself from the state of losing control and madness, and returned to how he was before? Klein stood in the middle of the hall, looking at his target as he sighed.

The scene he saw of the Nation of the Evernight and the City of Dead earlier was the dream belonging to Antigonus—a dream that lasted for more than a thousand years.

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CHAPTER 1374
TROJAN HORSE OF DESTINY

Looking at The Half-Fool on the huge stone chair, the scenes from before, as well as the relevant scenes of the Nation of the Evernight flashed through Klein's mind. This evoked thoughts in him.

He didn't know much about Antigonus. In fact, he had almost lost control because of the ravings of "His" "Hornacis… Flegrea…” Therefore, he didn't feel any sympathy at the moment, at best some form of empathy.

The lingering memories were undoubtedly one of the best memories of the past.

Even though "He" was born extraordinary, Antigonus seemed to be deeply fond of the small, peaceful, and isolated nation.

Klein slowly exhaled as he looked away from the man with the thick, black, sharp beard, and his gaze landed on the huge stone chair to the side.

A book made of thin, yellow brass was quietly placed there. It kept having three mercury-colored lines of rules being superseded on it.

0-02, Trunsoest Brass Book.

Using powers similar to "Grafting" to complete the seal? Yes, it seems to have gone a step further. Not only is the beginning directly connected to the end, but the intelligence of the Trunsoest Brass Book has also been fooled, allowing it to ignore the middle parts that had been skipped, and not making attempts to change things. It just keeps repeating actions over and over again… Klein glanced at 0-02 and muttered to himself in thought.

This made him have some guesses about the abilities of The Fool.

Without thinking further, Klein got the Attendant of Mysteries marionette to "Graft" the starting point to the endpoint as he walked to the huge stone chair and picked up the Trunsoest Brass Book.

On the one hand, this was to eliminate any possible interference, and on the other hand, he was trying to test out Antigonus's current condition.

Seeing that The Half-Fool was still sleeping and unable to escape from "His" eternal slumber, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He made his marionette take the Trunsoest Brass Book and retreat to the entrance of the palace to wait for him.

The reason he didn't allow his avatar to retrieve the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was that he was worried that the Trunsoest Brass Book, which had a certain connection with a sefirah, would be able to produce passive negative effects during the critical moment he was accommodating The Fool's Uniqueness. This might lead to the situation developing in a terrible direction.

When it came to avoiding the negative effects of the Sealed Artifact, marionettes were definitely better than avatars.

This was also why Klein didn't bring the Staff of the Stars. He couldn't place a time bomb beside him.

Usually, it was fine. He could rely on his level, status, and abilities so as to forcefully suppress the Staff of the Stars, but in the process of accommodating The Fool's Uniqueness, he would be very weak. He couldn't interfere with the people or things around him. Any mistakes could cause him to lose control on the spot.

To deal with the situation of Sefirah Castle being sealed, thus causing him to be unable to use its powers, Klein had no choice but to bring a Sealed Artifact that could provide "Teleportation" powers. Therefore, he chose Creeping Hunger.

At that moment, Klein felt the glove on his left hand tremble while facing a King of Angels that controlled a Uniqueness.

He then used his right hand to caress Creeping Hunger and whispered jokingly, "Don't worry. You're just a projection from the Historical Void."

Using this method to ease his taut nerves, Klein surveyed the area and confirmed that there was nothing else he needed to do.

Immediately after, he placed his hand on his chest and bowed deeply to Antigonus.

When he straightened his body and lifted his head, a complicated, mysterious, illusory brand appeared on his forehead.

This brand was like a strange door of light that was tainted with hints of bluish-black. It constantly emitted a faint grayish-white fog.

In the next second, Klein reached out his right hand. Although it wasn't too far away, not was it too close. He "contained" Antigonus's body within his fingers.

His fingers quickly closed, and with a twist of his wrist, he completed the "Theft."

He obtained nothing.

This attempt failed.

Klein wasn't depressed. He once again began stealing Antigonus's identity, fate, and self-awareness.

Although he was already a King of Angels, his powers in stealing came from Sefirah Castle. At present, he was only at Sequence 1, while Antigonus had been corrupted by the Lord of the Mysteries, a King of

Angels that had accommodated the Uniqueness. There was still an obvious difference between the two.

Therefore, even if Antigonus had entered a temporary state of eternal slumber and was unable to resist, Klein suffered failure many times.

He wasn't nervous or disappointed in such a situation. This was something he had expected previously. After all, as long as the theft wasn't completed, the Evernight Goddess wouldn't dispel the concealment effect and let the fate here interact with the real world. There wouldn't be any external interference either. Klein had plenty of time and a stable environment to continue his attempts.

After failing countless times, Klein suddenly had a flash of inspiration and predicted something.

He reached out his right hand again, closed his fingers, and twisted them gently.

Suddenly, he felt something invisible leave Antigonus's body and float towards him.

At the same time, an indescribable river of light with countless distributaries appeared in front of him.

The illusory river continued to flow forward, drowning one distributary after another, allowing them to become part of the main river.

This was a symbol of fate. It also had many different images, such as a slowly rotating segmented wheel, or a giant serpent that had its head and tail connected. At that moment, when fate was swapped, Klein saw the river of light.

In the next second, fragmented images and scenes appeared in Klein's mind:

An eight-legged demonic wolf, who had just been born, was sprawled on the hill. Amidst the thick and black short fur on its body, transparent and distorted maggots crawled about. "He" was the youngest son of the ancient god, Flegrea, a natural Mythical Creature. At that moment, "He" was looking at "His" sister, brother, and a portion of "His" clansmen playing amongst corpses. "He" despised the crude methods they employed when dealing with their prey. "He" believed that prey should be hoisted up for slow, refined enjoyment to match their status.

This demonic wolf that could be called a subsidiary god was most afraid of his father, the powerful, terrifying, crazy ancient god. Although Flegrea had already produced many children through instinctual mating, removing plenty of "His" Beyonder characteristics, it was uncontrollable with no way to guarantee progress. Therefore, "He" was still crazy, cruel, bloodthirsty, and filled with an instinct for destruction. "He" had even killed several descendants.

This demonic wolf who could create miracles and fulfill all kinds of wishes chased after "His" prey, biting or killing them, thus enjoying a state of pure happiness.

"He" didn't have a deep impression of the subsidiary gods of "His" father, Flegrea. "He" clearly remembered that "He" hated the God of Wishes, Kotar. Even if "He" was also a demonic wolf.

Also, "He" didn't like the God of Death, Salinger. "He" found "Him" gloomy, solitary, and that "He" exuded a rotting and disgusting aura. On the other hand, Goddess of Misfortune, Amanises, met the beauty standards of both a demonic wolf and a human. "She" had a gentle personality and was very good at placating one's heart. "She" wasn't annoying, but this female subsidiary goddess rarely appeared. "She" was always like a shadow, hiding in a place that wasn't easily discovered. Of course, the demonic wolf remembered that a few of his older sisters and brothers were rather against Amanises, hoping to seize "Her" position.

The demonic wolf witnessed his father's death, the death of a powerful ancient god, and saw the blood of the ancient god splattered all over the body of the Goddess of Misfortune, Amanises. And in the chaos, the Uniqueness and a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic were pulled into "Her" hands.

"He" and one of "His" sisters escaped the kingdom of the demonic wolves and hid everywhere.

Without the protection of "His" father, the demonic wolf and "His" sister realized that their former reckless life wasn't normal. Pain and danger were present in everything. Finally, "They" crossed the sea and came to the Northern Continent. They established a concealed kingdom in the uninhabited Hornacis mountain range.

"He" and "His" sister didn't dare expose "Themselves." All "They" did was gather believers and amass a population. In this situation, "He" created the City of Dead that existed alongside a living nation, making the dead believers become "His" marionettes to complete an advancement ritual.

Although this period was filled with anxiety, it was the best time period in the memories of this demonic wolf. As "He" saw "His" sister having more and more believers, and how "His" marionette town was becoming more complete, "He" seemed to have forgotten the troubles and dangers of the outside world and achieved the first peaceful time period since "His" birth.

Under the influence of the believers, "He" and "His" sister gradually gained some so-called humanity.

After the Cataclysm, "He" finally advanced to Attendant of Mysteries and turned "Himself" into a human. With the last name of Antigonus, "He" left the Hornacis mountain range and returned to the real world outside the concealed kingdom.

From this moment onwards, Antigonus's memories and knowledge became increasingly fragmented. Many times, "He" even found "Himself" a little

unfamiliar.

After "He" accommodated The Fool's Uniqueness, the situation became worse…

As the images flashed, Klein quickly came to a realization.

I am Antigonus, I am The Half-Fool!

With a loud boom, his body constantly changed. At times, he had black hair, brown eyes, and a scholarly air, a Klein Moretti who had fused with Zhou Mingrui's appearance. Occasionally, he had long white hair and a thick black beard like Antigonus. Other times, he wore a dark black cloak that made it difficult to see his face, and this mysterious person constantly extended slippery tentacles to the side.

At that moment, Klein's thoughts were extremely chaotic. His mental state was completely imbalanced.

He was barely able to maintain his self-awareness. Under the impact of the two mental storms, he teetered.

At the same time, he had received the fate of Antigonus's losing control and was on the verge of collapse.

A series of prayers rang out in his ears. Each and every word of praise was mixed together, forming an illusory image that joined the chaotic battlefield.

…

Rorsted Archipelago, Bayam, the bell tower of the Church of The Fool.

A young man wearing a pointed hat and monocle suddenly appeared here and stood behind the railing, looking down at the entire city.

Mr. Error Amon!

In the next second, "He" saw Bayam and the distant New City of Silver and New Moon City disappear as though someone had wiped them off the map with an eraser.

"How boring." Upon seeing this scene, Amon shook "His" head with a smile. "He" wasn't disappointed either.

He only wanted to test if Klein or the Evernight Goddess had repaired the bug in this aspect.

After striking the bell, "He" could be considered The Fool's Angel of Time to a certain extent. "He" could use this loophole to directly steal a portion of his anchors.

Such theft was of little value, but it was very useful at the critical moment of a ritual:

The sudden decrease in anchors would definitely tip the balance, causing Klein to lose control on the spot!

Amon then retracted "His" gaze and raised "His" hand to straighten the monocle on "His" right eye.

It was as if the light from the stars suddenly lit up in the crystal monocle.

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CHAPTER 1375 BEGINNING THE ACCOMMODATION

Thud! Thud!

The doors of Backlund, Trier, Lenburg, and St. Millom opened and closed at the same time without a breeze.

Inside a white tower in the headquarters of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom.

Lucca, who was on duty underground, sensed that something was amiss and stood up abruptly.

As a Prophet, he acutely sensed that something was happening.

The elder in a brass-threaded, white robe immediately used a mystical technique and arrived at the entrance of the underground area. He pushed the door open.

However, the door that wasn't considered heavy to a demigod didn't budge as though it was sealed by an invisible force.

Lucca Brewster didn't attempt to forcibly open it as he cast his gaze deep underground.

There was silence. There was no sound.

This isn't normal… Lucca didn't need to rely on his Beyonder powers to determine the problem here.

Usually, in the deepest part of the ground, there would always be sounds that made people's hair stand on end. But now, it was as if it had disappeared as though it never existed.

Others might not know, but as a high-ranking member of the Church of Knowledge, Lucca knew that the voice came from an extremely terrifying Sealed Artifact that even he didn't know the exact details of, so it was impossible for it to be erased out of thin air.

The current situation could only mean one thing:

Either the Sealed Artifact had already escaped the restrictions and entered a more bizarre state, or it had been sealed further, preventing it from affecting the outside world.

Regardless of the possibility, it meant that there was extreme danger lurking in the surroundings. This was because the Sealed Artifact's number was:

0-01!

At the top of Bayam's remaining bell tower, the light on Amon's monocle gradually faded, returning to normal.

Mr. Error hadn't held back from showcasing "His" new Beyonder powers, doing so to make a statement to all the existences watching "Him":

"He" had already accommodated Door's Uniqueness and obtained the corresponding authority!

"He" had used this opportunity to shut off everything related to the concept of a door in the entire world, greatly strengthening the effects of any seals.

This caused the orthodox Churches and secret organizations to be unable to use sealed items for a short period of time because no one could remove the seal.

Even if a true deity descended from the astral world, it would still take "Them" a certain amount of time before "They" could break the restrictions.

Therefore, Amon eliminated most Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in the subsequent battle of gods. "He" no longer needed to consider the corresponding interference.

Of course, such authority wouldn't be able to influence the entire world for too long unless Mr. Error had put all "His" energy into this matter. It was precisely because of this that "He" didn't do it ahead of time. Only when "He" observed the disturbance in Klein's anchors did "He" suddenly act.

The more powerful a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was, the more terrifying the negative effects would be. It was even more so for those that could produce effects at the level of a deity. Even a Sequence 0 true deity might not be able to withstand it for too long. Therefore, true deities wouldn't unseal them unless it was necessary; otherwise, this would bring about an even greater disturbance to "Them," causing them to suffer a net loss.

After doing this, Amon held up "His" palm and gently leaped up. Without the bearing of a true god, "He" sat on the railing at the top of the bell tower.

As "He" gazed at the horizon out into the sea, "He" leisurely waited for the concealment to be removed. That was when Klein's ritual to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness officially began.

When that happened, "He" would strike the death knell for him.

…

In the concealed world of the Evernight Goddess.

Under the repeated impact of the awakening of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, and Antigonus's self-awareness and mental imprint, Klein's consciousness was like a sailboat in a storm. It would sometimes be thrown high while being struck down. At times, it would suffer corrosion, and at other times be slammed to the side.

This made his thoughts turn extremely chaotic. He was about to split into two different personalities, known as Antigonus, and the Lord of the Mysteries.

At the same time, his avatar also lost its rationality. It was in a state of being about to collapse into a whirlpool of maggots. Only the marionette remained standing there in a daze due to the lack of any control.

The prayers from the believers resounded in Klein's ears, forming a corresponding image of what he knew.

This was like a dam that was resisting a surging flood.

Klein wasn't too unfamiliar with such a situation. He had a similar experience after becoming an Attendant of Mysteries and swallowing Zaratul's Beyonder characteristic. Therefore, with the help of his anchors, he managed to survive the initial chaos. With great familiarity, he directed the self-awareness and mental imprint of Antigonus towards the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. This caused both parties to corrode each other and be occupied with each other.

The "mind storm" weakened a lot, finally giving Klein's self-consciousness a breather.

Before he could calm down, he immediately directed the image of him as a god formed by many anchors, into the two mental corruption's struggle and tried to find a new balance.

However, this didn't go smoothly. Compared to before, the essence of Antigonus's mental imprint, resilience, and madness were clearly stronger

than Zaratul's. After all, this was a King of Angels that had accommodated the Uniqueness and was known as The Half-Fool.

Furthermore, Klein had also stolen the other party's identity and fate. This brought about two other negative effects.

His personality was constantly on the edge of dissociating. From time to time, he would think that he was Antigonus, attempting to fuse "His" mental imprint with his own mind. Having accepted the fate of Antigonus's loss of control, his entire body was collapsing uncontrollably. This brought about even more mental corruption.

In addition, Antigonus's mental imprint and the awakened will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings wasn't completely incompatible. In some aspects of "Their" "battle," "They" showed signs of fusing together. It was as if "They" originated from the same existence.

This gave Klein preliminary confirmation. As a natural Mythical Creature, Antigonus was born with some of the Celestial Worthy's will. When "He" advanced to Attendant of Mysteries, the problem suddenly became serious, causing "Him" to undergo unexpected changes without "Him" realizing it. By the time "He" managed to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness, madness had apparently become another side of "Him."

In other words, before completely losing control, Antigonus was already a mentally-sutured monster to a certain level. "His" self-awareness and mental imprint were part of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, and this was something that couldn't be separated by using "Theft."

Compared to "Him," Zaratul's mental imprint was much cleaner. There was only a small portion that belonged to the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. Most of it came from Zaratul's intense emotions at "His" deathbed.

The reason why the two were different was that, apart from the fact that Antigonus had accommodated The Fool's Uniqueness, the former had become the Attendant of Mysteries at the beginning of the Fourth Epoch. At that time, the will of the Celestial Worthy hadn't weakened to the state it was in during the late Fifth Epoch.

Without being able to form a new balance, the speed of Klein's breakdown became faster and faster. More than half of his body was formed from transparent and distorted maggots, and he extended slippery and sinister tentacles into his surroundings.

Just as he was trying his best to maintain his consciousness and not give up searching for a new balance, his collapsed body, Antigonus's crazy mental state, and the consciousness of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings all fell into a deep sleep.

This caused all the changes to stop abruptly and return to normal.

As for Klein's self-consciousness, he used his trait of resisting dreams and the invasion of his mind to maintain his clarity of mind.

That's right. The fate that I stole includes the fate of being in a state of eternal slumber outside the fate of going crazy and losing control… As for me, I can resist eternal slumber to a certain extent… Klein grabbed the sliver of clarity and gained a certain understanding of his present state.

To him, this was an opportunity.

It was only at this moment that he fully understood why the Evernight Goddess needed the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness to use as a medium to attempt this.

This wasn't only because it was difficult to put a King of Angels who had accommodated the Uniqueness, and the awakening will of the Lord of the Mysteries in "Him" to temporarily enter a state of eternal sleep, but it was beneficial to Klein for this state of eternal slumber. This could create an

excellent environment of him being the only one with a sliver of consciousness while the other interference was all sleeping!

At the same time, Klein also confirmed one thing:

The reason why he was able to remain clear-headed in a dream and during the instances where his mind was intruded wasn't because of the special traits from Sefirah Castle. This was because the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in his body was also sleeping.

Although the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries was still greatly limited, "His" level and "His" connection with Sefirah Castle were undoubtedly stronger than Klein's. If "He" couldn't completely resist a state of eternal slumber, why could Klein?

Therefore, Klein believed that this trait was likely due to the blessings of the Evernight Goddess, a gift he received when he came to life.

The blessings given by a true goddess who wielded the power of the dream domain, and the aura, strength, and magical powers that Sefirah Castle augmented him with had combined together to form such a special trait!

It was as if a gentle song came from deep within the dream. Klein's consciousness became clearer.

Without any hesitation, he immediately adjusted the sleeping imprint and corruption in his body and found a new balance.

Following that, he extended slippery tentacles with strange patterns and used Sefirah Castle's powers to steal The Fool's Uniqueness inside Antigonus's body.

Perhaps it was because he was now Antigonus, the theft this time was successful after a small number of failures.

A translucent mask with the symbol of The Fool flew out from Antigonus's body!

The man with the thick black beard was still sleeping, as though "He" would sleep forever.

At the same time, the fog dissipated and illusory starlight shone into the hall.

This ancient palace suddenly appeared in the dark and mysterious astral world, appearing at the peak of the Hornacis mountain range.

The Concealment had been removed, and fate began to be exchanged.

At this moment in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, on one of the mountain peaks, a shadow-like curtain appeared on the surface of a huge cross. It cracked open and a man walked out from it.

"He" was Adam, dressed in a simple white robe with a thick blond beard. Behind "Him" was a thick shadow with five heads.

This shadow had partially merged with "Him," but it hadn't completely become one.

Adam raised "His" head and looked at the astral world which had been distorted from authority and symbolism. "He" smiled calmly and said to the shadow behind "Him."

"They don't seem to be aware of the reason why I used Visionary as the foundation this time.

"I've never told anyone about the results of this research."

Just as "He" said that, "He" proclaimed in a solemn and deep voice, "I am One, and also Infinity, the Beginning and the End."

"His" eyes suddenly turned illusory as an ocean that seemed to contain all possible colors that appeared around "Him."

Adam then raised "His" hand and grabbed the silver cross pendant hanging in front of "His" chest.

A burning but illusory sun suddenly appeared above "His" head. To "His" left, lightning, squalls, and waves formed a supercilious phantom. On "His" right, there was a white tower with numerous brass eyes.

The authorities and symbols that Adam had envisioned entered "His" body one after another under the influence of the Chaos Sea.

Finally, the shadow that clung tightly to Adam's back shrank into "His" body.

Suddenly, the sea that contained all the colors began to rise. Adam expanded into a giant shadow that seemed capable of holding up the world.

The shadow slowly walked on the "water surface" of the illusory, chaotic darkness. It pointed at the astral world and solemnly declared, "Let there be light!"

In a blink of an eye, the entire astral world lit up. There were no other secrets that could be concealed. Even portions of the astral world that connected to Earth, the entire astral world, and the invisible barrier that had been separated from the universe appeared.

At that moment, giant, indescribable faces seemed to cling to the transparent, cracked barrier, silently watching the developments inside.

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CHAPTER 1376
HALF A GREAT OLD ONE

Inside the astral world—which was even more abstract than the spirit world, looking as though all the authorities and symbolism in the universe were included inside—every object appeared. And the light that illuminated this area wasn't spread uniformly. It was mainly concentrated in a few places, stacking together, forming spots created by a prism.

There were a total of three spots in such a state, each sealing the various illusory kingdoms.

One of the kingdoms was covered in bright flowers in perpetual daylight. Another seemed to be formed from books that were opened or closed. Different figures shuttled between them as they read as a form of entertainment. One was covered in storms as lightning and thunder continued without end in the boundless ocean.

In the next second, the three different kingdoms underwent a violent change.

In the area with perpetual daylight, all the flowers emitted light, as if they had become burning, miniature suns.

The countless miniature suns intertwined together and surged deep into the kingdom before rising into an abnormally blinding golden sun. It emitted a scorching light that could illuminate the entire world, an entire solar system.

However, no matter how much energy was released by this almost-real sun, or how many flares of super high-temperature flames it created, it was unable to break through the prism-like spots of light.

Every destroyed layer had a new layer produced at an equal speed.

In another part of the astral world, on the surface of the mysterious country formed from all kinds of books, bits of brass points of light rapidly circulated on the spot of light, forming mysterious symbols that seemed to be searching for a critical point or effective method to destroy the barrier.

During this process, the faint light formed a pair of illusory eyes that directly saw the weak spots and created eyes there.

Meanwhile, inside the spot of light, there was also faint light swirling in it. It repeatedly took form, changing the critical points of the structure.

This made it seem as though both sides were in a contest of their calculative abilities, with neither side clinching victory.

In the boundless sea that was enveloped by lightning, wind, and rain, the spot of light suddenly lit up.

It brought a portion of matter and approached the limit to speed, creating a violent "wave" that could destroy a planet.

Such a "wave" and the tiny bits of light constantly struck the prism-like spot of light, turning it into countless falling specks of light.

At some point in time, the spot of light began to ripple like an illusory ocean that seemed to contain all colors. It seemed to solidify the surrounding environment, causing the light spots that carried the storm to slow down uncontrollably. Then, the points of light repeated a state of acceleration and deceleration. This kept repeating, but they refused to give up.

With the Chaos Sea as a source, Adam used "Himself" and the True Creator as a pillar, "Envisioned" three Uniquenesses, and accommodated them into this system. Adam seemed to exceed the limitations of Above the Sequences and became Half a Great Old One. "He" was able to forcefully

suppress the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom by "Himself," trapping the three Sequence 0 true gods within "Their" respective divine kingdoms!

At that moment, "He" seemed to return to "His" peak condition, becoming that ancient sun god who slew one ancient god after another.

"He" chose the two pathways of Visionary and The Hanged Man as "His" foundation for "His" resurrection because, apart from them having the trait of resurrecting, this was also the result of "His" research: this had the highest chance of becoming God Almighty.

After using either one of the two pathways of Visionary and The Hanged Man to become a true god and gaining initial control over the Chaos Sea, "He" could take back the remaining Uniquenesses and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. This was the easiest path to advance to the Lord of the Astral World.

And in this matter, there was something more special about Visionary than The Hanged Man.

When the Visionary first gained control of the Chaos Sea and accommodated a second Uniqueness and corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic to a certain extent, "He" could "Envision" the remaining, fake symbolism and authority, allowing "Him" to briefly obtain strength that transcended the Sequences, giving "Him" half a Great Old One's strength.

However, at the end of the Third Epoch, the ancient sun god's plan was: after being assassinated, "He" would immediately revive in the Giant King's Court where Sasrir was. "He" would first take back The Hanged Man's Uniqueness and three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and became a Sequence 0 true god. Then, with the first Blasphemy Slate placed beside "Him," "He" would gain preliminary control over the Chaos Sea. With this foundation, he would allow Angel of Imagination Adam to awaken and return to "His" main body to form a support.

After building such a system, the ancient sun god would make use of The Hanged Man's "Grazing" ability and a Visionary's Virtual Persona means to control the Uniquenesses and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of the Sun, Reader, and Sailor pathways to allow "Himself" to become infinitely close to a Great Old One and to maintain a minimum level of stability.

"He" didn't directly accommodate the Chaos Sea and the other three pathways' Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, because "He" didn't want to advance to become a Great Old One, a pillar, in that era. That would inevitably lead to the resurrection of God Almighty, causing "Him" to lose "Himself."

"He" planned on controlling the situation and materials. When the apocalypse approached, "He" would finish the last few steps and become a pillar with self-consciousness.

And back then, "He" didn't plan on using Visionary as a foundation because he hadn't obtained the Quill of Alzuhod. "He" lacked the main ingredient. When the Kings of Angels betrayed "Him" and the plan failed miserably, "He" decided to take advantage of the disaster to take the best path when "He" was revived in Adam.

At this moment, Adam, who had transformed into a giant shadow, stood on the water surface of the illusory, chaotic darkness, reflecting the astral world into his eyes, making it difficult for the three true gods to break through the restrictions.

Surrounding "Him" were beams of light that constantly fell from high above with blazing tails, illuminating the entire Forsaken Land of the Gods, making both the Northern and Southern Continents experience midday conditions simultaneously.

In Bayam's remaining bell tower, Amon, who was sitting on the railing, nudged the crystal monocle. With both hands propped up, "He" suddenly leaped up and entered the astral world.

During this process, "His" left hand had an ancient mottled stone slab appear at some point in time.

The first Blasphemy Slate!

Amon had once used it to seal the gap caused by Mr. Door's returning ritual, to prevent the invasion of the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

After the return ritual ended, and the Door of Flesh and Blood completely collapsed without a tunnel to maintain anymore, "He" retrieved the Blasphemy Slate.

At that moment, Amon casually threw the ancient, mottled stone slate down from the astral world and allowed it to land somewhere in the Fog Sea.

It was a mountain that tore out of the boundless black fog.

There was no end to its depth. Its surroundings appeared like a continent.

After the first Blasphemy Slate landed, it accurately stabbed into the peak of the mountain, forming an illusory sea that contained all the colors.

At the same time, Amon entered the astral world and saw the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range that had been "Grafted" here. "He" saw the ancient and dilapidated palace on the mountain peak.

Wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe, "His" body rapidly expanded, instantly reaching the scale of a mountain.

"He" opened "His" mouth, as though "He" was about to swallow Antigonus's magnificent but dilapidated palace.

Suddenly, "He" saw a blurry figure.

This figure was wearing a long, layered black dress that was not complicated but had countless stars speckled on it.

"She" was as big as the current Amon. A pair of huge arms covered in dark black short hair grew out from both "Her" torso and waist, but there was a beautiful and gentle face that was covered in thin black gauze.

"Her" eyes seemed to compress the starry night sky. It made one feel at peace, but it also made one feel an uncontrollable fear.

One of "Her" two hands held a huge scythe, and another pair held a bird-shaped, golden accessory. The remaining pair held nothing as though "She" was holding an invisible object.

Evernight Goddess!

In the next second, Amon, who was wearing a monocle on "His" right eye, was quickly wiped away by an eraser like "He" was a sketch.

The Evernight Goddess raised "Her" two empty arms as she held up an almost invisible fog.

On the surface of the fog, multiple "doors" of different shapes rapidly opened in different spots, but they were instantly blocked, preventing any loopholes from taking place.

The Evernight Goddess floated above the peak of the Hornacis mountain range in the astral world as "She" focused on controlling the fog world in "Her" hand, preventing Amon's true body from escaping.

As more and more doors appeared, the opening of doors became faster and faster. This goddess was unable to deal with it alone. All "She" could do was raise "Her" other two arms and raise the huge scythe.

The dark black scythe rapidly turned into a corporeal coffin made of black fog.

The almost invisible fog world was stuffed into the coffin, and all the movements instantly ceased. It was as though death had occurred.

However, this silence only lasted for a second. On the surface of the black fog-formed coffin, a series of "doors" took form and opened again.

As the Evernight Goddess sealed the doors, "She" raised "Her" arm that held a bird-shaped, golden accessory.

The orange glow of twilight fell, adding a sense of decay and extinction to the heavy black coffin.

The formation and opening of the doors slowed down as both parties entered a tug-of-war.

At that moment, at the foot of the Evernight Goddess, the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range collapsed.

It was like the apocalypse had arrived early.

At the same time, python-like black tentacles extended out from somewhere in the astral world.

There was an eye at the end of each tentacle, either opened or closed. Any object that was seen by them would instantly turn into grayish-white rock. And anything touched by the tentacles distorted as limbs and heads stretched out, turning into good-looking women of all sizes.

As the grayish-white spread rapidly, the tentacles surged towards the ancient and dilapidated palace, rushing towards Klein who was about to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness.

Primordial Demoness Cheek!

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CHAPTER 1377
CRAZY RAVINGS

Countless demonesses of varying sizes brought with them the destruction of all matter, causing the scene of the entire Hornacis mountain range to develop in the direction of turning into a huge stone sphere.

This made the dilapidated walls of the ancient palace collapse rapidly, exposing Klein, who was in the middle of the hall, along with his avatar and marionette out into the middle of the astral world.

Just as the python-like black tentacles were about to rush into the palace, a crimson moon rose up like a scene from the apocalypse.

In the perimeter of the hall that was bathed in moonlight, a cluster of wheat instantly grew out. There were flowers, mushrooms, and trees. They intertwined with each other, layer by layer, sealing the palace that belonged to Antigonus.

At that moment, the hall where Klein was in seemed to be a ruin that had been sealed in history and a forest for thousands of years, as though it had been swallowed up by nature.

The python-like black tentacles with eyes on their tips were blocked by plants growing wildly.

They rose up as they constantly struck the "screen" that originated from nature, causing the latter to collapse or peel under layer after layer of petrification effects.

However, no matter whether it was the wheat, flowers, mushrooms, trees, or newborns, they quickly returned to Earth Mother's embrace and grew again.

Just like that, the barriers of nature were reborn and destroyed, layer by layer, as layer after layer was reborn. This showdown entered a stalemate.

Earth Mother, who controlled The Moon's Uniqueness, fended off Primordial Demoness Cheek.

At this moment, a "light" that couldn't be seen by most Beyonders landed from high above and crashed into the barrier of nature that used plants as a foundation.

The light didn't have a physical body, as though it was formed from a flux of massive and miscellaneous information. In its illusory form, it tore through the gaps between the plants, like a torrent, heading straight for Klein, who was about to retrieve the translucent mask.

Hidden Sage!

At this moment, a blurry light shot out from the void, revealing picture-like projections around Klein.

Some of them recorded the helplessness and misery humans felt when facing supernatural beings. Some of them used an epic-like brush to reenact the scenes of humans using their own bodies as experiments to attempt fusing with Beyonder ingredients to obtain strength and save the race. Some described the unique cultures and traditions due to a Black Emperor, while others carried various viewpoints, books, and inventions. Some resembled the dawn of the present world, starting from the massive machinery that spewed steam, buildings that rose higher and higher, and clothes that made movement easier…

The contents made the seemingly thin painting exude a heaviness. This was because they bore the inspiration and development of civilization, of human society at different stages.

Back then, the God of Craftsmanship didn't properly digest the Sequence 1 Civilization Enlightener potion before advancing to Sequence 0 due to various reasons. "He" maintained "His" rationality and lucidity. However, this made "Him" have to focus more on resisting the madness and inclination towards losing control. Amongst the seven orthodox gods, "He" was slightly weaker than the other existences.

The reason why the Church of Steam was the weakest orthodox organization was that, apart from having the shortest history and the least heritage, its corresponding god was also not in the best of conditions.

By the time Roselle raised the Industrial Revolution as the Son of Steam, a member of the Church, and brought with him all sorts of ideas, the God of Craftsmanship took the opportunity to change "His" name to the God of Steam and Machinery, sharing in the progress of the enlightenment of civilization, and digested the corresponding potion.

As a true god in a neighboring pathway, "He" eventually chose to stand on the orthodox deities' side after the Hidden Sage chose to be Klein's enemy.

The terrifying flood of information crashed into the illusory pictures and rapidly expanded, attempting to crack the cage.

However, the tens of thousands of years of civilizations were thick and vast. The history left behind by generations of humans that numbered hundreds of millions was so vast and magnificent. It was enough to contain the information flux of the Hidden Sage.

When the Hidden Sage tried breaking through the limitations of the God of Steam and Machinery, in the hall of the Antigonus hall that was sealed by layers of plants, Klein extended his slippery and strange tentacles to grab the translucent mask that represented The Fool's Uniqueness before moving it towards his face.

Just as the mask covered Klein's face, numerous figures appeared around him.

Some of them were men wearing postman uniforms. Some were ordinary birds, while others were microbes that couldn't be seen with the naked eye. There were hundreds or thousands of them.

The hall that only had corpses hanging in the air suddenly became crowded.

And the commonality of these figures was that they wore crystal monocles, or had a circular emblem of different colors in the same position.

Amon!

The avatars of Mr. Error Amon!

It was unknown if "They" had used the Primordial Demoness's or the Hidden Sage's attacks to open a back door and use a loophole to secretly arrive near the target.

Looking at Klein, who had just put on the translucent mask and was beginning to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness, these Amons revealed a "smile" at the same time. "They" open "Their" mouths and said words that ordinary people wouldn't be capable of understanding.

These words intertwined and formed terrifying and crazy ravings:

"You overlooked the Primordial Demoness…

"For 'Her,' Medici, who has only recovered to Sequence 1, is no threat at all…

"Her" greatest wish right now is to immediately produce a Lord of the Mysteries and open the seal of the Western Continent, allowing 'Her' to have a chance of finding the City of Calamity…

"It's obvious that, compared to you, I'm the better choice. You're too weak…

"Heh heh, are you still waiting for the Mother Tree of Desire or the Mother Goddess of Depravity to provide you with help?

"It's useless. I placed the first Blasphemy Slate into the Fog Sea and placed it near the Abyss's entrance—not far from that primitive island.

"Also, the enhanced seal brought about by the corresponding authority of 'doors' and half of the Lord of the Astral World's control towards the world barrier prevents any Outer Deity from being able to have 'Their' powers penetrate inside for a short period…

"And without the influence of the Outer Deities, the Dark Side of the Universe and the Chained God currently do not wish to interfere in the battle of gods. 'They' would rather seize this opportunity to escape 'Their' restraints.

"'They' also wish that a Lord of the Mysteries would be born as soon as possible to help 'Them' escape from the predicament… If it wasn't for the fact that stirring 'Them' would also trigger the Outer Deity corruption in 'Them,' I can promise you that I would've already reached an agreement with 'Them' to deal with you together…"

Amon was deliberately using real information to fill up the ravings, using this to make Klein suffer the effects of a two-pronged approach—one was the mental corruption brought about by the ravings, and the other was the corresponding content that distracted him.

In any case, it wasn't a waste of time to "Him." On the one hand, "He" had sufficient avatars. Each Worm of Time saying one word was enough for "Him" to form many words. On the other hand, "He" forcefully fused the information together, making a single word represent many things.

At that instant, the ravings of Amon echoed in Klein's mind like sharp blades that pierced through his psyche, tearing through his mind.

Normally, Klein could use his own status to suppress the ravings that were at most at the level of a Sequence 1. It wouldn't affect him, but at this moment, he was accommodating The Fool's Uniqueness. His mental state was in a weak and subtle balance.

Under such a scene, a straw might crush the camel's back, much less so many of Amon's avatars.

Furthermore, while Klein felt a sharp pain in his psyche and his self-awareness was in a mess, the sleeping mental imprint of Antigonus and the will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings showed signs of awakening.

In a sense, eternal slumber was an extreme seal. The Amons, who had accommodated Door's Uniqueness, could undoubtedly be able to weaken the seal or even make it lose its effectiveness!

Also, the translucent mask that Klein had just worn on his face—The Fool's Uniqueness—obtained an even stronger remnant will from the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. It was also gradually breaking free from the influence of eternal slumber, and it had a certain resonance effect with the same being in Klein's body.

Without using any Beyonder powers, the Amons, who had simply created a few ravings, had thrown Klein into a state of imbalance, and he was on the brink of losing control.

Furthermore, all of this seemed irreversible unless there was more river water from the River of Eternal Darkness that allowed Antigonus's mental imprint and the even more powerful will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings to continue sleeping.

But at this moment, even if there was still the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness, the Evernight Goddess wasn't able to divert "Her" attention. This was because "She" was trying her best to suppress the dual-pathway true god, Amon.

From this point of view, the Amons were deliberately "sacrificing" "Their" true body to stall the Evernight Goddess, to create an opportunity for the avatars to destroy Klein's ritual.

This was a little risky, but the result looked pretty good.

At that moment, Klein's pocket lit up.

The light was a pale golden color like sticky syrup. It instantly enveloped the surrounding area.

Illuminated by this light included Klein and his avatar, as well as the book that was suddenly thrown over by the distant marionette.

0-02, Trunsoest Brass Book!

The Sealed Artifact extended its "body" in midair. As it bathed in the pale-golden light, a rule suddenly appeared on the blank page. It was completely different from the repeated laws from before:

"Speaking is prohibited here!"

Amon's avatars kept opening and closing "Their" mouths, but they could no longer make a sound.

A line appeared under the previous rule an instant later:

"Attacking each other is prohibited here!"

Pa! The Trunsoest Brass Book fell to the ground and spread open by Klein's feet.

Under the illumination of the Magic Wishing Lamp, it actually managed to break free from the repeated cycle from before, and it set up rules that were beneficial to Klein.

With just a glance, the Amons made different responses.

A portion of "Them" adjusted "Their" monocles, and together, "They" raised "Their" right hands and gently clenched it, using the corresponding authority to strengthen the seal.

On the Trunsoest Brass Book, a line of text before those rules gradually formed:

"All the following rules are ineffective…”

Another portion of Amons locked onto Klein, who was on the boundary of losing control.

Not being able to attack him didn't mean that stealing and gifting were prohibited!

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CHAPTER 1378
CHANGE OF PLANS

On the different Amons' faces, the monocles in different forms emitted pure light.

This was something "They" had stolen from the depths of the ruins of the battle of gods. It came from the ancient sun god's eternal daytime effect there. It could purify filthy and evil objects, and awaken sleeping creatures.

"They" "gifted" this to Klein.

This, combined with the ability to control the strength of seals obtained from the Apprentice domain's authority, was enough to break the state of eternal slumber.

In that instant, the mental imprint of Antigonus and the will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in Klein's body awakened. The madness, the vastness, cruelty, bloodthirstiness, and coldness were like an invisible storm that wreaked havoc in Klein's mind.

Almost at the same time, in The Fool's Uniqueness that he wore on his face without fully accommodating it, the powerful will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings seemed like a terrifying monster that had been sleeping in the darkness for thousands of years. It suddenly opened its eyes.

The former chaos and loss of control swept over again at that instant, but Klein didn't panic. Following one of his contingency plans, he calmly used the "Grafting" ability to guide the mental imprint of Antigonus to Celestial

Worthy's will in The Fool's Uniqueness, allowing the two thousand years of entanglement between "Them" to collide again.

Meanwhile, Klein relied on his own consciousness and the anchors from The Fool and the Sea God believers to balance out the Celestial Worthy's will contained within his Beyonder characteristic, just like when he separated out the Attendant of Mysteries marionette.

If there weren't any accidents, and if this continued, there was a chance that Klein would be able to balance between the two sides and completely accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness. He would enter the final stage of the ritual, but how could there be no accidents when he was surrounded by Amons?

Several Amons strengthened the seal of the Trunsoest Brass Book and the Magic Wishing Lamp to resist the former's rule limitations. Some Amons gave the "eternal daytime" to Klein, and a small number of Amons locked onto Klein and attempted a "Theft."

"They" were trying to steal his lucidity.

One Amon failed after another, but in the end, there were still a few Amons who succeeded. "They" "Stole" away Klein's self-awareness for the next two seconds.

Klein's thoughts blurred. Without his guidance, the Antigonus's mental imprint, the two wills of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, as well as the anchors from his believers instantly lost their balance and began to madly invade, influence, and corrupt each other.

Everything became extremely chaotic, and it was as if it was developing irreversibly.

Klein's body collapsed inch by inch, turning into clusters of transparent and distorted maggots as he extended even more slippery and sinister tentacles.

And at this moment, the rules on the Trunsoest Brass Book were wiped away and began writing:

"Speaking is prohibited here!"

"Attacking each other is prohibited here!"

Soon after, a familiar text appeared before the two rules.

"All the following rules are ineffective."

After the seal was strengthened, the Trunsoest Brass Book seemed to enter a new cycle. And the influence the Genie exerted on it became rather limited.

Klein's consciousness quickly regained lucidity, but the situation in his body was completely chaotic and out of control.

This made him completely unable to deal with the different influences or have any hope of finding a new sense of balance.

In other words, he would run down the path of losing control until he became a monster.

Without any time to think, Klein initiated his final contingency plan using his instincts and experience.

He instantly gave up on saving his body and no longer focused on this matter.

Not only that, but Klein had also even allowed the Attendant of Mysteries marionette to turn into a whirlpool of maggots and let it fuse with his body along with Zaratul's mental imprint.

He wanted to mess things up!

However, Amon's avatars wouldn't allow him to make any attempts. Apart from the Amons, who were fighting against the Magic Wishing Lamp and the Trunsoest Brass Book, the rest of them began to "Steal" once again, trying to throw Klein's thoughts into chaos again until he completely lost control.

The Amon in the postman uniform succeeded, but what "He" stole wasn't Klein's lucidity, but a drop of fresh blood.

This blood immediately seeped into Postman Amon's palm.

Right on the heels of that, Postman Amon's eyes turned crimson as "His" stomach bulged at an unimaginable speed as it squirmed.

"He" seemed to be pregnant with a child!

"He" had stolen the blood blessed by the Primordial Moon, or in other words, the Mother Goddess of Depravity!

Klein no longer placed most of his consciousness on balancing the Antigonus's mental imprint, the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, and his anchors. There was no need for him to endure it passively like before. He could barely respond to Amon's theft.

He used "Grafting" to change the target that Amon had stolen to Sefirah Castle and "Tampered" it to the junk pile, replacing it with the blessed blood of the Primordial Moon.

This was from Shaman King Klarman.

There was no doubt that there was a certain connection between Amon's avatars. Furthermore, it was impossible for "Their" levels to reach Sequence 0. Therefore, when the Postman Amon was contaminated by that drop of blood, the other Amons also showed levels of chaos. Some of "Their" stomachs protruded as well. Some of "Their" eyes were dyed crimson,

while others had invisible babies in their arms as "They" walked in circles on the spot…

This caused the other "Theft" to inevitably fail.

Klein seized this opportunity and used the brief moment of lucidity to stir the power of Sefirah Castle to cast a shadow over the ancient palace.

This place was once again concealed.

Then, he ignored the mental imprint of Antigonus in his body, Zaratul's mental imprint, and the two wills of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings that was beginning to fuse together. He made the blank-faced avatar which stood nearby without having shown any breakdown to extend his hand towards his main body.

Its five fingers quickly closed, and its wrist quickly twisted.

As Klein's self-consciousness didn't resist and even took the initiative to cooperate, his avatar didn't suffer many failures before using the help from Sefirah Castle to successfully steal his own consciousness, fate, anchors, and most of his identities.

The only identity he left behind in his main body was his identity related to The Fool.

At the same time, he had also "Stolen" the identity, fate, and mental imprint of the Antigonus family's ancestor, the mark of fate and spirit. This could only succeed in a few tries thanks to his self-consciousness cooperating.

As the stream of light with countless distributaries appeared, Klein's avatar's face contorted as it turned into Klein Moretti, who had fused with Gehrman Sparrow's traits.

He had become the main body, the main body without any Beyonder characteristics!

Of course, his self-consciousness and anchors were still resisting the mental imprint of the Antigonus family's ancestor, but compared to before, this was undoubtedly much easier to deal with.

Having already adapted to the identity of Antigonus, he quickly found a new balance, delaying the fate of losing control.

Although this remained unavoidable, it gave him a certain amount of time for his subsequent actions.

On the other side, in the spot where Klein's original body was, there was only The Fool's Uniqueness, all the Beyonder characteristics from the "curtain," the Beyonder characteristics that originated from Zaratul, the tiny number of Beyonder characteristics which Klein had consumed and digested previously, as well as the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, the remnant mental imprint of Zaratul, as well as The Fool's identity.

And without Klein's self-consciousness, Antigonus's mental imprint, and the large number of anchors involved, Zaratul's remnant mental imprint was quickly destroyed and corroded by the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

In the next second, Klein's "main body" suddenly fell silent.

The collapse of his body stopped. He lowered his head and stopped extending the slippery and sinister tentacles around him. He was so quiet that he appeared to have lost his soul.

In such a scene, the silence was even more terrifying than madness.

That frozen body seemed to be giving birth to an extremely terrifying monster!

Klein didn't care about what was happening. He quickly "Grafted" the partial connection between himself and his "main body" above the gray fog.

Then, he shifted his target and locked onto Antigonus who was on the huge stone chair.

Without receiving Amon's help, the former Half-Fool failed to escape from "His" state of eternal slumber.

Klein once again reached out his right hand, stealing the remaining Sequence 9 and 1 Beyonder characteristics of the other party.

Although he was currently using the identity and fate of Antigonus, it was still difficult for him to complete the "Theft." Failure was inevitable.

At that moment, outside the Realm of Mysteries created by Sefirah Castle, Amon regained "His" consciousness from the initial chaos.

"They" raised "Their" hands and adjusted "Their" monocles, causing the redness in "Their" eyes to vanish. Others looked down at "Their" stomachs and reached out to stroke them.

A second later, the bulging stomachs split open, and baby after baby with faint crimson colors appeared.

These infants didn't cry, nor were they deformed. All of them took out crystal monocles from the void in smooth succession and wore them to their right eye.

The number of Amons increased.

"He" had converted the babies which were due, turning them into "His" avatars so as to prevent the corruption of the Primordial Moon from interfering with "Him."

At this moment, Earth Mother and God of Steam and Machinery had achieved the upper hand to some extent on their respective battlefields. They could finally make use of this small advantage to interfere with the situation inside the palace.

Instantly, a portion of Amons turned into plants as they bloomed or bore fruit, returning to the land. A portion of Amons became knowledge, information, and words, as "They" ended up imprinted into an illusory book.

However, there were still some Amons who had used "Blink," relied on loopholes, or from using the deception of the rules to successfully avoid the influence of the two true deities. As "They" continued to strengthen the seal of the Magic Wishing Lamp and the Trunsoest Brass Book, "They" opened a "door" in Klein's Realm of Mysteries.

At the same time, the angels also noticed the changes in the astral world, but "Their" gazes were unable to penetrate the Earth Mother's natural barrier and the God of Steam and Machinery's civilization picture. "They" couldn't see the interior at all.

This also meant that, even if "They" wanted to exert influence, there was nothing "They" could do.

Inside the Realm of Mysteries created by Sefirah Castle, Klein finally succeeded in stealing the Beyonder characteristics of Antigonus from Sequence 9 to Sequence 1, ones that had been digested!

Due to the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence, the latter had attracted many Beyonders of the same pathway over a long span of history. While turning them into marionettes, "He" had also absorbed their Beyonder characteristics. Therefore, at that moment, there was still a large number of Seer pathway Beyonder characteristics left in Antigonus's body, including a Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic.

The dark points of light quickly merged into Klein's body and fused with him.

As he was now Antigonus, and as all the Beyonder characteristics had been digested by Antigonus, his fate of losing control didn't speed up as he maintained his previous progress.

This way, Klein had once again become a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries, one who had already digested the potion, with a fate that pointed towards losing control.

At this moment, his original "main body" raised his head, his eyes dark.

However, from this glance, the present Klein's mind instantly slowed down as his body turned cold. He almost had no way of resisting it.

The powerful will that he was very familiar with began to slowly rise, attempting to influence Sefirah Castle.

The Lord of the Mysteries had awakened to a certain threshold in Klein's "main body."

The Fool had become a truly great existence that was being awakened. It matched the guess of the Tarot Club and was in conflict with true history.

Before Klein's thoughts slowed down, he took the initiative to cooperate with Amon and dispelled the Realm of Mysteries, allowing the situation inside to interact with the outside world.

He had already "fooled" history without any problems, just like the first plan he came up with. As for how to end it, he never had a good idea.

According to the changes in the situation, the final plan he activated at this critical moment was:

To not leave himself any way out. He would go from accommodating The Fool's Uniqueness to advancing to the true Fool!

In any case, this wouldn't be worse than the previous situation.

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CHAPTER 1379
COMBINING FORCES

The "curtain" that enveloped the Antigonus palace instantly vanished. An indescribable aura returned to reality, causing the entire astral world to shake.

Outside the world barrier that was covered in cracks, the terrifying, indescribable faces suddenly changed.

The invisible barrier began to tremble violently as if it would collapse at any moment.

Every continent on the planet within experienced an earthquake. It wasn't a serious one, just rather obvious.

Above the Five Seas, waves surged, as if they had encountered a sudden tidal force.

Amid the "noon" sky, the crimson moon suddenly appeared. Its color became extremely saturated and expanded in an exaggerated manner. It was as if it had hung off the roofs of every house. Other than that, the Brown Planet, Orange Planet, Scarlet Planet, Gold Planet, and Blue Planet lit up at the same time, emitting light of different textures.

If one looked down from the cosmos, the entire Earth appeared to be swept up by an invisible storm and trembled in place.

This was a slight change brought about by the Outer Deities' attempt to break the barrier.

The aura that floated inside the ancient palace in the astral world had made "Them" collectively recall that terrifying existence. Agitated by this, either a result of rage or madness, all of "Them" tried to stop "His" revival.

Compared to "Them," who were blocked outside the real world, the first to react was the Magic Wishing Lamp in the pocket of Klein's "main body."

The sticky pale-golden light penetrated through the Amon's enhanced seal, turning into a blurry and distorted figure.

It stretched out its arm and pulled the Trunsoest Brass Book into its palm.

The rules that were written previously had all disappeared, and a new article immediately formed:

"Resurrection of the deceased is prohibited here!"

A faint grayish-white fog flashed and a familiar text appeared in front of this rule:

"All the following rules are ineffective!"

Even though he hadn't really resurrected and had yet to absorb The Fool's Uniqueness and two Sequence 9 to Sequence 1 Seer pathway Beyonder characteristics, the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in Klein's main body could also control Sefirah Castle and use its status to direct its powers.

At this moment, "His" existence and the fog of history had completed their interactions. Fragments of light began to distort as they merged into one, sometimes breaking apart, unable to completely form a piece of history.

A sense of self-conflict appeared in that piece of history!

True history clearly involved the prehistoric human soul, Klein Moretti, disguising himself as The Fool and establishing the Tarot Club. He became

stronger one Sequence at a time, and eventually reached the level of the true Fool. However, the present history was that Mr. Fool was a great existence that was awakening, the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings from ancient times. "He" had finally awakened!

At that moment, although the rule restriction put in effect by the Genie using the Trunsoest Brass Book could only be effective for less than a second, it still significantly weakened the will of the Lord of the Mysteries inside Klein's "main body," as though "He" had suffered a fatal blow.

As for Earth Mother and God of Steam and Machinery, "They" had given up on interfering with Amon's avatars, as though they wanted this Mr. Error to have the time to deal with the awakening Lord of the Mysteries.

However, "They," who clearly had some power to spare, didn't attempt to affect Klein's "main body," but continued suppressing the Primordial Demoness and the Hidden Sage.

The subsequent attacks and interferences from the latter two were no longer intense, as if "They" were waiting for an outcome.

To "Them," the resurrection of the Lord of the Mysteries was the achieving of "Their" goals:

Produce a "Pillar" as quickly as possible; and prevent entities that had animosity towards "Them" from becoming the Lord of the Mysteries.

In addition, the pathways that "They" were in didn't belong to the three pathways that were controlled by the Lord of the Mysteries. Furthermore, "They" didn't have any feuds or conflicts of interest with the other party.

Amon, who was no longer affected, immediately changed "His" target and focused most of "His" attention on Klein's "main body."

There was no need for any explanation. "They" clearly knew that this was "Their" greatest threat!

Without any hesitation, the Amons raised "Their" right hands at the same time and gently squeezed it, seriously "Stealing" the effects of the "eternal daytime" from the target.

However, the Amons didn't give up influencing Klein. With "Their" numbers, "They" split off a small number of members and looked at Klein, who was currently a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries. Furthermore, Klein also bore the identity of Antigonus.

The monocles of these Amons suddenly lit up. Using the authority related to "doors," "They" moved Klein out of the real world and into the cosmos.

In the dark and vast Universe, Klein's figure appeared. Then, it instantly became thin, turning into a paper figurine.

The paper figurine first had its belly bloated before giving birth to a paper baby. Then, it rapidly rotted into dust.

Klein had used "Grafting" and "Paper Figurine Substitutes" to block the attacks of the Amons.

At the same time, the other Amons had succeeded in stealing the effects of the "eternal daytime" from Klein's main body.

However, in the next second, the effects of the "eternal daytime" were once again "stolen" back.

This was the Lord of the Mysteries's control over powers from "His" pathway. Even though "He" had yet to fully revive, "He" had already begun this process.

Amon's eyes flickered as "He" immediately gave up on Klein and focused on three matters:

Most of "Them" continued to steal the effects of the "eternal daytime" and resist the Lord of the Mysteries, while a small number of "Them" locked

onto Antigonus, who was sitting on the huge stone chair. "They" began to "Steal" the other party's state of eternal slumber.

In addition, all the Amons had dispelled the strengthening of seals, and even weakened them.

Klein, who was no longer being attacked by Amon, similarly didn't counterattack. His attention was focused on his "main body."

The awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries was the biggest problem!

At that instant, an illusory mark appeared on Klein's glabella. It was a strange door of light that was stained with hints of bluish-black. It constantly emanated a faint grayish-white fog.

Klein began to snatch control over Sefirah Castle from the Lord of the Mysteries, so that it wouldn't be so easy for "Him" to make use of the level and power!

And with the Lord of the Mysteries not fully resurrected and having yet to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness and the corresponding Beyonder characteristics, he could effectively reduce "His" strength, allowing "His" failure rate to increase significantly and for the effects to be inferior.

With his addition, with his control over Sefirah Castle, the "Fooling" received by the Trunsoest Brass Book immediately weakened. The chances of Amons' "Theft" also increased.

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, at the foot of the giant shadow formed by the ancient sun god, on the surface of the sea that was covered in all colors, words written in the most ancient language quickly appeared:

"The revival of the Lord of the Mysteries failed due to many interferences."

With this sentence forming, as Klein fought for control over Sefirah Castle, the Amons once again "Stole" the effects of the "eternal daytime" effects

that had augmented the Lord of the Mysteries.

Elsewhere, "They" had also "Stolen" Antigonus's state of eternal slumber.

Without any hesitation, the Amons transferred the state of "eternal slumber" to Klein's "main body" and gifted it to the Lord of the Mysteries.

The ancient existence's aura immediately fell silent, but it quickly rebounded.

At this moment, the corresponding text appeared on the weakly-sealed Trunsoest Brass Book:

"Resurrection of the deceased is prohibited here!"

Suddenly, the terrifying will in Klein's "main body" rapidly weakened, producing a strong urge to fall asleep again.

However, this will was so powerful that, even after a long period of time, it was unable to completely wear it down. Under these two restrictions, it was still tenacious and slowly recovering. It also attempted to use "Tampering" and "Fooling" to get out of the predicament.

Klein sensed that the other party was using Sefirah Castle's power, so he immediately focused and interfered.

At the same time, the Evernight Goddess, who was floating above the ancient palace, slightly relaxed "Her" control over Amon's true body. "She" pulled back the bird-shaped, golden accessory and aimed its head downwards.

Inside the bronze eye of the bird-shaped, golden accessory, illusory layers of doors surged out, allowing a drop of colorless water that had a strong aura of stillness to drop onto Klein's "main body" in the ancient palace.

This was a drop of river water from the River of Eternal Darkness!

While the Evernight Goddess was doing this, Amon's actual body's attempt to escape by opening "doors" also tacitly slowed down.

The drop of water plummeted at an extremely fast speed. The natural barrier formed by Earth Mother, and the portrait formed by the God of Steam and Machinery simultaneously pulled back to give way for it.

With a smack, the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness accurately dripped onto Klein's head and silently entered.

The aura of the Lord of the Mysteries, which was slowly growing, immediately receded. It stopped its fluctuation and fell into a state of eternal slumber.

However, this condition wasn't very stable, as if it could be broken at any moment.

At this moment, the Evernight Goddess's empty hand pulled out a gigantic sword from the void.

The sword's surface was covered with orange-red light as it exuded the dawn of twilight, the aura of decay.

This was the symbol of the Twilight Giant.

The Evernight Goddess's arm that was covered with short black fur extended, striking down with the exaggerated sword.

"She" had always kept some energy as though prepared to deliver this moment!

In the strange sound of the void shattering and decaying, the sword that was covered with the light of twilight slashed through the dome of the Antigonus palace, causing the hanging corpses to drop to the ground.

Right on the heels of that, it struck Klein's "main body," which had yet to escape the state of eternal slumber.

The portion of the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries rapidly vanished, and the body began to wane uncontrollably. It broke down along with The Fool's Uniqueness and the two sets of Sequence 9 to 1 Beyonder characteristics in his body. They also collapsed and gathered together.

Upon seeing this, Klein followed his plan without any thought. He used Sefirah Castle to pull down a quarter of the fog of history and enveloped it.

Amidst the grayish-white fog, The Fool's Uniqueness and the Beyonder characteristics fully converged.

They frantically absorbed the fog of history around them, turning into a shapeless and dark liquid.

This blob of liquid stretched out as though it was forming a strange, translucent hooded cloak or a person whose internal organs and flesh were emptied out.

The Fool's potion

The Amons reached out "Their" right hands at the same time in a bid to "Steal" the potion.

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CHAPTER 1380
A MIRACLE

More than a thousand Amons each committed "Theft."

With "His" numbers, as long as "He" wasn't extremely unlucky, there would always be a few who would've succeeded. Furthermore, The Fool's potion was ownerless, so it wasn't difficult to steal.

While carrying out the "Theft," Amon removed a particular seal on "His" body, allowing the Apprentice and Marauder Beyonder characteristics to release their powers of convergence.

This was rather effective towards The Fool's potion, allowing Amon to increase "His" success rate to the greatest extent.

However, all the Amons ultimately failed.

This was because a new rule had appeared on the Trunsoest Brass Book:

"Acts of theft are prohibited here!"

In order to deal with the awakening Lord of the Mysteries, Amon had weakened all the seals here and helped the Trunsoest Brass Book escape the "Fooling." It could now have a limited number of effective rules for a brief moment amidst its repeated cycles, but now, this had adversely affected "Them."

Seizing this opportunity, the illusory brand between Klein's brows became more obvious.

A faint grayish-white fog gathered around him, forming a thin cocoon.

He activated Sefirah Castle with all his might. Together with his Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic, he created an extremely powerful convergence effect on The Fool's potion.

The black liquid that didn't have a fixed form seemed to be a starving beast that saw food. It immediately pounced onto Klein.

It kept extending and changing like a translucent skin, wrapping Klein inside.

Klein's face appeared underneath this liquid. His facial features were sometimes distinct, sometimes blurred, sometimes distorted, and sometimes blank.

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, under the giant shadow formed by the ancient sun god, words in the most ancient of languages rapidly took form on the illusory surface of the sea that contained all possible colors:

"Antigonus's efforts at advancing to The Fool ultimately failed due to various reasons."

The reason why this existence that once dominated the entire planet didn't use Klein Moretti's name was that he was now carrying the identity and fate of Antigonus.

If the subject in the sentence had been the former name, then Klein could completely ignore it.

What had Klein Moretti's failed advancement got to do with Antigonus becoming The Fool?

But when the subject became Antigonus, it was like a prophecy, as if it was an arrangement that had the outcome already be decided. Such a sentence could make the situation turn very grim.

If Klein didn't give up on Antigonus's identity and fate, he would be restricted by those words.

If he gave up Antigonus's identity and fate, then the Sequence 9 and 1 Beyonder characteristic in his body would no longer belong to him in the true sense of the word. He had never digested them before—they were Beyonder characteristics that Antigonus once controlled. At present, it had nothing to do with Klein Moretti. All he did was forcefully devour them.

Under such circumstances, even if there were no other factors, just the undigested Beyonder characteristics would likely cause Klein to lose control on the spot. And consuming The Fool's potion in such a state and completing the advancement ritual was without a doubt impossible!

As the ancient sun god wrote this sentence, the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, who were situated in the astral world, sensed something. Each of them launched the most intense of counterattacks in an attempt to interfere with the other party's actions.

However, even though a large portion of "His" energy was spent restricting the three true deities, making it rather difficult, the ancient sun god quickly completed the sentence.

However, "His" giant shadow embodiment dimmed, as though "He" was unable to maintain it for too long.

In the astral world, within the floating ancient palace.

In the battle that pit the Earth Mother and the God of Steam and Machinery against the Primordial Demoness and Hidden Sage, the situation became even more intense. However, the former two were still able to divert a certain amount of strength to affect Amon's avatar, preventing "Them" from destroying Klein's advancement ritual.

The Amons were forced to "Blink" everywhere, but some of them still turned into plants, blooming and bearing fruit before returning to the land. Others collapsed into words as they were imprinted into illusory books.

Apart from that, a large number of "Them" were strengthening the seal, limiting the Trunsoest Brass Book, preventing the rules it enacted from being effective, or be effective for only an instant.

Under the influence of these three factors, even with Amon's numbers, it appeared to be insufficient.

But even so, a small number of "Them" managed to seize the opportunity to make crystal monocles and similar circular symbols reflect Klein's figure.

In the next second, the monocles and circular symbols emitted pure light.

This wasn't "Theft," but the act of "returning" things.

At this moment, Amon's decision was to return an item that "He" had formerly "Stolen" from Klein.

It was Klein's thoughts of suicide!

Back when Klein was captured by Amon and brought to the Forsaken Land of the Gods, he had tried on many occasions to commit suicide but failed to succeed. He had such thoughts "Stolen" by the other party.

At the critical moment of his advancement, once he had the intention to commit suicide, the outcome could be imagined!

At that moment, Klein, who was tightly enveloped by The Fool's potion, felt his thoughts turn chaotic and wander. His hair spread out as he felt an extremely cold, sticky liquid slowly invade him.

Then, he had the thought of committing suicide and giving up.

This was a change that Klein had never expected. He had long forgotten how Amon had "Stolen" his thoughts of committing suicide. Furthermore, he didn't expect that not only was the other party unwilling to abandon these thoughts, "He" had even kept them carefully.

If it were anytime in the past, this thought might've been strong, but Klein could still use his self-control to resist it forcefully, suppressing it until it dissipated on its own. It would be akin to dealing with nasty thoughts.

But now, he was in the midst of an advancement ritual. He was being influenced by the potion, and his mind had lost its stability. He was unable to effectively suppress the thought of committing suicide.

The Amons always had various strange but rather effective methods.

Fortunately, Klein wasn't only Klein, but also Antigonus.

What relation did Klein Moretti's thoughts of committing suicide have to do with Antigonus?

With this level of knowledge from this additional identity, Klein didn't immediately give up and end his life. He pulled the Antigonus mental imprint in his body and mixed it with the idea of suicide, barely suppressing it.

Under such a balance, Klein's mind and body were further corroded by The Fool's potion.

His thoughts were the same as when he advanced to Attendant of Mysteries —completely dispersed.

But the difference was that he didn't fuse with the spirit world this time. Instead, he continued to extend, enveloping the entire planet, the entire spirit world, and part of the astral world like a gaseous body.

At that moment, Klein felt that he was in the bodies of different believers, in every human's body, in every animal's body, in every living thing.

Everything had godhood in them.

At the same time, he was still scattered within the fog of history, scattered through fleeting time, and scattered inside the silent flow of a river of light with multiple distributaries.

One was also Infinity.

At the level of godhood, an experience like this made Klein's thoughts wear away even further, as though all that was left was a coldness that looked down on everything.

Even this coldness was dissipating slowly.

It wouldn't be long before Klein completely lost himself and was led by the various mental seals in The Fool's potion, becoming a true monster.

This coincided with Antigonus's crazy fate, allowing the latter to accelerate.

At this moment, he felt something off. It was unharmonious, unnatural, and abnormal.

In the fog of history, there were a small number of light fragments twisting and distorting, unable to take form. It was as if there was a fundamental conflict between them.

They gradually separated, breaking out into different branches to record the different content, allowing the twisting to achieve the initial state of recovering.

Being imbued into everything, Klein's mind was "thrown out" due to this tiny disharmonious abnormality. He found some aspect of self-awareness again.

With this self-awareness as the core, he quickly gathered his scattered mind and guided the fusion process between The Fool's potion and his body.

But at this moment, the fate of Antigonus losing control thanks to the ancient sun god's "Prophecy" erupted early. Klein's body collapsed once again, unable to withstand The Fool's potion.

Without any hesitation or having the luxury of time to hesitate, Klein immediately removed a portion of the "Theft" effects and returned Antigonus "His" identity, fate, and self-awareness, allowing the "Him" sitting on the huge stone chair to slowly open his eyes. The dazed Antigonus gradually regained "His" clarity of mind.

"He" didn't immediately lose control, because the main reason "He" lost control was that the Lord of the Mysteries's will had awakened to a large extent. And now, The Fool's Uniqueness and most of the Beyonder characteristics that contained a portion of the will was no longer in "His" body.

Therefore, Antigonus could use his own will to resist the madness and try to stop the fate of losing control.

The prophecy of the ancient sun god came true: Antigonus really failed to advance to Sequence 0 The Fool.

And without "His" identity, the Sequence 9 and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Seer pathway in Klein's body turned into something that he hadn't digested. This threw him to the edge of losing control immediately.

The Fool's potion that wrapped around his body like a cloak instantly completed the act of seeping through. The will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings was awakened once again!

"Give up…

"Leave everything to me…

"This time, I won't accommodate another sefirah…

"I won't help you protect the living creatures you wish to protect, but I won't harm them either…

"It's not that I won't keep my promises, but it's just that they're too weak and not worth my attention…

"This place is an area that is off-limits to Outer Deities…

"…”

The unfamiliar yet weirdly familiar ravings reverberated in Klein's heart, giving him the idea of giving up.

And the thought of committing suicide that he had been suppressed by Antigonus's mental imprint previously, surfaced again after the balance created by it was lost.

The outcome of failing an advancement attempt was about to occur.

At this moment, the Evernight Goddess, who was originally powerless to slash downwards with the Twilight Sword, suddenly gave up on controlling Amon's true body.

As Amon's true body leaped out, and just as the avatars waited for Klein to fail the ritual, the goddess once again dragged the exaggerated sword that was covered in orange light.

This time, the target was Klein!

A thought flashed through Klein's mind as he took the initiative to be controlled by the thought of committing suicide, not making any attempts to resist.

With a poof, he was slashed by the symbolic sword of twilight, shattering into a rotten body of "meat" that seeped out Beyonder characteristics.

Klein died. Before the Amons took any sort of measures against him, he was killed by the Evernight Goddess before the ritual failed and before he completely lost control.

In the next second, the Evernight Goddess wore the bird-shaped, golden accessory on "Her" head as "Her" body expanded and enveloped the ancient palace. She instantly erased Amon's true body, avatars, Earth Mother, Primordial Demoness, God of Steam and Machinery, Hidden Sage, and Antigonus, as though "They" were erased by an eraser.

Concealment!

The ancient sun god seemed to understand what the Evernight Goddess wanted to do, but having already made two prophecies, there was no way for "Him" to write a third sentence. As for the three true gods, they continued throwing what they had at "Him," holding "Him" back.

In the next second, a miracle happened. Klein returned from the fog of history.

The Uniqueness of The Fool that had already belonged to him and the three Sequence 9 to Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics rapidly returned to his body.

Afraid that he would be disturbed, the Genie quickly made use of the Trunsoest Brass Book to add a rule:

"This place is suitable for the return of Beyonder characteristics."

Suddenly, Klein returned to his previous state of him "drinking" The Fool potion.

But the thing that was different from before was that, back then, his body's pillar of support belonged to the Sequence 9 to Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of Antigonus—ones he hadn't digested yet. And now, the first to return to him was undoubtedly the digested Sequence 9 and 1 Beyonder characteristic that once belonged to him.

This way, he would have a true pillar of support that could accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness and the remaining characteristics.

Klein was in a state that was the same as when he first arrived at the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range, an Attendant of Mysteries who had finished digesting the potion and was capable of attempting to advance to Sequence 0 The Fool.

By relying on his resurrection, Klein had completely overturned his state!

This was the flash of inspiration he had obtained from Roselle's resurrection. Of course, the entire process was different from the resurrection of a Black Emperor.

The character that Klein had arranged to kill him was the Genie. He never expected that the Evernight Goddess, who he hadn't discussed this with, would share such tacit understanding with him.

In that instant, his body split apart, turning into a thin gray fog and dark liquid.

The gray fog and black liquid blended together, and the countless maggots that resembled meat tendrils sprouted on the surface. Then, they intertwined into a translucent dark-colored cloak.

There was no body under the cloak, just darkness.

This process was very brief. In less than two seconds, the Evernight Goddess's concealment of so many deities was clearly unable to last that long.

In an instant, a door of light traveled across the surface of the concealed world at an extremely high speed.

The door suddenly opened, and Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat and wearing a classic black robe, leaped out.

At the same time, "He" saw an illusory mask with blank facial features appear under the translucent dark-colored cloak.

The mask instantly outlined Klein, who had fused with Gehrman Sparrow's traits. Amon's thoughts turned chaotic as though "He" had his intelligence forcefully lowered.

The Fool was born.

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CHAPTER 1381
AUTHORITY

Inside the white tower, the headquarters of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom.

After Lucca Brewster, who was trapped underground, completed his prayer, he focused his attention back on the seal autonomously strengthening itself.

He wanted to find out exactly what was going on, to see if he could decipher the secrets hidden within and use them to invent some mystical techniques.

As he proceeded down each level, checking each and every Sealed Artifact, Lucca was taken aback and stopped in his tracks.

His expression became rather confused. He was lost on whether to take his next step with his left foot or right foot.

This seemed to be a very profound, esoteric question to comprehend.

In the Southern Continent, beside a cathedral belonging to the Evernight Goddess.

Leonard picked up the cup of coffee made from local ground beans and wanted to take a sip.

During this process, his thoughts wandered to the closed windows and the bright sky, trying to figure out the anomaly.

However, he was unable to leave the room and was sealed here. As for Old Man, Pallez Zoroast, "He" had fallen into a strange state of silence without answering his questions.

Thankfully, there wasn't any additional danger. Therefore, Leonard could still sit in peace, using thoughts to replace action.

After an unknown period of time, he looked down at the cup of coffee that had been placed back on the table. He frowned slightly and muttered to himself in puzzlement, "What did I want to do just now?"

The Rorsted Archipelago, in the concealed Bayam City.

Having not noticed the changes in the environment, Danitz carefully fiddled with the telegraph device in his room.

The Golden Dream had recently come to the Sonia Sea and stopped at a port with a telegraph office. Danitz wanted to invite them over to Bayam as guests to take in the grandeur of a Lord's Oracle.

If possible, he wished that the Golden Dream could use Bayam as its primary harbor. This way, he could return to the ship at any time to participate in adventures and seek out treasures. At the same time, he could choose to listen to the captain's lectures.

As an all-rounder, Danitz had no doubt mastered all the knowledge and techniques needed to send a telegram. At that moment, he sat in front of the machine and quickly tapped his fingers, sending out the words he had constructed.

At the very beginning, his thoughts were clear and his words were proper. This left him somewhat smug.

Gradually, his eyes stared straight and his hands didn't stop moving, as if he was doing it on instinct.

After the telegram was sent out, Danitz exhaled, picked up a cup, and gulped down a mouthful of beer.

It was quicker than I expected. Even if I lose my job in the future, I can still go to the telegraph office to get a job with a good salary, Danitz thought proudly and worriedly.

He casually picked up the telegram draft and recalled the process of how he sent it out. His expression gradually turned odd.

"What did I send in the end?" Danitz couldn't help but whisper.

Apparently, he had very likely mocked the first mate, second mate, Iron Skin, and Barrel towards the latter half of the telegram. Then, he passionately confessed to the captain.

I'm finished, I'm finished… Why would I express what's hidden in my heart… Danitz's face turned pale as he suspected that he had been controlled by the potion. The content he had written didn't actually go through his head.

He hurriedly sent a telegram to indicate that the content from before had nothing to do with him. It was all a result of Anderson deliberately causing trouble.

At this moment, he realized that something was amiss outside. The sky was gray and there wasn't a single cloud.

…

In the astral world, the existences and objects that had been concealed by the Evernight Goddess broke through the restrictions and returned to reality one after another.

"They" were like Amon's actual body, looking somewhat dazed without making any immediate reaction.

In addition, the Evernight Goddess also paused in midair in confusion, as though "She" hadn't thought about "Her" subsequent actions. However, "Her" first instinct was to protect "Herself."

The Lord of Storms, the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, who had been restricted by the thick prism-like spots of light in "Their" own kingdoms, also experienced certain changes. The intensity of their counterattacks was clearly lower, giving people a sense of self-doubt, unsure if the entity before them was an enemy.

The Genie abandoned the Trunsoest Brass Book and directly returned to the Magic Wishing Lamp. "He" seemed to have fought to "His" limits and had no choice but to retreat into the seal. He also seemed to recall something as he subconsciously evaded.

Antigonus, who had just regained "His" self-awareness and lucidity, was once again confused. His face was filled with question marks:

Who am I? Where am I? What am I doing? What is happening around me?

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, the ancient sun god's giant shadow sighed and said, "Let there be light!"

The light in the astral world brightened as it stabbed into the "eyes" of Amon's true body, avatars, Primordial Demoness, Hidden Sage, and other existences.

"They" immediately regained "Their" senses and made use of the time to respond differently.

The flood of information suddenly dispersed and fused with the various symbols around it, instantly disappearing.

The black, python-like tentacles with an eyeball on their ends retracted rapidly. No one knew where they went.

Amon's true body looked at Klein, who had just advanced, and gave up the chance to exert "His" influence while his condition was unstable. "He" raised "His" hand and adjusted the crystal monocle on "His" right eye.

"His" figure split into multiple seemingly illusory and realistic doors.

The doors opened and closed at the same time, preventing any existences like the Evernight Goddess from knowing where Amon's true body had gone to.

After Amon's true body left, "His" avatars faded and disappeared in a bizarre manner.

This was using a loophole, turning the act of "Amon's true body leaving" to being equivalent to "Amons leaving."

At the same time, the giant shadow that the ancient sun god had, expanded only to shrink and transform back into Adam, who carried a thick shadow on "His" back.

Beneath the feet of this Visionary, the sea that contained all colors instantly dissipated as though it had returned underground.

Looking up at the astral world, Adam returned to the back of that shadow screen through a crack.

The fusion between "Him" and the True Creator had just begun, and it wasn't over yet. The attempt to raise "Himself" to the level of half a Great Old One was actually rather difficult and risky. This would make "Their" progress a lot slower in the future.

In the astral world, as the war subsided, the natural barrier formed by plants and the portraits of civilization faded away, along with the illusory crimson moon.

The Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom first shattered the thick spots of light outside "Their" divine kingdoms. Then, "They" calmed down and returned to continue blocking the world barrier's cracks.

The Evernight Goddess, who was floating above the ancient palace, put away the pitch-black coffin; the Twilight Sword; the bird-shaped, golden accessory; and "Her" four arms. "She" cast "Her" gaze downwards.

After the translucent dark-colored cloak produced the mask, it transformed into Klein's body.

Klein pressed one hand against the almost invisible mask on his face, and he placed the other at his abdomen. His back was slightly arched, as though he was suffering indescribable pain.

Just as he raised his head and looked at the Evernight Goddess's face that was covered with a thin black veil, a pitch-black cloak appeared outside his body. Slippery and sinister tentacles extended from beneath the cloak.

After becoming The Fool, the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in him had undoubtedly awakened further.

The crazy ravings and roars continued to echo in Klein's ears, tearing through his mind, letting him know that this was going to be his future.

There was no way to kill the Lord of the Mysteries. Even if "His" will was slowly worn down by time, "His" consciousness would remain forever. "He" could snatch Klein's body at any moment and completely revive.

If it wasn't for the fact that "He" had just "killed" the Lord of the Mysteries's will, making the awakening "Him" weaker than what Klein expected, Klein suspected that he might not be able to survive. All he could do was watch as his body collapsed and he became another existence.

Of course, he could still seek the Evernight Goddess's help to give him a drop of the River of Eternal Darkness's river water. However, this wasn't a long-term solution. He could only delay it for some time before ultimately facing it.

Relying on his own consciousness and anchors, Klein stabilized the consciousness of the Celestial Worthy in him.

At this moment, he was unable to speak.

The Evernight Goddess above nodded gently and said, "What you need now is stability."

With that said, "Her" figure was wiped inch by inch as "She" returned to the divine kingdom in the astral world.

Klein turned his head to look at the slightly dazed Antigonus. With a thought, he returned to Sefirah Castle.

Sitting in the half-collapsed palace, Antigonus sat on a huge stone chair. "He" felt as though "He" had just been through a very, very long dream.

…

Inside Sefirah Castle, Klein sat at The Fool's seat and focused on stabilizing his mental state.

Just like before, before he achieved an initial level of stability, he had no way of seeking treatment from a psychiatrist. Unless he paid a visit to Adam, it was very likely that he would go even crazier.

With some stability, Klein quickly checked the authorities he obtained.

It was called "Fooling"!

Not only did it contain history, time, fate, change, and concealment, but it also included the mind domain's of "Blind Stupidity"—the simplest application was to lower an enemy's intelligence.

Just as Klein was about to research them further, his spiritual perception was triggered.

Someone had invaded Sefirah Castle!

And only when the enemy successfully invaded did Klein obtain a "notification"!

Klein suddenly looked up and saw that the grayish-white fog had formed a door at the other end of the long mottled table.

A figure wearing a pointed hat, a classic black robe, and a monocle walked out.

Amon!

There was a tinge of darkness in Mr. Error's eyes as "His" smile appeared somewhat crazy.

"He" leisurely looked around and nudged "His" monocle. "He" said with a smile, "Are you pleasantly surprised?"

Klein wanted to use Sefirah Castle to expel "Him," but he realized that at some point in time, Amon had gained control over Sefirah Castle!

Amon cast "His" gaze at him, pulled out a chair and sat down, chuckling.

"I released the suppression of the Lord of the Mysteries in my body.

"'Him' being the owner of Sefirah Castle makes me equivalent to being the owner of Sefirah Castle. Of course, I can enter.

"This is very risky. Even in the past, I didn't dare to try it before, but since you've grown to this extent, I can only take the risk.

"This is very exciting. I'm quite pleased with the effects."

As Amon spoke, slippery and sinister tentacles appeared beneath "His" clothes.

"He" took the initiative to revive part of the Lord of the Mysteries, allowing "Himself" to enter a half-crazy state.

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CHAPTER 1382
HOME GROUND ADVANTAGE

As Amon spoke, Klein appeared to be listening, but he had actually attempted to leave Sefirah Castle.

This wasn't because he wanted to give up or surrender, nor was it because he was too timid and subconsciously considered fleeing first. Instead, he believed that this was the best solution for the current situation.

If he stayed in Sefirah Castle, Klein would face three difficult questions.

Firstly, he had just advanced to The Fool and his condition was extremely unstable. He had to divert a large portion of his mental strength to suppress the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. Secondly, there was no way for him to obtain the help of his allies; he could only fight alone. Thirdly, under the situation that everyone could influence Sefirah Castle, even if Klein had a deeper level of control over Sefirah Castle, he wouldn't be able to express an overwhelming advantage. He might even be disrupted in his use of Sefirah Castle because his opponent was good at making use of loopholes and creating bugs, making it difficult for him to reach the same level as "Him."

This way, when a Sequence 0 The Fool faced a half-crazed, dual-pathway Error and Door, even if he wasn't in a scenario of facing a 100% failure rate, the chances of winning were extremely minute.

And by taking the opportunity to escape Sefirah Castle, Klein could immediately obtain the help of his allies to reverse the situation between the two.

If Amon were to chase after "Him," Klein would interfere with "His" return to Sefirah Castle and make "Him" face "His" allies. At that time, the Primordial Demoness would definitely not attack again. The ancient sun god might not be able to reproduce the power of half a Great Old One anytime soon. With the lead of the Evernight Goddess, the six orthodox deities were enough to deal with Amon.

Even if Amon, who was in control of all the authorities of the Error and Door domains, wasn't easily killed, the orthodox deities would definitely be able to weaken "Him" and seal "Him." After Klein stabilized his mental state and deepened his control over Sefirah Castle, he could then kill "Him" in a targeted manner.

This process was almost irreversible—even if the ancient sun god could still produce the level, status, and strength from before. "His" limit appeared to be suppressing three orthodox deities at the same time, and this didn't include the Evernight Goddess.

Of course, the Outer Deities were undoubtedly unwilling to see the birth of a new Lord of the Mysteries. Once such a situation happened, "They" would definitely try their best to interfere, preventing Amon from dying. However, before the world barrier collapsed, the influence "They" could exert would be rather limited, and it might not be of much use. Just like before, Klein believed that the combined powers of the Dark Side of the Universe and the Chained God were inferior to the Hidden Sage.

Even if the Outer Deities managed to affect the situation, Klein wouldn't suffer any losses. After all, those existences wouldn't allow Amon to kill him either. He could find a place to hide and stabilize his mental state. Once he was prepared, he could make new plans again—the foggy town of the Evernight Goddess was a very good choice.

If Amon didn't chase after him and remained inside Sefirah Castle. Klein could use his identity as the owner of Sefirah Castle to influence the control of all kinds of matters within at any moment, preventing Amon from doing

anything in Sefirah Castle. Even if "He" wanted to use the crimson star to deal with the Tarot Club members, it would be impossible.

In short, it would be extremely difficult for either of "Them" to use Sefirah Castle well, but destroying the other party's attempts was definitely simple.

Under such a stalemate, Klein had time to stabilize his mental state, deepening his control over Sefirah Castle, slowly turning the situation around.

Towards the end, Amon would either flee and hide, or "He" would let the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings completely revive, choosing to have an internecine outcome with Klein.

Therefore, although he didn't have the time to analyze the pros and cons, Klein quickly came to a conclusion.

Leaving Sefirah Castle now was the best choice.

However, just as his consciousness sank to the edge of Sefirah Castle, he saw a crystal monocle.

This item appeared in time, crushing Klein's hopes of escaping.

"Did you think I'd leave such an obvious loophole? Of course, you can stop me from leaving Sefirah Castle at any time." Amon curled "His" index finger and pressed it against the monocle as "He" smiled.

Behind the chair that "He" was sitting on, the resplendent symbol rapidly changed. At times, it was formed from symbols corresponding to parasitizing, time, and fate. At times, it was a series of doors.

These two different symbols appeared one after another, making it impossible to truly be fixed.

Klein didn't hear what Amon said. The moment he failed, he created a real Realm of Mysteries—a complete divine kingdom of The Fool.

Light and shadows instantly changed in front of Amon's eyes. It brought with it the disappearance of the grand palace, mottled table, and luxurious high-back chair, bringing with it an ancient castle.

Amon wasn't sure what the ancient castle looked like. This was because "He" was standing in a corridor inside the castle. "He" could only sense the various changes in Sefirah Castle and see with the limited vision "He" had.

The corridor was unusually dark and gloomy. The corridor stretched endlessly. There were silver-colored elegant candle stands spaced widely apart, each producing a dim and yellow glow.

There were dark red wooden doors on both sides of the corridor that seemed to connect to different rooms.

There was no sound from the rooms, making it virtually impossible to know what was hidden inside.

Amon casually glanced at it and smiled with interest.

"Interesting."

As the most powerful Cryptologist, "He" naturally knew that this was a divine kingdom, one that couldn't be broken through with brute force.

This was because every door was "Reassembled" with different items. If "He" forcefully broke through them, he would trigger unknown effects. Amon didn't underestimate the abilities and intelligence of a Sequence 0 The Fool. "He" didn't plan on experiencing any more surprises or accidents.

However, once the divine kingdom's rules were fixed, its owner would similarly be restricted to a certain extent.

To put it simply, Klein was definitely in one of the rooms, not somewhere else.

One had to bear the corresponding responsibility for the benefits obtained.

"You want to use this method to stall for time and stabilize your mental state?" Amon whispered as though "He" was talking to an invisible person.

Then, wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe, "He" walked to the nearest dark red wooden door.

There were no holes on the wooden door, so "He" couldn't see the exact situation inside.

In other words, it was very difficult for Amon to know if Klein was here without opening the door.

The corners of Amon's mouth curled up slightly. Amon extended "His" right hand and drew a long rectangular shape on the dark red wooden door.

Inside the rectangle, bits of starlight emerged and turned transparent, revealing the scene in the room.

With the authority of Door and the ability of Bug, Amon forcibly opened a window without triggering the effects.

Following that, "He" cast "His" gaze into the room.

There were no tables, chairs, carpets, and other furniture, but a blue sea.

"Indeed, this door has been connected with the sea outside," Amon said without any surprise.

Once "He" twisted the door, "He" would leave Sefirah Castle and appear in the sea outside.

And at that time, with Klein being wary, it was almost impossible for "Him" to enter Sefirah Castle again, just like how Klein was unable to leave Sefirah Castle.

This was the reason why Amon didn't forcibly destroy The Fool's divine kingdom but opened one door at a time.

Destruction led to similar effects. The repeated effects would affect Amon again and again. Even if there were many loopholes that "He" could use, "He" wouldn't be completely immune to them.

Retracting "His" gaze, Amon walked to the opposite room and opened a window according to the method from before.

However, this time, it was pitch-black inside, and "He" couldn't see anything.

Amon raised "His" hand and pinched the edge of "His" monocle and coughed lightly.

"His" figure instantly split into two.

The number of Amons increased.

The split Amon glanced at Amon, who stood in the same spot and tsked.

"Why aren't you seeking the thrill yourself?"

As "He" spoke, this Amon extended "His" right palm and grabbed the handle of the dark red wooden door.

Just as "He" began twisting, "His" expression suddenly turned blank as "He" sat down, as though "He" had lost the ability to think.

"Fooling effect." The original Amon nodded slightly.

The retarded Amon immediately collapsed and turned into a transparent worm with twelve segments.

Tiny bits of Beyonder characteristic seeped out and returned to Amon's body.

"He" relied on using the loophole to avoid the negative effects of "His" avatars from acting on "His" actual body.

After all the Beyonder characteristics returned, Amon released a flame that had been stolen and burned the corpse of the Worm of Time.

After doing this leisurely, "He" looked up and adjusted the monocle on "His" right eye.

On the crystal monocle, countless symbols, patterns, and labels appeared. They moved quickly, interweaving, reforming, or changing, as though they were making calculations.

This was a combination of a Cryptologist's power of decryption and the Key of Star's authority on position.

The two attempts Amon made were mainly to gather intelligence, grasp the rules, and prepare for cracking the secrets of The Fool's divine kingdom.

Soon, the symbols, patterns, and labels formed a scene on the monocle:

Behind a dark red wooden door, a few slippery tentacles extended out from Klein's body. He sat on a high-back chair and calmly watched the entrance.

The corners of Amon's mouth curled up. With a flash, "He" appeared in the room.

However, everything before "His" eyes suddenly collapsed.

Klein with The Fool's aura quickly turned thin, turning into a card.

On the card, Roselle Gustav was wearing a gorgeous head accessory and colorful clothes, holding a stick with luggage hanging from it. His eyes were filled with longing.

The Fool card.

The Fool card from the Cards of Blasphemy.

Klein knew that relying solely on Paper Figurine Substitutes and adding the "Fooling" effect and "Grafting" his true aura onto it wouldn't be able to deceive a top-notch Swindler like Amon. Therefore, he used The Fool card which had some convergence powers as his paper figurine.

Although Sefirah Castle couldn't be used again, this was Klein's home ground after all. There was his junk pile, the various items he had gathered, and the newly obtained Trunsoest Brass Book and the borrowed Magic Wishing Lamp.

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CHAPTER 1383
STIPULATED RULES

With the Klein in front of Amon turning into The Fool card, the room shrank and revealed its original appearance.

It was an iron cigar case that had marks of being corroded slightly. It had fused with the aura of Sefirah Castle.

Klein's figure appeared out of nowhere as the entire divine kingdom of The Fool collapsed. As the magnificent palace reappeared, he grabbed the vessel that carried The Fool card and Amon's true body and suddenly closed it.

He didn't have hopes of using this item to seal Amon, who wielded the corresponding authority of the Door pathway. All he wanted was to buy some time and find a chance to throw Amon out of Sefirah Castle and retrieve the initiative.

But at that moment, Klein, who was wearing a black trench coat, paused.

His other hand took out a crystal monocle from the void with his other hand and placed it in his right eye.

Behind him, Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe, quickly outlined "His" figure. "His" eyes were dark and wild as "He" laughed.

"What made you think that I didn't use an avatar?"

Before "He" finished his sentence, Klein's figure that had been parasitized rapidly turned thin, turning into a crude paper figurine.

Klein was cautious and hadn't used his true form either. He relied on a Paper Figurine Substitute that had Spirit Body Threads "Grafted."

He knew very well that he would rather give up an opportunity than make mistakes when fighting Amon. Once he made a mistake, under the suppression effect of a Bug, it would be very difficult for him to turn the tables.

With regards to the situation of the prey turning into a paper figurine, Amon didn't seem to be surprised. All "He" did was raise "His" hand to touch the crystal monocle.

At the other end of the grand palace, Klein, who was wearing a top hat and a trench coat, uncontrollably walked out of The Fool's automatic concealment.

He raised his right hand and took out a crystal monocle from the void with great difficulty, slowly moving it towards his right eye.

During this process, Klein's expression was filled with resistance and rather warped, as though he couldn't control his hand.

The half-crazy Amon smiled leisurely.

"You can use paper figurines to replace you, but so can paper figurines replace you.

"It being 'Parasitized' is equivalent to you being 'Parasitized.'

"Everything is relative, and all of them have loopholes. No Beyonder power is uncrackable. They can be used in any suitable situation."

"He" made use of the relationship of the Paper Figurine Substitute and the main body to create a bug.

Although Amon looked like "He" was unable to control "His" desire to speak due to "His" madness, it didn't stop "Him" from corroding Klein with "His" full strength. "He" strengthened the "Parasitizing" bit by bit, making Klein truly wear a monocle and become "Him."

At that moment, Klein's body suddenly collapsed. He had taken the initiative to do so.

He split into countless transparent maggots that swam in all directions.

Among these Worms of Spirit, there were a few Worms of Time with twelve segments mixed in.

Strictly speaking, Amon's Worms of Time could forcefully "Parasitize" very tiny creatures like the Worms of Spirit. However, when Klein split up, he took the initiative to use his "Fooling" authority to confuse the order of time. He "Fooled" the few Worms of Time, making them split up only towards the end. Unable to find the cluster of Worms of Spirit, they lost their target for "Parasitizing."

In the next second, the scene in Sefirah Castle changed again. Klein once again used the Realm of Mysteries powers to create a new divine kingdom for The Fool.

Amon instantly entered a room.

This place was covered with a thick yellow carpet with a crystal chandelier hanging from it. There was a door on each wall, and it was unknown where they led to.

At the same time, there were oil paintings depicting various eyes hanging from the four walls.

There was no need for any special scrutiny. With just a glance, Amon knew that the four doors corresponded to different effects. The main purpose was

to delay "His" actions and create enough time for Klein to make subsequent preparations.

The corners of Mr. Error curled up slightly as "He" cast "His" gaze to the ground.

"He" extended "His" right fist and stretched out "His" fingers.

An illusory door appeared on the thick yellow carpet.

The door quickly moved for a second before it became fixed in place and silently opened.

However, with the opening of the illusory door, the doors around the room began to move strangely. The doors creaked and opened!

Almost at the same time, in the pitch-black wilderness, in a dark tower that led to the sky, Klein was holding the Magic Wishing Lamp and removing the effects of "Fooling" on the Trunsoest Brass Book.

The candlewick of the Magic Wishing Lamp lit up as it spewed out a sticky, pale-gold glow.

These rays of light transformed into a distorted, blurry figure.

Klein didn't consider making a wish with the Genie to transfer Bernadette's wishes onto him and change the ownership of the Magic Wishing Lamp. This was because there would only be one outcome. He would die on the spot and return from the fog of history with the Miracle Invoker's powers.

Normally, this was a good way to escape, especially since Klein could revive several times.

However, the situation this time was completely different from before.

Once Klein died, it would mean that he had temporarily given up on his identity as the owner of Sefirah Castle, making this place a paradise for Amon. "He" could use this sefirah without any obstruction.

Under such circumstances, Amon could completely "Fool" history, interfere with fate, and suppress Klein's resurrection, making him truly die.

The ones who were most effective against a Beyonder were definitely Higher-Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway.

Therefore, Klein's current plan was to use the status of the Genie to better use the Trunsoest Brass Book.

If the Genie didn't exert a certain influence, the rules set by the Trunsoest Brass Book definitely wouldn't be biased towards Klein. It would only restrict all existences other than itself.

As the Genie's blurry, pale-gold figure took form, the Trunsoest Brass Book produced the sound of colliding metal and quickly flipped to the second half of the book that allowed writing.

Without any gap in time, new text appeared on the brass page:

"Theft is prohibited here!"

If Klein had the choice, the most suitable rule would be "Acts of theft are prohibited here" because the former clause was a law. It couldn't stop someone from committing theft ahead of time, and it could only deliver punishment after the act. Furthermore, punishment for first-time thieves was inevitably light, something the Amons could withstand. His idea restricted the possibility of such actions—there was no such thing as theft.

However, there was no way for the Trunsoest Brass Book to make such a rule right now. One had to wait until the provisions were watertight enough, and that it had awakened to a certain extent before that was possible.

Previously, the Genie had relied on "His" close connection with the Trunsoest Brass Book, "His" high status, and all "His" strength before "He" could enforce similar rules. At this moment, "He" was already drained and unable to do such things.

At present, all Klein could do was try his best to stall for time so that the Trunsoest Brass Book could produce a sufficiently strict setup of laws to target Amon so as to act in concert with his "Fooling" authority.

At this moment, in the room that trapped Amon.

As the illusory door on the ground opened, the four real doors shook and cracks appeared.

This would bring about many unknown effects.

Suddenly, the sound of a bell rang out from an endless distance away.

At some point in time, Amon had transformed into an ancient, mottled stone wall clock. On the wall clock, the second hand formed by the Worm of Time suddenly paused.

Gong!

As the bell reverberated, everything in the room froze strangely, including the four doors.

The only exception was Amon. "He" had transformed back to "His" pointy-hatted, classic black-robed look. With a smile, "He" calmly raised "His" left hand and tightened "His" five fingers.

In the next second, the strange frozen state was broken. The four doors that were about to open had closed again with a bang, leaving no gaps behind.

Amon's figure descended and burrowed into the illusory door that wasn't closed.

Just as "He" used this method to leave the room, "He" discovered that "He" had arrived in a pitch-black wilderness. There was a dark tower that seemed to pierce the sky in the distance.

Inside the tower, the Trunsoest Brass Book in front of Klein had formed a second rule:

"Deception is prohibited here!"

Although Amon couldn't see what was happening, it was as though "He" had sensed something. After all, a high-ranking person who used the rules of deception as entertainment was undoubtedly able to sense the changes in the rules. Otherwise, there was no way of accurately finding loopholes.

"He" immediately raised "His" hand and adjusted the monocle stuck in "His" right eye.

On the surface of the crystal monocle, a blinding, pure white light spewed out, illuminating the wilderness. There were no longer any concealed existences here.

This was the "eternal daytime" that "He" had previously given to Klein and retrieved from Klein's "main body"!

In such an environment, the dark tower melted inch by inch. Klein floated in midair with one hand holding the Magic Wishing Lamp, and the other holding the Staff of the Stars. In front of him was the open Trunsoest Brass Book.

Amon took the opportunity to stretch out "His" hand that was holding onto the monocle. From a distance, "He" gripped Klein's projection to his palm.

Behind him, the shadow that had been dragged out by the "eternal daytime" seemed to become fainter as it twisted with vitality.

Without a sound, Amon began "Stealing" Klein's various Beyonder powers.

"He" didn't deliberately seek out the "Fooling" authority. Instead, "He" chose to be random to increase the success rate.

However, with a flash of light, what fell into "His" palm was only a simple paper figurine.

Grafting!

Pa!

The shadow behind Amon's back was lashed by an invisible whip, and "He" was completely unharmed.

"He" created an error, letting "His" shadow replace "Him."

Following that, Amon laughed as "His" voice resounded in Klein's ears.

"Genie, I can also promise to send you back to the cosmos.

"Look, I wasn't punished. This means that I'm not swindling you."

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CHAPTER 1384
CONCEPTUALIZATION

Upon hearing Amon's words, Klein's heart sank.

Before this, he wasn't worried that Amon would collude with Genie, because "He" was a top-notch Swindler. No promises "He" made could be believed. As for Genie, "He" had encountered the former Lord of the Mysteries. "He" was considered a victim of such matters in a similar vein. Therefore, "He" would definitely use "His" most wary of approaches to deal with Mr. Error.

This was the result of a lack of trust.

Sometimes, lying, cheating, and swindling could indeed increase the profits in the short-term, but in the long-term, it was better to be honest.

But now, the Trunsoest Brass Book had just formulated the rule of "deception is prohibited here."

And Amon didn't receive any punishment after making the promise!

At the same time, Klein and Genie didn't notice "Him" using any loopholes.

This proved how true and effective Amon's words were. It was from the bottom of "His" heart and wasn't a scam.

Genie could even rely on "His" own level and traits to distort the sentence from "I can promise" to "I promise." It would make it impossible for Amon to go back on "His" word. If "He" did, "He" would suffer damage at the level of a Great Old One.

This made Klein not help but wonder if the rule that "deception is prohibited here" was secretly guided by Amon or deliberately created by Genie, making any Lord of the Mysteries candidate to promise to return "Him" to the cosmos.

To Genie, "He" didn't suffer any losses in such a deal because Klein himself owed "Him" a promise.

If it were any other scene, Klein would still have the time to communicate with Genie and rebuild "His" trust. However, at this moment, Amon's threat was right before his eyes. "He" wouldn't give him the chance to resolve this problem.

If he chose to continue to believe in Genie, Klein would be putting his life in the hands of this Outer Deity and be under "His" control. In the subsequent battle, as long as Genie was able to formulate a few rules that appeared to be fine but were biased towards Amon through the Trunsoest Brass Book, Klein, who was already at a great disadvantage, would rapidly lose with no way to reverse the situation.

As his thoughts raced, Klein made the choice of this gamble.

A translucent dark-colored cloak instantly appeared around him. His face was covered with a strange and distorted mask.

The Fool!

Invisible rings rippled from his body and instantly enveloped Genie, the Trunsoest Brass Book, and the entire wilderness, as well as Amon.

"Blind Stupidity" authority!

Amon's monocle temporarily lost its luster, as though "He" had lost "His" vision. "His" gaze also turned dull.

The speed of text being written on the Trunsoest Brass Book clearly slowed down as though it would take fifteen minutes or even hours to think up the next rule.

Genie's blurry and distorted golden figure shook as it suddenly shrank back into the golden magic lamp that looked like a water flask. It was unknown if it was escaping or if it was purely an instinctual reaction.

Seizing this opportunity, Klein attempted to escape Sefirah Castle as he prepared to "Graft" something to himself.

Just as his consciousness sank, the crystal monocle appeared at the edge of Sefirah Castle, blocking his "path."

Even though "His" intelligence had been reduced briefly, Amon still seemed to remember to stop Klein from leaving Sefirah Castle.

"His" eyes quickly regained clarity as they were still dyed black. "His" mouth slowly opened as "He" laughed uncontrollably.

"I've written this matter into my instinct. This is a good way to resist the effects of Blind Stupidity."

Clearly, "He" had cheated the rules and lied to "Himself," making "His" instincts believe that this was what "He" wanted.

Klein wasn't depressed. He immediately completed the "Grafting" he had prepared long ago.

In the cosmos, a giant star that emitted light and heat suddenly dimmed.

In the wilderness with the effects of "eternal daylight," an orange sun with a destructive aura and a heavy feeling descended from the sky.

The entire wilderness collapsed and curled up as though it was going to charge straight into the star.

At the same time, everything here was ignited, including Amon.

In the next second, the surrounding void began to shrink as they revolved around the real sun. Everything in the world either disintegrated or vaporized. All that was left was the Magic Wishing Lamp and the Trunsoest Brass Book, which were still struggling to withstand the flames, barely suffering any damage.

Klein, who was floating in midair, had long disappeared.

He had "Grafted" himself to that star.

Of course, his "Grafting" was only with the concept of a star, not a physical entity. Otherwise, with The Fool's obviously lower defense than most Sequence 0s, he would be directly swallowed by a real star and die on the spot thanks to his relatively weak body.

The Fool was a very extreme deity. "He" had the ability to destroy a star, but he was unable to face it directly. "His" strengths and weaknesses were equally obvious.

In addition, conceptualized objects couldn't directly affect the surrounding environment and harm the enemy. It wasn't enough to write the words "immense mass, gravity, high temperatures, high heat, and fusion" to create similar effects, but as Mr. Fool, Klein held the authority of "Fooling."

He made his surroundings change according to the concept of a star!

This was an intense "change" and also a type of "Fooling."

Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe, was completely ignited under the illumination of the star. "He" began to vaporize.

At this moment, his figure distorted as "He" was instantly dyed with resplendent starlight. "He" turned extremely illusory, as though "He" had

transformed into an astral door.

At that moment, Amon no longer resembled a physical creature. "He" was closer to a collective body of the symbols like "wandering," "astral world tunnel," "key," and "door."

This was the ability of a Planeswalker to use the astral world to head to different planets and worlds. "They" were able to transform "Themselves" into symbols, allowing "Them" to effectively use the astral world.

At Sequence 0 Door's stage, the qualitative change in such powers became "conceptualized."

Amon transformed "Himself" into a concept creature and avoided the damage brought by the star.

A figure suddenly appeared behind "Him." It was Klein, who was wearing a trench coat and a top hat.

Almost at the same time, Amon's thoughts slowed down a little.

"His" Spirit Body Threads were grabbed by Klein.

Using the chaos brought by the "star," Klein dispelled the combination he had with the corresponding concepts, and he secretly "Grafted" the location of both parties and arrived behind Amon.

Originally, without the concept of "Reassembly," the star's influence on the surroundings would immediately stop. However, Klein had "Fooled" time, allowing the effects of the first two seconds to linger until now, allowing him to fool Amon.

If possible, what Klein wished to do now was to deepen the control of Amon's Spirit Body Threads and turn "Him" into his marionette. However, he knew very well that in the present situation, the probability of success was very low: On the one hand, Amon could withstand damage and steal

the Spirit Body Threads back. On the other hand, "He" might be able to use the connection established between the two of them via the Spirit Body Threads to use a bug and influence Klein and "Parasitize" him.

Before he had absolute confidence, Klein didn't want his actions to appear rash.

The main goal of capturing Amon's Spirit Body Threads was to give the other party a certain sense of sluggishness.

This was a performance of the "Fooling" authority during the stage of transforming into a marionette. And with Klein's present state, he was naturally more willing to choose such a low-level but effective method. This would be less of a burden on him, and it wouldn't seriously affect his mental stability like when he used the authority of "Fooling."

At this moment, apart from Amon, his enemy also included the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in his body.

Of course, Amon was the same. If "He" didn't suppress the Celestial Worthy's madness, the latter would have already revived in "His" body.

After creating a brief pause in Amon's thoughts, Klein had three choices:

The first was to take this opportunity to escape Sefirah Castle, but he wasn't sure if Amon's instincts were still working and would still attempt to stop him from escaping.

Second, it was to summon the projections of the Historical Void, but it wasn't of much use. The effects of an angel-level existence could do little in this battle of gods. It was possible that they couldn't withstand Amon's gaze, much less "Their" historical projections. Even if Klein wanted to use it to transmit information, it lacked sufficient value—the other deities couldn't enter Sefirah Castle and provide help.

Third, he could use this opportunity to exert a certain amount of influence on Amon's true body.

Without any hesitation, Klein chose the third plan.

He wanted to take the opportunity to "Graft" Amon, Sefirah Castle, and the door of light that was stained with bluish-black together.

Klein felt that Amon's half-crazy state wasn't bad enough. "He" just appeared rather talkative, with him occasionally not grasping an opportunity. He wanted to make "Him" go crazier.

When Amon and Sefirah Castle completed the "Reassembly," the Celestial Worthy's will in "His" body would clearly strengthen, and the chaos in "His" mind would intensify.

That way, Amon would lack the rationality to restrain "Himself," making "His" actions more instinctive than being the result of a contemplative thinking process.

To Mr. Error who was an expert at "deceit," this would be fatal.

Of course, Klein could only maintain this kind of "Grafting" for a second. Exceeding this limit might mean that he would no longer be facing Amon, but the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

When the time came, the other party would definitely gladly accept the gift of Sefirah Castle. "He" could then fight Sequence 0 The Fool with a sefirah, two Uniquenesses, and the corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics.

Originally, Klein could've relied on his "Fooling" authority to reduce Amon's intelligence, but firstly, he wasn't able to use power at this level for a long time in his current state. Secondly, as a dual-pathway true god, and a wielder of many authorities, the duration of the "Blind Stupidity" effect on

"Him" was rather limited. Therefore, Klein had no choice but to take the risk of "Grafting" things in such a way.

And madness would accompany Amon, doing so until "He" found a new balance or met the best Psychiatrist.

In the blink of an eye, the translucent, cold mask appeared on Klein's face once again. A strange door of light that was stained with a hint of bluish-black suffused from Amon's body.

Sefirah Castle.

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CHAPTER 1385
"MADNESS"

Amon and the strange door of light were "Grafted" together.

"His" face grimaced as the darkness in "His" eyes intensified.

At the same time, more slippery tentacles appeared under "His" classic black robe, fully showcasing the crazy feeling was completely displayed.

Just as Klein was preparing to sever the connection between Amon and Sefirah Castle and make "Him" maintain "His" madness, the corners of Amon's mouth curled up.

It was as if he was saying:

"Congratulations, you have fallen into a trap."

"His" face was immediately covered with a translucent mask that was similar to The Fool's Uniqueness, but one that was even more illusory.

Klein's mind tensed up, and without a second thought, he immediately used the authority of "Fooling" without any regard for the consequences.

But before he could react, his thoughts slowed down. He was in a dazed state that he didn't know what to do.

Fooling!

Amon actually used the temporary "Reassembly" between "Him" and Sefirah Castle to escape Klein's interference and activate the power of The

Fool's domain.

Such an action completely exceeded his instincts and was more like a meticulous trap.

Amon didn't seem to be crazy enough!

This true god of the Error and Door pathways immediately removed the "Grafting" of "Himself" to Sefirah Castle, allowing the mysterious door that was tainted with hints of bluish-black to quickly fade away to prevent "Him" from being tainted further.

After dealing with this latent danger, Amon raised both hands, "His" thumbs and index fingers touching each other to form an oval.

In the oval, starlight lit up, perfectly embracing Klein's figure.

Right on the heels of that, Amon's hands suddenly parted to the side as though they were tearing something apart. This seemed to be a heavy task.

With the tearing sounds of paper, the area where Klein's body was in seemed to turn into glass. Under the intense impact, countless cracks appeared as they shattered bit by bit.

This was a form of regression and the destruction of space. Unable to withstand it at all, Klein's body could only turn into paper fragments that flew in the air as the surrounding void collapsed and shattered. These bits of paper were instantly swallowed up by the darkness.

By the time the space collapsed, Klein's paper figurines were almost exhausted.

Of course, he also relied on the level and traits of The Fool to forcefully escape the effects of "Blind Stupidity."

And at this moment, Amon had already split into countless figures. Some of them were purely avatars, some were replicas on the level of symbolism, while others were left behind from constantly "Blinking."

At that moment, the sky above Klein's head and the surrounding wilderness were occupied by Amons. "They" wore pointed hats and monocles, blocking every single loophole.

Some of these Amons transformed into old, mottled, bluish-black wall clocks. Some of "Them" turned into pure starlight, as though "They" were trying to create a cage. Some extended "Their" hands, doing different levels of "Theft." Some of the monocles glowed as "They" used various items that "They" had stolen from the past. Some simulated various abilities, either exerting limitations, interference, or attacks.

In the Marauder pathway, "Theft" was a core skill, one of its main symbols. The difference between it and a Seer's control of Spirit Body Threads was that, as one advanced through the Sequences, not only did its effects and success rate increase, it also obtained a deeper level of conceptualization.

At Sequence 9 to Sequence 7, "Theft" happened on items. At Sequence 6, "Theft" happened on Beyonder powers. After advancing to Sequence 5, "Theft" happened on thoughts and ideas. At Sequence 4 and Sequence 3, "Theft" became life, including parasitic theft at the physical level. And at Sequence 2 level, the range of "Theft" broadened to fate, identity, self-awareness, and Beyonder characteristics. As for Sequence 1, "Theft" could temporarily happen on time, anchors, and authorities.

Therefore, when an Error faced a true deity, "He" could also use "Theft" that had reached the level of authority.

With a gong, the ancient wall clocks paused in unison.

This caused the surrounding environment to freeze, causing the destroyed wilderness from the sun's blast to become extremely quiet. Even the destruction was frozen.

At that moment, Klein seemed to lose his body. All that was left was a translucent dark-colored cloak and a bizarre ice-cold mask.

Under the cloak and mask was rich darkness. Nothing could be seen other than the slippery and sinister tentacles that extended out.

In such a state, Klein seemed to escape the limitations of time. In a frozen environment, he moved like a fish. Through various cracks in reality or concept, he emerged from the encirclement of the Amons.

He once again used his "Fooling" authority.

This time, he "Fooled" time.

The ancient wall clocks vanished, and in the desolate wilderness that had almost completely collapsed, time returned to its normal flow. The Amons stopped "Their" attempts, suddenly merged into one, and "Blinked" behind Klein, preventing him from having a breather.

"His" left palm reached out, and as "He" retracted it, "He" clenched "His" fingers.

Around Klein, the space suddenly became shrouded in shadows, making it look like a thin fishnet veil.

The "fishnet veil" began to twist and reassemble, as though they formed a sufficiently strong cage that trapped Klein inside.

An illusory door appeared above the cage as it moved quickly without being fixed in place.

However, Klein's figure suddenly appeared outside the cell, as though he had never been sealed by Amon's Door authority.

He had "Fooled" history and had split his previous and future self.

Hence, the one imprisoned in the cell became his historical projection.

This was the Scholar of Yore's powers deepening under the "Fooling" authority.

As he had relied on an advancement ritual based on "Fooling" history, Klein's The Fool powers in such a domain were stronger than when he "Fooled" time and fate.

As soon as he escaped the spatial cell, Klein immediately used the Realm of Mysteries to create a new divine kingdom of The Fool. This was to stall for time and find a chance to stabilize his mental state. He had used the Fooling authority multiple times, and the weak balance in his body was on the verge of collapsing. If he didn't stabilize his mental state as soon as possible, the will of the Celestial Worthy would awaken further.

This was also a serious problem.

At this moment, a huge crystal monocle appeared in front of him.

On this monocle, layers of sparkling lights surged out and flooded him instantly.

Klein's mental state suddenly stabilized, but the price was to lose all his emotions and desires. He didn't even want to resist. All he wanted was to stand there quietly and wait for the impending destruction.

This was like an ordinary person being injected with a huge dose of anesthetic.

At the same time, an illusory book appeared in the layers of light.

The book opened, revealing a sentence:

"Tormented by the Lord of the Mysteries's mental corruption, Klein Moretti had always been in great pain and a state of extreme exhaustion. After the

intense battle, he has finally reached his limits due to the influence of his mind. He had decided to give up and stop resisting."

Behind the huge crystal monocle, Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat and classic black robe, quickly outlined "Himself" like a mountain.

"He" looked at Klein, who had given up resisting, and "His" dark eyes turned lighter as the corners of "His" lips curled up.

"I stole it. How is it?"

Klein raised his head to look at Mr. Error, and he tried hard to open his mouth. He said weakly, "You were pulling off a deception from the beginning?"

Amon raised "His" hands and said with a smile, "Unfortunately, you realized it too late."

"He" made "His" thumbs and index fingers touch each other, forming an oval.

In the oval, starlight lit up, illuminating Klein's figure.

Right on the heels of that, Amon solemnly separated "His" hands, tearing apart the void where Klein and the surrounding environment relied on to live.

The void was like glass, shattering into pieces like the collapse of a skyscraper.

However, all the collapsing and destruction circled Klein's body without directly affecting him.

He was like a small fishing boat that calmly cruised through a storm. It appeared out-of-place and disharmonious, as though it didn't seem to belong here.

Amon raised "His" hand and adjusted "His" monocle on "His" right eye, the smile on "His" face somewhat faded.

A translucent cloak kept popping up and disappearing over the surface of Klein's body.

He looked at the mountain-like Amon, his eyes turning darker.

"From the moment you entered Sefirah Castle and said the first word, you began your deceit."

At that time, Amon said that "He" had taken the risk to release the suppression of the Lord of the Mysteries in "His" body, in exchange for the identity of Sefirah Castle's owner.

At that moment, Amon didn't take the opportunity to continue attacking Klein. "He" floated in midair and looked down at Mr. Fool.

Klein didn't make any attempts either. His tone was strangely calm, as though he was preparing something.

"If simply releasing the suppression of the Lord of the Mysteries's will allows you to enter Sefirah Castle at the cost of being half-crazy, Antigonus could've done so back then. The Annihilation Demonic Wolf, Flegrea, from even earlier could've done it as well. You and Mr. Door previously had countless opportunities.

"Clearly, it's impossible to invade Sefirah Castle by just making the Lord of the Mysteries awaken to a certain extent, and using half-craziness in concert with Error. There's no way you can find a usable bug in this matter unless you directly get 'Him' to replace you.

"Only when you possessed the Door authority to go anywhere did you see hope. By creating a back door and using bugs, you could make Sefirah Castle treat you as the Lord of the Mysteries and give you the corresponding authority.

"Of course, this will definitely require the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries to a rather dangerous state. Without this hidden identity, you won't be able to deceive Sefirah Castle without any reason.

"After absorbing Door's Uniqueness, you didn't immediately infiltrate Sefirah Castle to deal with me who was even weaker back then. It was because at that time, you were unable to completely withstand the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries's will, with you having just advanced.

"I believe you've already found a relatively safer solution. If I hadn't advanced to The Fool so quickly, you would've been able to enter Sefirah Castle in the best state to resolve everything sometime later. And now, you have no choice but to bring this plan forward. There's definitely a very serious problem with you.

"You took the initiative to throw out the price of becoming half-crazy to, on the one hand, make me think of countermeasures in this direction so as to lay a deadly trap in key areas, and on the other hand, you also wanted to divert attention and use this opportunity to conceal other problems.

"You're not half-mad at all."

Amon quietly listened to Klein's words. Rather abnormally, "He" didn't interrupt him, nor did "He" attempt to attack. Only when Klein was done did "He" say with an odd expression, "You're crazy."

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CHAPTER 1386
NARROW PATH

Upon hearing Amon's "you're crazy," Klein raised his head and laughed out loud.

"I just gave up according to your arrangements. It's just that it's more complete than you think."

As he spoke, an illusory brand appeared on the forehead of the ice-cold and bizarre mask he was wearing.

It was a strange door of light that was tainted with bluish-blackness.

As for Klein, he was also enveloped in something similar.

Under the translucent dark-colored cloak, more and more slippery and sinister tentacles appeared. They were densely packed and extended until they occupied the nearby sky.

As his dark eyes flashed, Klein looked at Amon and said with a smile, "For me, instead of you becoming the Lord of the Mysteries, wouldn't it be better if we let the past 'Him' revive?"

After his mental state stabilized and he figured out the key to Amon's surprise attack, Klein's thoughts of "giving up" removed his resistance towards the Lord of the Mysteries's will in his body, allowing "Him" to further revive.

It was precisely because of this that he was able to control Sefirah Castle at critical moments and borrow the power of "Error" to avoid the collapse of

the space created by Amon.

Without waiting for Amon's response, the corners of Klein's lips curled up as he said with a smile, "After you were corrupted by Sefirah Castle and showed signs of madness, you immediately recovered and could use Sefirah Castle to create the effects of 'Blind Stupidity.' After releasing the suppression of the Lord of the Mysteries's will in you, you didn't enter a half-crazy state, as there are external powers helping you.

"You should have an extremely key important avatar. It might even be like Pallez's choice to lower 'His' level. It's sleeping at Adam's place, and it allows a Visionary like 'Him' to personally protect your mental state. As long as the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries's will doesn't exceed the limits of what Adam can withstand, you won't go crazy here if you don't lose control there.

"Therefore, your most serious problem is that you have to maintain a normal connection with that body. Once it's interfered with, your condition will be in trouble. And this connection is actually very weak under Sefirah Castle's isolation effect.

"You deliberately showed a half-crazed state for two reasons. Other than luring me to find an opportunity in this direction and stepping on the trap you set up, you were also hiding this fact so that I won't be able to target this aspect while engaging in a battle with you.

"Of course, there are plenty of problems outside these ones. After all, you aren't fully prepared. If I had discovered these problems earlier, even if I was a King of Angels with the Uniqueness, there's no way for me to defeat you."

Amon listened quietly and raised "His" hand to adjust the crystal monocle in "His" right eye. The corners of "His" lips curled up as "He" let out a sigh with a smile.

Upon seeing this, Klein smiled and shook his head.

"You truly are powerful, cunning, and terrifying, truly worthy of the title of 'God of Deceit.' If it wasn't for the fact that I had long considered what I would do when forced into a corner by you and had no other choice, I definitely would've hesitated just now. And if I hesitated slightly, I would've already died."

In that case, Amon would completely control Sefirah Castle, preventing Klein from returning from the fog of history for a resurrection.

Amon stared at the increasing number of sinister tentacles extending out from under Klein's dark-colored cloak. "He" slowly took a deep breath and said with a smile, "The Lord of the Mysteries in you is about to truly awaken."

Klein's smile had a nerve-wracking feeling to it.

"You can also compete with me on this point.

"Our next battle is very simple: It's a competition of who awakens the Lord of the Mysteries's will to a greater extent, a competition of whose control over Sefirah Castle is deeper. 50%, 70%, 90%, until we reach 100%. Then, with a bang, we explode and 'He' returns.

"What do you think? Are you going to take the bet? Let's see who can't hold on any longer first? It's very thrilling, very interesting, and very suited to your preferences. It's like the roulette that's popular in Feysac. Two people, each having a revolver and a bullet inside. They take turns pulling the trigger at their temples. Whoever gives up first results in his opponent winning. And if no one gives up and persists until the end, there won't be a winner. 'He' will be the winner."

Amon's brows pricked up as "He" smiled without saying a word.

Klein looked at "Him," and said with a smile, "Although you've always been pursuing thrills and are known to be a risk-taker, you achieve your goals most of the time. Not only do you not lose much, you often gain a lot.

And in the few failures that you do experience, you only lose some of your avatars and some items. You've never suffered any serious injuries or been placed in a desperate situation.

"Your every action is a product of meticulous planning. Even if you fail, you will have a way out.

"Does this mean that you value your life more than I imagined? You do like thrills and seek it for pleasure, but to do so regardless of the price is just an image you portray. How can a real God of Deceit wager a bet with 'Himself' at stake?

"Of course, this is just my own guess. Perhaps it's wrong. Anyway, do you want to take the bet?"

Amon stroked the crystal monocle and made a tsk like Medici.

"You're really crazy."

Klein replied with a smile, "In the eyes of others, this is indeed insane.

"But to me, it's just a choice.

"Compared to you, I'm more willing to believe in the former Lord of the Mysteries. 'He' is a true Great Old One, looking down on the Universe from high above and treating most of the living beings as insects. This would make 'Him' distance 'Himself' from reality.

"Besides, I should still have time to get the Genie to be my witness. I'll get the Lord of the Mysteries to promise me certain things. To 'Him,' it's very simple and worthless."

Having said that, the corners of Klein's mouth curled up as he said,

"I won't lose too much, just myself.

"There are always some things that are more important than others."

Amon maintained "His" smile but didn't say a word.

Klein then surveyed the area and found the Magic Wishing Lamp and Trunsoest Brass Book among the floating fragments of the wilderness.

He immediately laughed out loud.

"Look, I didn't get punished. This means that I'm not lying. I'm telling the truth."

In fact, the laws set up by the Trunsoest Brass Book had long been abolished since the divine kingdom was destroyed during the star's descent. Later on, the Amons dared to attempt to use "Steal," but Klein's main goal wasn't to prove anything, but to show his determination, firmness, or perhaps madness.

Of course, what he said was the truth. He was indeed willing to put them into practice. Otherwise, there was no way he could hide it from Amon or exert enough pressure on "Him."

Amon smiled and said without a hint of panic, "Sounds interesting."

"Isn't it? Let's begin," Klein replied without hesitation as his eyes turned darker.

Amon's smile froze as "His" palms suddenly gathered together.

Beneath "His" classical black robe, there were also slippery and sinister tentacles.

"His" aura changed a little as "His" body seemed to have a dark cloak on it.

At that moment, Amon became more like the Lord of the Mysteries.

However, "He" wasn't competing with Klein in the progression of the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries. Instead, "He" was using this to deceive Sefirah Castle to create a corresponding "Bug" and creating a chance to escape.

If the authority of the Error were to take effect at the same level, it would often have different preconditions:

First, the medium and target had to be similar enough; second, there was a certain connection between the two; third, there were certain logical contradictions between certain matters or objects; fourth, some of the rules were indeed incomplete; fifth, while not directly affecting the target, construct an "Erroneous" environment as a divine kingdom…

In this aspect, the restrictions of "Fooling" were even fewer, but once an "Error" satisfied the conditions, it would be difficult to defend against or terminate it.

Amon now wanted to take the initiative to disguise "Himself" and satisfy the first category.

This was similar to the invasion of a virus. First, it had to make the other party believe that they were on the same side to avoid detection and then paralyze any defenses to achieve their respective goals.

When a fruit looked like a strawberry, smelled like a strawberry, tasted like a strawberry, then it would basically be considered as a strawberry.

But in reality, there might be an exception.

At this moment, Amon's appearance resembled that of the Lord of the Mysteries. "His" aura was like the Lord of the Mysteries, and "His" powers were like the Lord of the Mysteries. "His" mental imprint was also similar to the Lord of the Mysteries. With the authority of an "Error," it would naturally make Sefirah Castle believe that "He" was the Lord of the Mysteries.

Suddenly, Klein's damaged The Fool divine kingdom completely collapsed. The grand and ancient palace and the mottled table inside appeared.

The grayish-white fog beneath Sefirah Castle rose and enveloped the space.

The grayish-white fog split into two waves. They clashed fiercely in a particular spot, producing vortexes one after another. They tore open a gap that led to reality.

The power of Sefirah Castle was at odds with itself in this second. It was as though it didn't know which Lord of the Mysteries to obey.

Amon's figure immediately vanished, using Door's authority to rush out of Sefirah Castle.

Just as "He" touched the edge, "His" body paused before being sent flying backward.

At The Fool's seat, the corners of Klein's lips curled up as he sat there. His glabella and the strange door of light around him became more obvious, as though they were corporeal.

This released an immense convergence force that reached an unimaginable level. It was like an invisible hand that pulled Amon back!

Amon's body suddenly split apart, transforming into countless "selves."

And in front of every Amon, an illusory astral door appeared.

Silently, the astral doors opened at the same time, but in the endless darkness behind the doors, slippery and sinister tentacles appeared, blocking Amon's escape.

At the tip of the tentacles, resplendent starlight lit up as they instantly enveloped the Amons.

The Amons couldn't help but gather together, turning into a conceptual cluster.

These concepts included but weren't limited to pointed hats, classical black robes, monocles, fate, time, keys, doors, bugs, and trojan horses.

Klein slowly stood up and smiled at the conceptualized Amon who was now in a passive state.

"You can also awaken the Lord of the Mysteries's will further, but this is different from death. It'll definitely affect the body at Adam's side."

A conceptualized Amon rapidly gained a physical form. "He" relied on the "Door" authority to escape from "His" current state.

The corners of "His" mouth curled into a smile, but "He" didn't respond to Klein. "He" seized this opportunity to use the "Error" authority to deceive; using an avatar outside that "He" had prepared ahead of time, it could be used to replace "Him" and swap places with "Him."

This was similar to the swapping of marionettes in the Seer domain, but at this level, the principles were different. It wouldn't be affected in most situations.

However, Amon still failed.

"He" realized that "His" "Error" authority had been forcefully suppressed.

As Klein slowly got up, more slippery and sinister tentacles appeared around him. The smile on his face became more exaggerated.

Right on the heels of that, Amon's eyes glazed over and the smile on his face froze as the crystal monocle lost its luster.

At the same time, the cold, bizarre mask on Klein's face squirmed.

The "Blind Stupidity" effect!

In the next second, he "Grafted" himself to a certain concept in the cosmos, and he used his authority to influence the corresponding environment.

The surrounding slippery tentacles aimed at Amon, like revolvers.

In Amon's eyes that were still glazed over, a supernova exploded.

An unimaginable sea of scorching light surged out, shattering "His" monocle and drowning "His" body.

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CHAPTER 1387
METHOD

Behind the endless curtain of darkness, in the darkness with aqueous light ebbing gently.

A young man with black hair, black eyes, a broad forehead, and a thin face suddenly sat up as though he had experienced a nightmare.

Dressed in a classic black robe, "He" stretched out "His" right hand, attempting to take out a crystal monocle from the void and wear it over "His" right eye.

But this time, "He" didn't obtain anything.

"His" right hand paused in midair for two seconds before "He" retracted it and pinched the right eye rim.

At this moment, "He" heard a gentle but emotionless voice:

"To him, there's something more important than life.

"To you, apart from yourself, there's nothing worth caring about.

"When the matter develops to a point where one's life is put on the line, it would imply your loss."

The corners of Amon's mouth curled up as though "He" wanted to smile and reply, but "He" ultimately didn't say anything.

The voice continued:

"Born as a Mythical Creature, your lack of normal anchors is also a problem.

"This makes you know what courage and sacrifice are, but it's hard for you to understand."

Amon's expression changed as "He" stood up from the slightly glistening darkness.

"He" looked at the human-skinned glove that was thrown to the side before but seemed to be very happy. "He" retracted "His" gaze and curled the corners of "His" lips.

"This seems very interesting.

"I plan to leave this place and enter the cosmos. That place is much more exciting than the real world. Perhaps I'll understand the two things you mentioned as a result of this."

"That's very dangerous. Once you enter the cosmos, and before I succeed, I won't be able to provide any help. However, this will let you avoid 'Him' at least," the calm and indifferent voice replied without any emotion.

Amon didn't say another word. "He" raised "His" hand and pinched "His" right eye rim and vanished from the endless shadow screen.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

As Amon was completely obliterated under the power of a supernova, Klein couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief.

If he had a choice, he naturally didn't want to sacrifice himself to revive the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. He hoped to personally protect this world and seek out the meaning of life again.

Of course, if he didn't have a choice, he wouldn't hesitate to awaken the Celestial Worthy. He was certain that he could do this, and Amon was also aware of this. Therefore, "He" didn't force him, and only attempted to escape.

In the battle just now, it had developed into a battle of courage towards the end. The one who wasn't afraid of true death would yield the absolute advantage.

Clearly, Amon wasn't prepared to sacrifice "Himself" for this matter.

After heaving a sigh of relief, Klein's face under the cold and bizarre mask suddenly grimaced.

Under his translucent dark-colored cloak, the slippery and sinister tentacles that extended out were either hitting the ground or rising up high. It was completely out of his control.

He could feel that the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in his body was rapidly waking up, and it seemed like he couldn't stop it.

Even if Klein directly died with his will and relied on the powers of a Miracle Invoker to revive, he wouldn't be able to escape, as the Lord of the Mysteries also wielded the authority of "Miracles."

At that moment, Klein recalled the words of Dark Angel Sasrir, which was also from the ancient sun god:

"The Primordial One had awoken in my body…”

In the next second, at the spot where Amon's body had shattered, beams of light were pulled by a vague invisible form of gravity as they charged towards Klein.

Some were Worms of Time with twelve rings, some were insects made of resplendent starlight, while some were just large numbers of light dots…

Klein wanted to stop the Beyonder characteristics from fusing with him, but the increasingly powerful Celestial Worthy's will prevented him from succeeding.

His body swelled into a balloon, and then suddenly became thin as paper. This repeated itself in an endless loop.

The mask on his face became brighter and more bizarre. The slippery and evil tentacles that extended out from under his cloak increased and became more uncontrollable.

One Worm of Time Beyonder characteristic, one Key of Star Beyonder characteristic, and one… Klein's mind felt like he was being devoured by an invisible monster, producing excruciating pain.

Finally, a pair of eyes, which seemed to be formed from pure starlight, formed from layers of illusory doors and crystal monocles, rushed towards Klein's face, straight for the mask's eye sockets.

Almost at the same time, the strange door of light that was tainted with bluish-blackness appeared on Klein's body again.

Sefirah Castle!

At that moment, Klein, Sefirah Castle, Door's Uniqueness, and Error's Uniqueness, all had a strong inclination to congregate.

Once they fused together, the Lord of the Mysteries would completely awaken and complete "His" resurrection process.

Klein suddenly used his right hand to cover half of his face.

His entire body bent down as if he was fighting with another "self."

With the anchoring and image disruption from his anchors, Klein finally slowed down the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries's will, reducing

the power of convergence by a little.

The starlight eyes and the crystal monocle stopped in front of Klein's face, floating only a few centimeters in the air like planets revolving around the sun.

Klein believed that he couldn't maintain this extreme imbalance for too long. Perhaps a few minutes or even dozens of seconds later, the convergence would continue without restraint, bringing about an unbearable change.

"Haha, this can be considered a form of fusion." Klein laughed in an unstable manner.

Then, he "Fooled" the Trunsoest Brass Book, allowing it to enter a sealed state and fly into the junk pile.

Right on the heels of that, Klein left Sefirah Castle and arrived in the astral world formed from symbolism and authority.

This place seemed similar to the cosmos. It was dark and vast, but in fact, there were many unique aspects to it. For example, even though there was a sun-like star hanging in the distance, emitting normal light and heat, if one tried to get close to it, without getting injured, one would realize that the astral world there was like a black curtain. The sun was directly painted with pastel colors, and there were a bunch of concepts and symbols surrounding it.

Furthermore, the drawing of the sun wasn't that nice, like a child without any foundation in art casually scrawled about. It was both comical and frightening.

From another perspective, this might be a manifestation of the chaos and madness that underlay everything.

As soon as Klein entered, he immediately sensed invisible gazes.

Some of them came from areas protected by the world barrier, while others came from broader areas with obvious malice.

The corners of Klein's mouth couldn't help but curl up. He suddenly turned his head and looked outside the world barrier, raising his slippery and sinister tentacles.

This pair of eyes that seemed forged from starlight and the crystal monocle also moved.

All of a sudden, all the attention from the cosmos shrank back. Only the hand-drawn crimson moon was left hanging there as it flashed with light.

"Haha." Klein laughed as he came to a dark kingdom filled with night vanilla and slumber flowers.

At the same time, the Evernight Goddess appeared at the borders of the divine kingdom in a layered, star-speckled dress. "Her" face was covered in a translucent black veil.

"She" didn't transform into "Her" giant form as "She" looked at him at eye level before raising "Her" right hand and revealing the bird-shaped, golden accessory.

At the head of the bird-shaped, golden accessory, a series of illusory doors appeared in the bronze-like eyes, allowing a drop of colorless water that had a strong aura of eternal stillness to land on Klein's cold and bizarre mask.

The will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings entered a state of eternal slumber. Likewise for a majority of Klein's consciousness. All he had was a tiny bit of lucidity.

Under such circumstances, he made the mask retract, and he transformed the cloak into a black windbreaker.

Then, he made the crystal monocle turn into a pair of black gloves, making the eyes forged from starlight to turn into a cane inlaid with star speckles.

This was only a change in appearance, but it didn't change anything in reality. Once the two items were separated from Klein, they would return to their original state. Of course, if Klein stabilized himself, he could accommodate them and change their corresponding concepts and symbols over and over again, allowing them to change their forms forever.

"This can't be sustained for too long. It just delays the matter for a while." The Evernight Goddess gently reminded him. "If the River of Eternal Darkness's water is used repeatedly, the Lord of the Mysteries will awaken even faster. This is because 'He' will trigger some unknown changes and adjust 'His' condition. Similarly, the specialness of Sefirah Castle and my blessing will gradually be erased, allowing you to enter a state of eternal slumber."

It was as though Klein wasn't discussing his own matters. He smiled and nodded.

"Got it."

The Evernight Goddess said in a tone that seemed to be comforting Klein's psyche,

"Regarding this matter, the method Amon used, and the actions 'He' did had exceeded my expectations. 'He' is indeed the true God of Deceit.

"It's not that you have no chance at all in what comes next. You can first try to completely control Sefirah Castle and pull the will of the Lord of the Mysteries to enter a state of eternal slumber. In the dream, you can resist and fuse with 'Him.' I can bless you, but the most important thing is still left to you.

"Becoming a Great Old One doesn't have any rituals involved. No ritual can change the awakening of the Primordial One's will, but the ancient sun god

believes that the order to accommodate them can increase one's self-awareness to a certain extent, increasing the success rate of the matter.

"First become a Sequence 0 of a pathway, then control and fuse with the sefirah. Only then do you accommodate the other Uniquenesses. That's the best order.

"Become a dual-pathway true god and then controlling and fusing with a sefirah is an order that isn't good or bad.

"Only fusing with the sefirah at the final step will be the worst choice."

Klein smiled and said, "That's a good idea. As long as one wakes up, a Lord of the Mysteries will be born.

"This might be 'Him,' or me. Yes, after completely controlling Sefirah Castle and entering a state of eternal slumber, I should be able to weaken the seal of the Western Continent, creating a weak spot that allows one to enter and exit."

The Evernight Goddess didn't say a word when "She" heard Klein's words.

Klein continued smiling.

"This is my choice.

"I had anticipated this day a long time ago. I will finally face 'Him.'"

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CHAPTER 1388
A SUDDEN GATHERING

The Evernight Goddess nodded and didn't say anything else. "She" reached out "Her" palm and grabbed a corner of the void and tugged lightly.

A thin layer of a "night curtain" gently floated down, covering Klein's body as it silently seeped in.

Klein silently took in the blessings from the dream for two seconds. He pressed his hand to his chest and bowed.

He took two steps back and left the astral world.

The Evernight Goddess stood at the borders of the divine kingdom as "She" watched him leave.

In the next second, Klein landed in the projection of the Giant King's Court in the ruins of the battle of gods.

Then, like Amon, he walked to the edge of the grayish-blue door and raised his hand to create a blue illusory door.

Through the door, Klein entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Following the guidance of fate, he "Wandered" straight to the peak of a mountain range.

There was a huge crucifix erected there, one covered with a faint shadow.

Klein stared at the shadow for a few seconds before sighing slightly. He bent down and picked up an ancient silver mirror that was placed near the

huge cross.

Then, he turned around and vanished from the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

At the same time, the Worms of Spirit, who didn't need to be on duty in Sefirah Castle, informed him of Queen Mystic's current location. Klein raised his hand and took out the Magic Wishing Lamp from the junk pile. Using the ownership connection between it and Bernadette, he used another "Wandering" to appear on a rather hidden island where Emerald City was.

Bernadette was flipping through the latest album catalog from Intis. Just as she sensed something, she saw Gehrman Sparrow hand her the Magic Wishing Lamp.

"Thank you," Klein said in a very normal voice.

Bernadette pursed her lips as though she wanted to say something, but at that moment, her eyes flashed as though she had seen something and prophesied something. Hence, she silently reached out and took the Magic Wishing Lamp.

Klein then took out a metal cigar case that had signs of corrosion on its surface.

"This is your payment."

Even without the Eye of Mystery Prying, Bernadette could sense that the iron cigar case was extraordinary. She could roughly guess what kind of corrosion had happened to it.

However, she didn't choose to accept it because of that reason, but she suddenly felt that she had no reason to reject it.

She hesitated for a moment before taking the iron cigar case.

If he was still in a rather crazy state like before, Klein definitely would've smiled and said in an exaggerated manner the moment Bernadette hesitated. "This is a gift from Uncle. Take it!"

But now, he was only left with that last bit of lucidity. He had to put in a lot of effort to prevent himself from falling asleep and not having the impulse to act like a clown.

After leaving Bernadette's Emerald City, Klein seized the opportunity to "Wander" to Backlund, to Dr. Aaron Ceres's home.

Will Auceptin, who was sitting in a pile of toys, raised his head and looked at Dwayne Dantès in front of him. His tears suddenly streamed down as he choked.

"I finally feel the opportunity."

"He" was referring to the opportunity for accommodating the Fate pathway's Uniqueness.

Klein squatted down and said without any expression, "I am here to help you accommodate it.

"I'll steal your childhood and youth and allow you to instantly grow up. Then, by relying on a level of Above the Sequences but below that of a Great Old One, I'll forcefully help you to accommodate the Die of Probability.

"Of course, that alone won't be enough. It will require an additional 'Fooling' and use of a 'Bug.'"

The tears that Will Auceptin dripped down suddenly stopped. "He" muttered in astonishment, "So the two choices are actually the same."

Typically speaking, the accommodation of a pathway's Uniqueness required one to be naturally born with it, seek an existence at the level of a Great Old

One to help, or rely on a simplified advancement ritual to complete it. There was no other possibility.

The Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, clearly wasn't born with the Uniqueness, and only had the two options left to consider.

"His" focus had been on holding a simplified ritual, which was to wait for the opportunity of fate. Who knew that this opportunity was actually when Klein was approaching the level of a Great Old One. In essence, it was the second method.

With this in mind, the chubby child, Will Auceptin, cried even harder. He felt as though he had been deceived by fate.

"Let the Life School of Thought's demigod send over the Die of Probability. Normally, with your luck, the Die of Probability should be by your side." Klein ignored Will's crying. "Let's begin as soon as possible. I don't have much time left."

Will stopped and looked at Klein for a moment before he said, slightly choking, "Forget it, let's wait for the next opportunity.

"Given your current state, it would be a huge burden for you to forcibly help me accommodate it. Perhaps you would lose control on the spot. I don't want to face the Lord of the Mysteries.

"Okay, next time. I have a premonition…"

With that said, Will looked into Klein's eyes and said, "I have a feeling that the next opportunity will be better."

Klein maintained his reverie-like expression as he said in a low voice, "Is this a prophecy?"

Will Auceptin's tears flowed again.

"No, it's a blessing."

Klein nodded slightly, stood up, and took a step back.

During this process, his figure gradually faded away and soon disappeared.

He returned to Sefirah Castle and sat on the high-back chair, allowing the grayish-white fog to envelop him.

After surveying the area and confirming the states of the crimson stars, Klein leaned back in his chair in exhaustion and slightly raised his right hand.

This time, he didn't create the fake World again.

On the two sides of the long mottled table, crimson beams of light shot out at the same time, freezing into the members of the Tarot Club—The Hanged Man, The Sun, The Hermit, The Magician, and the rest.

This sudden gathering was clearly beyond Audrey's and company's expectations. It left them surprised and alarmed.

Before that, although they had come to Mr. Fool's divine kingdom on occasions that weren't a Monday afternoon, it was all planned. They knew in advance that they would be dragged here—they would've either applied for a mini gathering in advance, avoid the full moon ravings, or treat Mr. World with psychological problems.

It could be said that, apart from the first time, this was the second time they were summoned by Mr. Fool without any warning.

This made even the slowest members of the club catch the hint of uneasiness and feel the air freeze.

Thinking back to The World Gehrman Sparrow's visit and the words of Mr. Fool's Blessed, Audrey, Alger, and Xio simultaneously had similar thoughts:

Is it finally here?

Audrey subconsciously turned her head and looked down at the bottom end of the long mottled table. There was no one there.

Although she was already mentally prepared, Audrey couldn't help but be stunned as emotions of uncontrollable sadness surged within her.

In her heart, The World Gehrman Sparrow's image had long since turned from a crazy adventurer and an extremely dangerous Beyonder to a person who wore a cold and tough facade but was a gentle, powerful, loving, mysterious, and lonely man who was burdened with many friends on his back.

She believed that amongst the Tarot Club members, she knew The World the best apart from Mr. Star.

And now, this friend seemed to have encountered some misfortune, leaving behind only an empty seat.

The Tarot Club lost its first official member.

Where did Klein go… Leonard suddenly felt a little flustered.

In this world, he was the only one he could befriend.

Previously, when Klein suddenly appeared in the Southern Continent and threw the gold coin into the cathedral's donation box, Leonard had already had a strange premonition. He had the feeling that Klein was about to receive the judgment of fate and was bidding farewell to the past.

This was the same as the time back in Tingen when they decided to step out together and face Megose.

Old Man's recent silence has been a little bizarre… Could something really have happened to Klein? With Mr. Fool's level and status, as long as there's

a chance, he should be able to be saved… Leonard's heart tightened as he suddenly turned his body and cast his gaze at Mr. Fool at the top end of the long mottled table.

This mighty existence was still enveloped by the grayish-white fog, preventing others from seeing "His" condition.

At this moment, Emlyn, Cattleya, and Derrick also discovered Mr. World's absence.

Coupled with the suddenness of this gathering, they were both shocked and puzzled. They didn't know what had happened, but their instincts told them that it wasn't a good thing.

As a Clairvoyant who had recently advanced, Cattleya even felt that there was a certain problem with Mr. Fool.

Mr. World isn't here… Xio had previously mentioned that Mr. Fool and "His" few Blessed were about to face a major challenge, and it's very likely that they would suffer a bad fate… Fors was also somewhat alarmed, inevitably having a strong fear due to some unknown change.

She had once thought that she would sigh in relief because of Mr. World's disappearance, but from the looks of it, it wasn't like that. Instead, she found her heart heavy and a little horrified.

Only then did she realize that at some point in time, The World had become the pillar of support for the Tarot Club outside of Mr. Fool. It made everyone feel at ease when they saw him.

Of course, some fear was unavoidable.

As Justice Audrey and company turned around and looked at the top end of the long mottled table, Klein, who was already the real Fool, said in a low voice, "This is a last-minute gathering."

Mr. Fool is very exhausted… Audrey, who sensed this, felt her heart tighten.

She looked around and stood up as usual.

After the members of the Tarot Club stood up one after another, Audrey lifted the ends of her skirt with a heavy heart and curtsied at the end of the long mottled table.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool."

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CHAPTER 1389
THE FOOL'S COMMISSION

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool."

The other members of the Tarot Club appeared rather solemn as they followed Miss Justice's usual greeting.

After they sat down again, The Fool Klein surveyed the area and slowly said, "I will be entering a state of slumber."

Upon hearing this, Alger, Audrey, Xio, and Fors felt like their speculations had finally been confirmed. Leonard, Emlyn, Derrick, and the other Tarot Club members felt their hearts sink as they became increasingly flustered and filled with puzzlement.

Of course, they weren't that surprised. The abnormal last-minute gathering and the abnormality of The World's absence seemed to indicate that something important had happened today.

Klein maintained his last bit of clarity and said in his previous tone, "This involves a war that's at the level of 'Above the Sequences.' It has something to do with the apocalypse to a certain extent."

Indeed… Alger acutely caught the words "Above the Sequences."

He had long suspected that there was another level above Sequence 0: the one occupied by the ancient sun god when "He" had eight Kings of Angels.

Now, Mr. Fool had finally confirmed his guess and resolved many of his doubts.

Cattleya and company also noticed the hidden message in Mr. Fool's words. Those who had similar guesses like The Hanged Man felt enlightened, while the ones who had never had such guesses were inevitably surprised and confused when they heard it. However, they quickly combined what they had learned from the past and came to a realization.

The Fool Klein continued, "Only after you become an angel do you have the right to know the exact situation. Otherwise, just understanding it will bring corruption."

This made the Tarot Club members think of the words "underground" and "cosmos." They were momentarily unable to contain their thoughts.

Klein looked at the end of the long mottled table and said, "My Blessed, The World, has entered a deep slumber. It's unknown when he will wake up."

Then what should be done? Leonard nearly blurted out, but he could clearly sense that Mr. Fool hadn't finished his sentence. Therefore, he forcefully held back his urge.

The Fool Klein swept his gaze across him.

"Next is a long-term commission for all members:

"Spread my name more widely, but don't clash with the orthodox Churches. When necessary, you can choose to use a more concealed method to proselytize.

"This will aid in my awakening.

"Also, spread the news of The World being my Blessed, and record it in the Church's Holy Bible. Of course, do not include information that involves his personal information.

"Remember one sentence: The awakening of The World spells The Fool's return."

Klein wanted to increase his number of anchors. This might be useful in the battle with the Lord of the Mysteries in his dream.

At the same time, he wanted to mold The World into a saint of the Church of The Fool, an angel beside the divine throne, so that this image could also greatly share an image with the believers and obtain his own anchors.

To put it simply, Klein planned on having a believer contribute two sets of anchors. After all, to him, be it The Fool or The World, all of them were just an identity of his. Furthermore, the image created by anchors wouldn't be uniform. They were different and wouldn't affect him.

At the level of The Fool, the Church would spread the name of the deity, The Fool's Sacred Emblem, and all kinds of religious teachings without any concrete images. As for The World, he had quite a number of identities, such as Gehrman Sparrow, Dwayne Dantès, and Merlin Hermes. It wouldn't fixate on a single image.

"The reward is the convenience you have enjoyed in the past, the responses you received, and the corresponding help given to your future prayers," The Fool Klein said without a change in tone. "After I begin my slumber, I can still respond to my prayers in a certain way, but not every time. If there's something very important that needs help, pray a few more times."

He could tell from Antigonus's state of eternal slumber, that dreams could be projected outside. As long as the correct method was used, a sleeping deity could make use of the dream to a certain extent to respond to prayers.

Regarding this situation, the members of the Tarot Club weren't stumped by it at all.

On the one hand, most of them were either openly or secretly spreading the faith of The Fool. On the other hand, it was very common to pray to deities

without receiving a response. Mr. Fool's responses from before were considered extremely rare. They had almost never heard of anything like this happening elsewhere.

To be able to receive a response through repeated prayers on important matters was better than most of the clergymen of the orthodox Churches!

"Yes, Mr. Fool." The Tarot Club members didn't hesitate at all as they accepted the long-term commission.

Among them, Leonard was the one that answered from the bottom of his heart. He was most eager and impatient.

To him, spreading the faith and biblical canon of Mr. Fool was to awaken Klein.

This made him instantly find the motivation to do something else other than his usual work.

At this moment, The Fool Klein nodded slightly and cast his gaze at Cattleya.

"The previous commission—to gather all the information regarding the Hidden Sage suddenly coming to life—is still effective.

"If you wish to take the risk, then go further and investigate the present state of the Hidden Sage.

"This will be very dangerous. You can reject it, and the reward is a wish."

Cattleya thought for a moment and said, "Honorable Mr. Fool, is this related to awakening you? Is it related to surviving the apocalypse?"

"Perhaps, perhaps not. I can't give you a definite answer right now. I just see some visions." This time, Klein didn't deliberately create a high-level

persona of The Fool, because he was already The Fool. "Also, watch over all your subordinates that are Beyonders of the Earth and Moon pathway."

Cattleya fell silent for a moment before slowly saying, "I'll accept this commission."

The Fool Klein cast his gaze to the other side and said to Derrick, "Your mission is to protect the New City of Silver and New Moon City and protect the Rorsted Archipelago. The more believers I have and the safer they are, the higher the chances of me waking up.

"On this foundation, think about how to expand the Church and spread the faith.

"Your payment is to become my Blessed."

Derrick's eyes suddenly burned as he recalled the encouraging gaze he had received from the Chief when he pushed open the final door of the Giant King's Court.

He took a deep breath and said in a firm tone, "Yes, Mr. Fool!"

Klein nodded and looked at Fors.

"You need to protect the Abraham family well to prevent them from suffering the temptation of the cosmos.

"Also, gather more information regarding the Fourth Epoch and figure out Mr. Door's condition at that time. Uncover some of the latent problems of the Abraham family."

"That's something I wish to do." Fors hesitated for a moment, but she still expressed that she would do such things even if she wasn't given the commission.

The Fool Klein didn't give his approval or disapproval. Instead, he said, "If you're willing, you can write down biographies and stories of The World's different identities using different aliases.

"The reward for above is that when you have a chance of becoming a Planeswalker and have to head to the cosmos, you will receive my blessings."

Although Klein knew that he could use a dream to give a response to a certain extent in his sleep, he wasn't sure if he was the one who had the upper hand or the Lord of the Mysteries. Therefore, he wished to use verbal contracts of providing a reward after the completion of a mission on more important matters. When the time came, even if he was at a disadvantage, he would be able to make use of this sort of invisible promise to give an ingenious response.

Planeswalker? Fors was taken aback.

To be frank, she had never considered this problem before. What she was worried about was the digestion of the Secrets Sorcerer potion and the Wanderer ritual.

Soon, she composed herself and said, "Yes, Mr. Fool."

Klein then cast his gaze at Emlyn.

"The besiegement of the Rose School of Thought involves preparations for the apocalypse. It's rather dangerous. Even if an angel is participating in it, you have to pay attention to your own safety.

"Your commission is to try your best to gather blessings, auras, and items given by the Primordial Moon to 'Her' believers in the Rose School of Thought. These might be more dangerous than a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact."

At that moment, although Klein still maintained The Fool's tone, there were hints that resembled a friend's warning.

This made Audrey, who had stabilized her initial mental state, sense something different.

Recalling what Mr. Fool had said to the other members, she sighed inwardly.

Mr. Fool's humanity seems to have become richer just as "He" is about to enter a deep sleep…

While Emlyn was slightly surprised and puzzled, Klein continued, "Apart from participating in the besieging of the Rose School of Thought's mission, I hope that you can form a pharmaceutical company and perform research on how to mass-produce the medicine with magical effects."

"If it's mass-produced, there's no way the products can be equipped with a magical effect," Emlyn replied instinctively.

The Fool Klein nodded.

"Seek out a compromise.

"Your main goal is to spread my name through this pharmaceutical company.

"The reward will also be a wish."

This isn't a matter of danger, but whether it's possible… The simplest solution is to give me a thousand Apothecary potions. I can form an Apothecary factory for mass production… Emlyn mumbled inwardly before replying seriously, "Yes, Mr. Fool."

Klein looked to the other side and said to Xio, "The apocalypse is approaching. Be it the Red Priest or the Demoness pathways, they will become active. Your mission is to rely on the official factions to investigate the whereabouts of the three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and the

Uniqueness of the Red Priest pathway. If there's a chance, find a clue to confirm the Primordial Demoness's present condition. It's very dangerous."

Klein didn't mention the payment, because he had already paid for it.

Xio had her wish fulfilled by holding a ritual and becoming a Sequence 4 Imperative Mage.

As for the three Sequence 1 Conqueror Beyonder characteristics of the Red Priest pathway, Klein had previously learned that one was in the hands of the Sauron family—the former Intis royal family—the other in the hands of the Feysac's Einhorn royal family, and the other was in the hands of the Loen's Augustus royal family. Later, as a reward, it was given to the Demoness Sect.

Of course, this was only a preliminary answer. The corresponding situation could very well have changed:

The Sauron family had already been in decline since Roselle's era. It might not necessarily be able to keep the Conqueror's Beyonder characteristic or corresponding Sealed Artifact under its control. Klein even suspected that it might have been obtained by the Iron and Blood Cross Order;

The failure of the war had significantly damaged the Einhorn family. Klein didn't rule out the possibility of the death of a high-level angel or the loss of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

The location of the Conqueror Beyonder characteristic that the Augustus family gave to the Demoness Sect was currently the clearest. However, Klein knew that the Red Angel evil spirit, Sauron Einhorn Medici, had been eyeing it all this time. Perhaps "He" had succeeded, or perhaps "He" was carrying out whatever plans "He" had.

There were no clues to the corresponding Red Priest Uniqueness at the moment. The last time the mysterious world knew of it was at the end of the Fourth Epoch, during the Pale Disaster.

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CHAPTER 1390
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Xio had always been looking forward and uneasy as to what her mission was.

She looked forward to it because she had already chosen to accept Mr. Fool's gift, so she definitely had to pay the corresponding price. Knowing the mission earlier allowed her to prevent unnecessary second-guessing due to the unknown, guesses that only led to greater fear.

She was uneasy because she knew that the remuneration she received was too generous. She believed that the final mission wouldn't be simple and would definitely be filled with danger.

At that moment, after hearing Mr. Fool's words, her heart finally settled. At the same time, she secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Investigating the three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and the Uniqueness of the Red Priest pathway and their locations, and even confirming the present state of the Primordial Demoness was indeed very dangerous. It was a mission that would result in a terrifying corruption if she wasn't careful, but it was at least better than snatching the Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics or directly facing the Primordial Demoness.

If it were the latter, even with the official factions supporting her, Xio didn't think that she could accomplish it. All she could do was write a will, ready to sacrifice herself at any moment. And if it was just the former, she could use a more roundabout method to obtain the information. She didn't need to

encounter powerful existences with high statuses. As a Sequence 4 demigod, Xio was confident.

Without any hesitation, she immediately replied, "Yes, Mr. Fool."

The Fool Klein had planned on looking to the other side. After some consideration, he added, "Be careful of Bansy."

Without waiting for the Tarot Club members to start making connections, Klein said to Leonard, "Your mission is similar to The Moon's. During the besiegement of the Rose School of Thought, gather blessings, auras, and items from the Mother Tree of Desire from their members. It's equally dangerous."

He only gave a single warning, without saying as much as he did like when he gave Emlyn the mission.

This was because Leonard had a senior angel from the Marauder pathway "Parasitizing" him. "He" knew many secrets and knew how dangerous the Outer Deities were. "He" wouldn't allow Leonard to act recklessly.

Seeing that Leonard was about to nod, The Fool Klein maintained his tone and continued, "You don't have to do too much in promoting my name. You can even choose not to do it."

As one of the twenty-two high-ranking members of the Church of Evernight, as one of the few high-ranking deacons of the Nighthawks, it was very easy for something to happen if Leonard spread the faith of The Fool in private. He would be misunderstood by his colleagues and cause unnecessary conflicts.

Miraculously, to Klein, The Moon Emlyn's actions didn't seem to be misunderstood in the same way. To the people and Sanguine around him, anything he did wasn't too strange.

That's right… Leonard had already recovered from his previous eagerness and realized the cruelty of reality.

However, he still wanted to do something.

At this moment, The Fool Klein added, "You can share the stories of The World with songs and poetry."

Songs and poetry… Leonard instinctively frowned. He didn't immediately respond to Mr. Fool.

Klein then said, "Other than that, try your best to raise your own level to prepare for the apocalypse.

"The reward for all the missions is a wish."

Although many Beyonder characteristics had fallen into the real world when the God of Combat died, bringing with them a batch of Beyonder creatures, mutated monsters, and abnormal lands, Klein didn't know how many Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics the Evernight Goddess had obtained from the Warrior pathway other than the Uniqueness, but at the very least, a number of the Sequence 2 angels of the Church of Evernight had the possibility of becoming a Sequence 1 angel.

At the same time, if "They" had obtained additional Beyonder characteristics, "They" could still switch to the corresponding Sequence of the Death pathway.

This would open a path for the saints to advance, not limiting them to just one pathway.

Of course, not every Sequence 3 saint wished to become an angel, but Leonard was currently only a Sequence 4 Nightwatcher. Furthermore, if the corresponding Sequence 3 Horror Bishop position was limited, he could consider Silver Knight and Ferryman—Klein had one set of the former.

Leonard fell silent for two seconds before he slowly exhaled.

"Yes, Mr. Fool."

The Fool Klein immediately cast his gaze at Miss Justice who had been waiting.

"Apart from promoting my name, you have two missions: One is to assist Judgment and investigate the whereabouts of the Red Priest pathway's Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, confirming the present state of the Primordial Demoness. The other is to work hard to raise your level."

One of the missions is to increase my Sequence… Audrey was somewhat puzzled about this mission.

In her opinion, this seemed to be telling an ordinary person: Your mission is to earn even more money.

Furthermore, this isn't of any value to Mr. Fool. Could it be that he wants me to treat Mr. World? Just as this thought flashed across Audrey's mind, The Fool Klein added, "The higher your Sequence, the more opportunities you have to awaken The World.

"In this aspect, you can make use of external forces to help. The Psychology Alchemists that Hermes rebuilds will be one of the choices, but you need to be careful and take precautions.

"You have to pay a certain price for this.

"You can give up the reward you received before. This depends on your will and thoughts."

Audrey no longer had any doubts. After a moment of silence, she nodded solemnly.

"Yes, Mr. Fool."

Klein's gaze landed on Alger.

"You will know what your mission is in time to come."

Klein had already foreseen the corresponding scene.

Without waiting for Alger to speak, he continued, "You can bring the Sea God Scepter, but during this period of time, all the prayers of the Sea God believers will be transferred to The Sun, directly pointing at me."

Although Alger still couldn't accurately guess what his mission was, he already had a vague premonition. After a moment of thought, he replied in an upright manner, "Yes, Mr. Fool."

Klein retracted his gaze and looked around before slowly saying, "After this, on the first Monday afternoon of every month, you can still gather here, but there will be no convener.

"If you need to do a private, mini discussion, pray in advance and wait for a response."

At this point, The Fool Klein closed his eyes and said, "Let us end today's gathering here."

The Tarot Club members couldn't help but feel a baffling sense of sorrow. It was as though a grand ball was coming to an end.

They stood up at the same time and solemnly bowed towards the end of the long, mottled table.

"Your will is our will."

Klein waited until they finished speaking before he dispelled his control of them. He watched as the crimson starlight scattered and quickly fell.

After staring at the scene for a few seconds, he conjured a yellowish parchment and a dark red fountain pen.

After some thought, Klein simply wrote:

"Dear Mr. Azik,

"Due to some complicated reasons, I might be sleeping for a long time. I'm sorry, but I might not be able to write a letter to you for a long time…”

With just that sentence, Klein stopped and made the pen disappear.

Although he had conjured that piece of paper, with his current status, level, and strength, he could sustain it for more than a hundred years—even if it was brought to the outside world.

He closed his eyes again, summoned Azik's copper whistle, and blew it.

At the same time, he released some of the restrictions that came from Sefirah Castle.

The skeleton messenger appeared, and every bone in its body trembled intensely as if it would collapse at any moment.

If not for the letter that Klein had handed over, it might've prostrated itself.

After the skeleton messenger received the letter and left Sefirah Castle in a hurry, Klein rubbed his temples.

This wasn't because the will of the Celestial Worthy had already escaped from "His" state of eternal slumber, nor was it because of the pain from maintaining his lucidity; it was just a habit.

Klein slowly leaned back into his chair and sighed.

On both sides of the long, mottled table, Justice Audrey, The Hanged Man Alger, The Sun Derrick, The Magician Fors, The Moon Emlyn, The Hermit Cattleya, The Star Leonard, and Judgment Xio appeared in the order they joined the Tarot Club.

But this time, they weren't real. They were only projections. They no longer appeared blurry, revealing their images from Klein's memory.

Soon after, more figures appeared. They were:

A mature man with a receding hairline with deep eyes; a beautiful witch with blue eyeshadow and red blush; a middle-aged man with black hair mixed with silver hair, his voice unusually loud and sonorous; a woman in her late forties with ear-length short-hair; a youth that gamed on his phone while eating delicacies; a happy young lady who kept giggling; a civil servant who looked old than his age with a high hairline; a young girl dressed in an old-fashioned skirt who focused on machinery; a doll-like lady with a pale face; a teacher with soft facial features and bronze skin; a child licking on ice cream; a madam holding four heads; and an elder looking all serious at a bill…

They either sat or stood, gathering beside the people they knew. In the flickering candlelight on the long table, they discussed different things, followed the music, and danced.

Klein silently watched the lively scene as his expression gradually softened.

After an unknown period of time, he stood up, passed through them, and walked into the depths of this space.

Behind him, the figures, the candlelight, and the music faded away and disappeared.

When he saw the strange door of light above the grayish-white cloud, Klein beckoned for the magic mirror, Arrodes.

At that moment, the transparent or opaque worms and insects that clustered together to form spherical lights in the strange door of light turned bluish-black.

It was like a thick layer of fog that made one unable to see what was behind the door.

After Klein arrived, he didn't immediately enter. He felt as though there was an extremely terrifying monster behind the door, waiting to devour him.

He raised his head and looked at the transparent cocoons hanging above the door of light. He looked at the "modern" humans with different skin colors inside the cocoons.

Closing his eyes to sense them, Klein raised his right hand and closed his five fingers.

The cocoons cracked open as the people inside transformed into specks of light. They flew out of Sefirah Castle and landed in the real world, into the bodies of those who had just died.

After doing this, Klein lowered his head and looked at the magic mirror in his hand.

"Are you scared?"

The aqueous light on the surface of the ancient silver mirror swirled and the pale words outlined itself:

"No."

In the next second, Arrodes raised his own question according to the rules:

"Great Master, are you afraid?"

The corners of Klein's mouth twitched.

"Yes."

With that said, he took a step forward with the magic mirror in hand and walked towards the bluish-black fog in the middle of the strange door of light, passing through it.

His figure disappeared behind the door that had the unknown hidden behind.

The cracked "cocoons" were still gently swaying.

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CHAPTER 1391
FACING I

In the dark blue waves that seemed to never stop in the Berserk Sea, the Future was like a leaf, being thrown high up at times and smacking down at other times.

In these waters, there were still some pirate ships that were cruising. They were used to such situations and felt that it was as natural as the sun rising.

After Cattleya returned to the real world, she pondered for a moment before spreading open a piece of paper and writing.

She wanted to ask the Queen what happened recently.

In fact, before Mr. Fool announced that "He" would enter deep sleep, Cattleya had already sensed the impending monumental change.

Whether it was the sudden closing of the doors or the meteor shower streaking across the sky to illuminate the world, it gave her some inspiration as a Clairvoyant, allowing her to see some blurry visions.

Of course, she was limited by her own level, position, and status. She didn't have enough knowledge of what had happened, and she was unable to grasp what exactly had caused Mr. Fool to choose to sleep. All she could do was ask Queen Mystic Bernadette, who had long advanced to the level of an angel and led a mysterious organization while being in control of many powerful Sealed Artifacts.

Just as Cattleya summoned the messenger and took out the letter she had written, she was taken aback.

At that moment, a purple light was accentuated in her eyes. It became extremely saturated and slowly flowed like a river.

She felt that Mr. Fool had entered a deep sleep.

Unconcealable hesitation, confusion, and sadness arose in the Admiral of Stars' heart.

For some reason, she felt an inexplicable palpitation, and two drops of tears unknowingly slid down her face.

She seemed to understand something, yet nothing. She only knew that it was unknown how much time it would take for Mr. Fool to wake up from "His" slumber.

Taking off the heavy glasses on her nose bridge, Cattleya wiped the corners of her eyes, allowing her emotions to return to normal.

She walked to the window and looked at the deck.

Frank Lee warmly invited the crew to taste his newly brewed beer, but none of the pirates dared to try it.

Thankfully, I sent Cielf to the Queen ahead of time. Now, all I need to do is watch over Frank… Without Mr. Fool's watch, I have to be more careful and pay more attention to him. Yes, I have to find something for Frank to do other than research. He's a first mate, so he can't always be working on something else… Cattleya thought with a heavy expression.

After considering how to deal with Frank, as well as how to reorganize the small number of pirates from the Earth and Moon pathway onto other ships, and not frequently interact with Frank, Cattleya focused her focus on the Hidden Sage.

Although she was already one of the ten pillars of the Moses Ascetic Order, due to her background and the influence of the Hidden Sage, she had never

received the trust of the president and the other higher-ups. She could only be an ostracized person who teetered on the periphery of the organization who had her own circle and respective faction.

From a certain perspective, her relationship with the Moses Ascetic Order was closer to that of a partner. On the one hand, she needed a faction and a powerhouse to project her will over the Five Seas. On the other hand, she yearned to obtain corresponding knowledge and materials.

And to obtain the information regarding the Hidden Sage that represented a deity suddenly coming to life and confirming "His" current state would necessarily require her to become a core member of the Moses Ascetic Order.

With my present identity, there's no problem with me participating in the internal decisions of the Moses Ascetic Order. Only by truly participating in these will I be able to come into contact with more information and elevate my own status… However, this will be rather dangerous. Even if the Hidden Sage's condition isn't right, and doesn't interfere with the Moses Ascetic Order's operations, the other higher-ups will also be subjected to the infringement of interests and be in constant suspicion. They will counterattack to a certain degree… There are at least two of the ten pillars that I can't see through, making me instinctively feel danger…

And confirming the state of the Hidden Sage will be even more dangerous. If anything goes wrong, I'll immediately be corrupted and eroded by "Him"…The more Cattleya thought about it, the more she felt that the mission given by Mr. Fool was difficult.

She had always been teetering at the periphery of the Moses Ascetic Order with her identity as a pirate. In fact, she had her worries about this matter. She was afraid that if she went too deep into the organization's internal affairs, it would expose the fact that she was still in contact with Queen Mystic. She was afraid that the other ten pillars would one day suddenly point her out as a spy and eliminate her on the spot.

At that moment, Cattleya even wanted to abandon Mr. Fool's mission and identity as one of the ten pillars of the Moses Ascetic Order. She wished to return to the Dawn and returned to the Queen's side.

That way, she wouldn't need to worry about this matter anymore—if there were any problems, the Queen would be able to stop them.

Ever since she left the Dawn, she had to shoulder everything by herself. Cattleya had always felt exhausted as her shoulders remained heavy.

However, this thought was quickly given up by Cattleya.

She sighed softly. She understood that she would never be able to return to the time when she was a little girl without worries.

She wasn't only responsible for her own life, but also the fate of Frank, Heath, Nina, and the other crew members.

Furthermore, she had predicted the arrival of the apocalypse. She hoped that she could become the Queen's most powerful helper and do something for this world.

Cattleya closed her eyes and muttered to herself, "Then face it."

To truly integrate into the Moses Ascetic Order and gather the relevant information.

After making this decision, Cattleya no longer concealed her strength. She raised her hands and used a fairy tale magic.

In the eyes of the surrounding pirate ship crew, the Future and its fleet became illusory at the same time, turning into countless bubbles.

The bubbles reflected a dreamy color under the light's illumination.

Then, they slowly melted into the sea.

Just like that, the Future and its fleet disappeared from everyone's eyes.

Many knowledgeable pirates were first shocked and stunned. Then, they had a thought:

A new Queen over the seas has been born.

Queen of Stars!

…

Backlund, in a particular house.

Xio, who had yet to sort out her thoughts after returning to the real world, saw Fors's figure appear in front of her as she shouted, "That mission of yours is too dangerous!"

Xio was taken aback as she instinctively pointed out a problem.

"You didn't knock."

This was the worst part of living together with a demigod of the Apprentice pathway.

Fors first reflected on herself for a second before confidently saying, "You didn't close the door."

She pointed at the ajar bedroom door.

I actually didn't close the door. That's right. This was a last-minute gathering. I wasn't prepared for it before the matter… Xio opened her mouth, but she couldn't say a word.

Both of them looked at each other speechlessly for a long time, but none of them broke the silence.

Finally, Fors decided to forget the accusation and focused on the mission itself.

"A mission that involves Sequence 1 and a Uniqueness is too dangerous."

With that said, she recalled that Xio had already accepted Mr. Fool's gift. Her eyes reddened uncontrollably as she couldn't help but mumble, "Remember to get my help. At the very least… I can help you escape."

To them, the things they experienced before had involved very few matters at the Sequence 1 level. Apart from Mr. Fool and The World Gehrman Sparrow, at most it was them being watched by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.

At other times, they would at most do trivial matters at the periphery of corresponding matters. They had never faced an enemy that could be addressed as "Him."

Therefore, when she thought of how her friend's mission involved Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, or even a Uniqueness and true deity, Fors couldn't help but feel nervous and worried.

Xio smiled and said, "I'm just seeking clues and investigating the truth. It's not like I need to face 'Them' directly."

She paused for a second and said, "The apocalypse is approaching. We have to do something.

"Look, even Mr. Fool has fallen into a deep sleep. What's more, trivial figures like us? If I didn't quickly become a demigod, perhaps there's nothing I can do. Now… There's at least some hope. At the very least, I can try to awaken Mr. Fool."

Fors had experienced many things and had long understood this principle. She had only been venting her emotions, but now, she had calmed down.

She thought for a moment and said, "What are you going to do next?"

"Just relying on myself to investigate it will definitely be very difficult. I'll definitely need to use MI9's intelligence network. I plan on finding a suitable opportunity to let them know that I'm a Sequence 4 demigod. In order to not be suspected, I might need Miss Justice to give me some hints and make some arrangements," Xio answered seriously.

Fors's thoughts raced.

"I'll come up with a script for you. Uh, I'll act as an antagonist and simulate a lunatic who attempted to advance to Sequence 4 Imperative Mage, and then be defeated by you…"

As she spoke, a story took form. She immediately sat beside Xio's desk, took out a pen and paper, and started writing.

"After I write up the story, I'll get Miss Justice to make some amendments and make it appear reasonable," Fors said as she wrote.

As a Secrets Sorcerer, there was no doubt that she could prevent their conversation from leaking out.

Xio thought for a moment and said, "Isn't your most important task now to write the biographies and stories?"

"Ha, that's simple. I've already thought of plenty of scenes, and there's a lot of material on my mind. No, nothing of that sort…" After muttering a few words, Fors placed all her focus on writing a script for Xio so as to gain MI9's approval.

Seeing her good friend focused on her matter, a smile gradually appeared on Xio's face.

She then cast her gaze to the ajar door and heard her brother, Dio Derecha, seemingly reciting the ancient Feysac words. This was a requirement for

studying law to become a lawyer.

Their mother was instructing two servants to clean up the living room.

Their voices reached Xio's ears, and her expression gradually became firm.

Although she had no idea what would happen when she faced the MI9 brass, and even though she would encounter unknown dangers when completing Mr. Fool's mission, as well as the unknown future during the dawn of the apocalypse, Xio knew that if she didn't do anything or take on certain risks and just enjoyed the pleasant times with her family just like that, she would ultimately be drowned by the floods like most people who were unprepared.

And now, there was at least a path filled with brambles, one that had a glimmer of light at the end of it.

It needed the realization of sacrifice, and to grasp it with courage.

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CHAPTER 1392
YESTERDAY NO MORE

In a room beside the Evernight cathedral in the Southern Continent, East Balam, Leonard's consciousness returned to the real world.

After a few seconds of silence, he picked up the cup of coffee that had turned cold and took a sip.

The bitter taste filled his mouth, gradually waking his mind up.

"Old Man, what happened today?" Finally, Leonard couldn't help but ask.

After a moment of silence, Pallez Zoroast replied wistfully, "Error has perished."

Error… Leonard almost didn't realize which existence Old Man was referring to.

In the next second, he couldn't hide his astonishment as he nearly forgot to whisper, "Amon?"

This was a standard true god!

"Yes." Pallez Zoroast's voice sounded like "He" had aged considerably. "To be precise, Amon's main body perished."

Leonard wasn't in the mood to distinguish the subtle meaning behind Old Man's words. He asked in disbelief, "W-why was there no sign of it?"

He had witnessed the phenomena before and after the God of Combat died. He knew that it was a change that would affect the entire world and bring about many terrifying monsters and dangerous regions.

And just now, the only two abnormalities were:

The doors and windows suddenly closing, and him seemingly forgetting something.

In reality, the latter wasn't strange at all. Most people would encounter something similar during their daily lives.

Pallez Zoroast's tone sank.

"'He' should've perished in Sefirah Castle."

Sefirah Castle? Leonard was shocked.

The venue of the gathering he had just attended was inside Sefirah Castle!

A war between gods has just erupted there? Amon actually infiltrated Sefirah Castle? Amidst Leonard's thoughts, his expression gradually turned solemn.

"Old Man, Mr. Fool was injured because of this and had no choice but to enter a state of slumber?"

"Is 'He' about to enter a state of slumber?" Pallez Zoroast asked in return.

"He" didn't seem to be too surprised about this.

Leonard tersely acknowledged.

"The reason 'He' summoned us today was because of this matter."

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a few seconds before saying,

"'His' choice to enter a state of slumber is indeed related to the previous battle of gods and Amon's infiltration, but it's not because of injuries, but because of corruption."

"Corruption?" Leonard blurted out in surprise.

Even at Mr. Fool's level, irreversible corruption can still be encountered by "Him?"

Pallez Zoroast regained "His" previous poignant tone:

"Everything has godhood. By relying on godhood to become a powerhouse, one can never escape the shackles of godhood.

"On this point, it's the same for you and me. Likewise for The Fool. Heh, perhaps 'He' shouldn't be called 'The Fool' anymore. 'He' is equivalent to half a 'Lord of the Mysteries.'"

Lord of the Mysteries… Regarding the problem of the mental imprint in a Beyonder characteristic, Leonard indeed had a deeper understanding of it than demigods at his level. However, he still had several holes in the knowledge on this matter. Even though he had heard Old Man mention the term "Lord of the Mysteries," he didn't understand what it meant.

However, at present, he could confirm that Mr. Fool's level had transcended Sequence 0 according to Mr. Fool's words during the gathering, and what Old Man had just said, "His" strength was enough to kill a true god.

Leonard cleverly didn't probe further. He changed the topic in a deep voice:

"Old Man, why is Klein sleeping as well?

"Are you able to wake him up as soon as possible?"

Pallez Zoroast's tone was somewhat odd.

"How could an old and weak angel like me know about matters at the level of gods?

"As for the awakening, even The Fool has no better solution, much less me?"

Leonard remained silent for a moment. He picked up his coffee cup and took another sip.

After a while, he asked hesitantly, "Old Man, do you have any way of 'Stealing' the artistic flair of others?"

Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

"The definition of artistic flair is vague with no clear categorization. There's no way to 'Steal' it.

"However, if you change it to natural talent, there's a way."

“…Forget it." Leonard ultimately couldn't do anything about "Stealing" the natural talent of others to help him resolve his problem.

Pallez Zoroast added with a smile, "If you can't accept this method, then you can find a natural talent that you want of someone who's very poor. Make a deal with him and give him the money he wants to exchange for the corresponding natural talent."

"It's a little like a deal with the devil…” Leonard commented objectively.

Pallez Zoroast chuckled and said, "There's another simple solution. That is to spend money to hire naturally talented people to help you resolve the corresponding problems."

“…Old Man, why didn't you say so earlier?" Leonard instantly saw hope.

Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

"You didn't manage to think of something that simple?

"I thought you had eliminated this option before consulting me."

Leonard ignored Old Man's mockery. After some serious thought, he felt that this idea was indeed feasible.

However, he soon felt a little guilty and uneasy, as if he was avoiding his responsibility.

Regarding this matter, I still have to do something personally… Apart from inviting someone to write songs and poems, I have to write a little… With this in mind, Leonard suddenly stood up and walked to the door.

"Where are you going?" Pallez Zoroast asked in surprise.

Leonard frowned slightly as he said firmly, "I'm going to the nearby bookstore to buy some poem anthologies."

Ever since he advanced to Nightmare, he had given up the collection of poems he had bought in the past, making most of them nothing but decorations. When he became a Spirit Warlock, he began to collect poem anthologies that were suitable for some spirits to read, allowing him to chant the appropriate parts in a battle to create Beyonder effects that worked in concert with him.

Therefore, when he came to the Southern Continent, he didn't bring a single poem anthology book. He only remembered a few of those that he often used in the past.

I never expected that, after becoming a high-ranking deacon, I would need to read poem anthologies again… Leonard sighed inwardly as his steps became firmer.

Pallez Zoroast had never imagined that Leonard's next step would be to buy poem anthologies. After a while, "He" probed, "Is this an order from The

Fool?"

"Yes, for promoting the corresponding legendary stories," Leonard answered simply as he opened the door and walked out.

Pallez Zoroast fell silent once again before saying, "Apart from writing poems, you have to pay more attention to the besiegement of the Rose School of Thought."

Leonard walked down the stairs and entered the streets. He looked at the pedestrians and nodded gently.

"Yes."

At that moment, as he walked towards the bookstore, he felt as though he had returned to Tingen, back to the time when he was still a Midnight Poet. At that time, he had also walked along the bustling streets, preparing to buy a copy of "Classical Poems Anthology of the Loen Kingdom" and "Selected Poems of Roselle."

…

Backlund, at the Harvest Church south of the Bridge.

After Emlyn White regained his senses, he found himself standing in front of a window.

The sun was already dim outside, and the flowers were flourishing.

His feelings towards Mr. Fool's slumber were slightly different from the other Tarot Club members.

Other than heaviness, poignancy, sadness, and confusion, there was also the confidence that things would end well.

Internally within the Sanguine, some of the Marquises and Earls were rather old. Even though they lived longer than most demigods at the same level, they were still in advanced stages of their lives. At this time, they often chose to sleep and use similar methods to extend their lifespans. The effects were pretty good.

Therefore, Emlyn had long been accustomed to matters regarding slumbers. He knew that it wasn't equivalent to passing away, nor was it equivalent to perishing. He believed that if the correct solution was found, Mr. Fool would have a high chance of waking up.

He looked out the window and muttered to himself, "Mr. Fool has entered a state of slumber, and the Ancestor's revelation is often interfered with. It's obvious that 'She' can't provide help frequently…"

After a brief silence, Emlyn sighed silently.

Indeed. In the end, I have to face it myself and bear it.

This is the destiny of the messiah.

At the mention of the word "messiah," Emlyn clearly smiled with a self-deprecating hint.

He then repeated inwardly, I can only rely on myself.

Just as this thought flashed through his mind, Father Utravsky's voice sounded behind Emlyn.

"Time to set off."

Emlyn turned his head and saw a huge sword on the back of the priest dressed in brown priest robes.

The sword's length exceeded Emlyn's height, and its width was close to his waist.

Together with Father Utravsky's hill-like body, the terrifying pressure felt corporeal.

As a Sanguine Earl, Emlyn recovered from his stifled feeling and nodded gently.

"Okay."

Today, they would head to the Southern Continent to participate in the besiegement of the Rose School of Thought.

Just as he replied, Emlyn suddenly recalled something and hurriedly said, "Wait for half a day."

He wanted to gather most of the Sanguine in Backlund to discuss the pharmaceutical company.

Bishop Utravsky didn't ask anything and nodded.

"Come find me when you're ready."

After watching Father Utravsky enter the depths of the cathedral, Emlyn turned his head to the Sanguine that were following him to the Southern Continent.

"Inform all the Sanguine in Backlund to come over. There's something we need to discuss."

"Yes, Lord Earl," the Sanguine replied respectfully.

After they split up, Emlyn turned his head to look at the altar and the Sacred Emblem of Life in front of the cathedral. It was a simply drawn infant that was surrounded by symbols like wheat, flowers, spring water, and other symbols.

This made Emlyn's thoughts suddenly turn adrift.

He had forgotten when he started spending less time in his bedroom, spending less time with his dolls. Even his hobby of studying history became more targeted and efficient.

This change didn't take form in an instant. Instead, it was slowly formed over time. It was something that made it difficult for others to notice. By the time Emlyn discovered it, he had already adapted to this new life.

Emlyn retracted his gaze, raised his chin slightly, and shook his head with a smile.

This is the destiny of the messiah…

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CHAPTER 1393
WHERE THE DREAM BEGINS

After returning to the real world, Alger patiently waited for the mission Mr. Fool had mentioned.

On this day, he, wearing the pontiff's clothes and the silver-black mask, was discussing the internal affairs of the Church of the Sea God with Oracle Danitz when he suddenly saw a bishop enter.

"Your Holiness, the Church of Storms has sent two gifts to congratulate you on becoming a proxy of God." The bishop held a tin box and bowed respectfully.

Danitz, who had been secretly rejoicing over the malfunction of Bayam's telegram, blurted out in surprise, "Where's that messenger?"

"He left after leaving the present," the bishop at the door answered helplessly.

Although the members of the Church of Storms often had impulsive moments, such behavior was still quite rare.

Alger nodded slightly and said, "If they don't view us as enemies, sending a messenger to deliver a gift is enough."

With that said, he raised his right hand and gently made the tin box in the bishop's hand fly over.

After catching the small box, Alger's actions suddenly slowed down as though he found it heavy.

He slowly opened the container and saw a book made of yellowish-brown goatskin.

On the surface of the book, there was a line of words written in Elven:

"Book of Calamity."

Book of Calamity… After seeing the words clearly, Alger felt a little dazed as though he was dreaming.

But very quickly, he understood what the mission Mr. Fool was talking about was.

Alger sighed silently and looked at the bishop at the door.

"What's the second gift?"

"It's a ghost ship called the Blue Avenger. It has already moored at the harbor," the bishop answered without any abnormalities.

The Blue Avenger… When Danitz heard the name, he instinctively cast his gaze at the pontiff, Alger.

He remembered very clearly that this was the ship Alger used back when he was a pirate.

This meant that the Church of the Lord of Storms knew that the pontiff Church of the Sea God was once their cardinal!

Is this a congratulation gift, or a challenge to war? As Danitz's heart tightened, he realized that he was rather familiar with the other gift.

It was the extremely sinister Book of Calamity he had seen when he followed Gehrman Sparrow.

"Help me return a letter to the Church of Storms, and thank them for their gifts," Alger composed himself as he calmly instructed.

After the bishop left the room, he turned to Danitz and said, "Oracle, I've received Mr. Fool's revelation. I'll have to complete a mission in the time to come. It will perhaps take me a few years before I return."

"A revelation?" Danitz blurted out in surprise.

At this moment, there was only one thought in his mind:

Why don't I know about this?

Alger nodded.

"Mr. Fool is about to enter a deep slumber.

"However, this will not affect responses to your prayers."

"…” Danitz was so shocked that he couldn't speak.

Alger continued, "Gehrman Sparrow has also entered a state of slumber.

"After I leave, the Church's matters will be handed over to Elder Derrick Berg of the New City of Silver. You need to cooperate with him and write into the bible that the Sea God is Mr. Fool and get all believers to accept it.

"Our faith is key to Mr. Fool's awakening. You are 'His' Oracle, and you have to make an example in this aspect.

"Of course, 'He' will give you a new revelation at any time and give you other missions."

Danitz was a little dizzy and confused when he heard that, but he still understood the seriousness of the matter.

He hesitated for a moment before nodding heavily.

"Okay."

After settling the matter, Alger stood up and returned to his room with the Book of Calamity.

He looked at himself in the mirror and laughed. He slowly removed the papal tiara from his head and removed the silver-black mask on his face.

A few days later, at the crowded Bayam Harbor.

Alger raised his head and looked at Derrick, who was taller than him, and said with a smile, "You've been doing very well recently. The Church of the Sea God has been running smoothly."

Derrick subconsciously wanted to raise his hand to scratch the back of his head, but he ultimately held back. He said with some melancholy and reluctance, "Mr. Hanged… Your Holiness Wilson, when will you return?"

Alger shook his head and said, "Everything ahead is still uncertain. No one can tell."

Without waiting for Derrick Berg to respond, he said, "You're already mature and reliable. I don't have any advice for you."

Having said that, Alger paused before saying, "If the Rorsted Archipelago encounters a disaster you cannot stop, don't sacrifice yourself in order to protect it."

"Ah?" Derrick was stunned.

This was the most important place of worship for Mr. Fool. It was the new home of the City of Silver, so how could he give up just like that?

Alger had already expected Derrick's reaction and explained with a serious expression, "To Mr. Fool, the most important thing is the believers here, not these islands. To the City of Silver, the most important thing is the people, not the city.

"As long as you can protect Mr. Fool's believers and protect the citizens of the City of Silver, migrating them away in time. Even if we lose Bayam, the New City of Silver, and the Rorsted Archipelago, we can rebuild a new city elsewhere and rebuild a new home.

"Remember, don't lose sight of the forest for the trees."

Derrick was deeply moved when he heard that. He grasped the crux of the problem.

He replied sincerely, "I understand. Thank you, Mr. Hanged… Your Holiness Wilson. I will protect Mr. Fool's believers and the citizens well."

Alger didn't say a word as he turned around and walked towards the Blue Avenger that was moored at the dock.

The ghost ship was a three-masted sailboat that was still behind the present era era, no different from before.

Alger looked at it and looked at the crew members on the deck. He suddenly felt something and looked down at himself.

He was wearing a linen shirt, brown jacket, and trendy pantaloons. He had a custom-made belt around his waist. Attached to it were a dagger and a scepter made of bone.

The corners of Alger's lips curled up as he took a step forward and landed on the deck of the Blue Avenger.

He then turned his head to look at the boundless blue sea, raised his right hand and said in a deep voice, "Set sail!"

…

Backlund, Empress Borough, inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

Audrey sat on a comfortable sofa and watched her father, Earl Hall, her brothers, Hibbert and Alfred, discuss the recent developments of the kingdom. She watched as her mother Lady Caitlyn constantly convene the butler and footmen to make final preparations for the ball.

She didn't say a word. She wore a faint smile as she quietly observed this common scene in her daily life.

After some time, Earl Hall smiled and looked over.

"What is our little princess thinking about?"

Audrey pursed her lips and replied with a faint smile, "Guess."

"I'm guessing you're thinking about which dress you'll be wearing today, and what kind of hair and makeup you'll be matching it with," Hibbert said casually on behalf of his father.

Audrey smiled and said, "Correct, but there are no rewards."

She slowly stood up and said to her parents and brothers, "I'm going upstairs to change into my gown."

Earl Hall smiled and nodded.

"There's no hurry. Everyone believes that you're worth the wait."

Audrey bit her lower lip and maintained her smile as she walked towards the door.

When she was about to leave the room, she paused and looked back.

Her parents and her two brothers continued with their discussion or arrangements.

Audrey's gaze froze as she slowly retracted her gaze.

She walked out of the room and went upstairs to the bedroom.

Susie was already waiting there.

Audrey inhaled indiscernibly and raised her right hand. She used her index finger to draw lines of faint light.

They seemed to come from the deepest part of a dreamscape.

A few seconds later, the faint glow turned into a blonde, green-eyed, abnormally beautiful girl—Audrey Hall.

But unlike Audrey, this girl still carried a little childishness and a slight romantic bearing.

"Good evening, Miss Justice~" The girl greeted her cheerfully.

Audrey smiled and replied, "Good evening, Miss Audrey."

After the last-minute Tarot Gathering, she finally made up her mind to advance to Dreamweaver and prepare to split an identity to accompany her family. She would stay away from them and not let the various dangerous matters she had attracted affect them.

After staring at her for two seconds, she turned to look at the golden retriever beside her and said, "Susie, are you sure you want to follow me?"

"Yes, we are friends forever," Susie replied seriously.

Audrey didn't say another word. She split off a Virtual Person and entered Susie's Body of Heart and Mind which she opened up for Audrey.

Then, she raised her hand again and outlined another Susie in midair.

The moment Susie formed, she opened her mouth and let out a woof.

Audrey retracted her gaze and looked at herself.

After a moment of silence, although she knew that their thoughts and ideas were synced, she couldn't help but say to the blonde girl in front of her, "I-I'll leave it to you in the future.

"Remember to wheedle to Father often and get him to not be so busy. He's not young anymore, so he needs to be mindful of his health. He can hand over many things to Hibbert and Alfred or the butlers.

"Also, slowly counsel Mother and tell her that she doesn't have to pay too much attention to the opinions of others. She doesn't have to maintain a perfect image at social events. It would be very tiring.

"Yes, don't forget about Hibbert. Cheer him up often and don't let him be so gloomy. He shouldn't complicate matters too much from overthinking things. Alfred won't threaten his position.

"Alfred, Alfred, he needs a good wife to stop him from taking any more risks…

"Oh, why are you crying? We've already grown up. We can't be little girls anymore."

Audrey lowered her eyes slightly and smiled at her crying self.

"I know, I know." After Audrey said that, she pursed her lips tightly and nodded heavily with a sad expression.

Audrey retracted her gaze, picked up her cloak, and draped it over her.

Then, she led Susie out of the bedroom and into the corridor.

The hall below was lit with lights, and the guests came one after another to attend the ball. Lord Hall, Lady Caitlyn, Hibbert, and Alfred were already at the door.

Audrey stood behind the railing and watched silently for a while.

She then lifted the ends of her skirt and slowly and solemnly bowed to her parents and brother from a distance away.

After maintaining such a posture for two seconds, she straightened her body and raised the hood from her dark blue cloak to cover her face.

To her side, behind her, there were bright lights and a bustling din. In front of her, many dark lights formed a sea of collective subconscious.

"Let's go," Audrey said hoarsely to Susie.

With that said, she walked into the dark illusory sea.

Audrey rushed out from the bedroom and cried out with a sobbing tone, "You must come back!"

Audrey didn't turn back. She raised her right hand and waved it, indicating that she understood.

The figure wearing a blue cloak gradually disappeared into the distance amidst the deep, silent darkness.

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CHAPTER 1394
A NEW JOURNEY

In a room of an abandoned castle, sunlight shone through the gaps in the thick curtains, illuminating a pitch-black coffin.

Suddenly, the lid of the coffin creaked and slowly moved to the side.

With a thud, it fell to the ground.

A few seconds later, Azik Eggers sat up, looking rather lost.

At that moment, he was wearing loose pajamas that had been popular in Loen years ago. He resembled a noble who had woken up in his manor.

After a while, Azik narrowed his eyes slightly. He looked around in confusion as though he didn't know who he was.

He then saw the brilliant sunlight that penetrated through the cracks and saw the dust dancing in the sunlight. He saw letters scattered on the table, ground, and coffin lid around him.

They were like giant snowflakes that blanketed half the area.

Azik got out of the coffin. With a puzzled expression, he bent down to pick up a letter and began reading.

As he read, the confusion on his face disappeared a little, as if he had remembered many things from the past.

Azik immediately found a chair and sat down, allowing all the letters to fly in front of him to stack up like a mountain.

He opened the letters one by one, reading them one after another. There would be pauses in between as he fell deep in thought as if he was seriously recalling something.

The sunlight that passed through the gap in the curtains gradually dimmed. After a long time, it shone inside again.

At that moment, Azik finally finished reading all the letters and completed the long contemplations that resembled Cogitation.

"He" looked at the letters that had been stacked on the table and slowly let out a long sigh.

Following that, he took out a piece of paper, a fountain pen, and some ink that he could still use. He wrote with a warm expression:

“…I've already woken up and received all your letters. They made me recall who I am and who you are. I also remember many memories of the past.

"Your experiences, no matter how complicated and exciting, have exceeded my imagination. It also makes me understand some of the problems that previously plagued me.

"I can feel your joy, your exhaustion, your faith in life, and the heavy responsibility that you have borne from your letters.

"I can roughly guess why you ultimately made that choice. If it were me, I might not even be able to make such a decision.

"From the beginning, you've been a guardian. You mimicked others until you were mimicked by others.

"Next, I will begin a journey to pursue the past and witness the changes in this world.

"You seem to still be asleep, but it doesn't matter. I'll write to tell you about the interesting things that I've encountered, the interesting traditions, and interesting people.

"I think I should be able to send these letters to you via sacrifice…”

The tip of the golden pen reflected the sunlight as it rustled on the white piece of paper, continuously penning down more content.

…

Backlund, in a solarium of a terrace house.

Melissa walked in with a girl who was clearly less than ten years old.

"Aunt Melissa, why here?" the little girl asked, puzzled. "All the stories I heard had mysterious rituals held in the basement."

With her hair tied up, the bespectacled Melissa smiled and said, "Those are unconventional mysticism rituals."

She pointed at the altar that had been set up and the unlit candles and said, "You may begin."

"Really?" The little girl tilted her head to look at the bright sunshine outside the window. "Do we need to draw the curtains?"

"There's no need. It's pretty good this way." After Melissa answered, she smiled at the little girl while she awkwardly mimicked her usual method of holding rituals in a clumsy and unfamiliar manner.

During this process, she would instruct her from time to time and even personally help her to complete the pre-ritual preparations.

"Alright, repeat after me." Melissa took a deep breath as her expression gradually turned staid.

"Yes, yes." The little girl tried her best to appear stern.

Melissa looked at the candle flames on the altar for a few seconds before slowly reciting in ancient Hermes, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…"

"Da Pool that dun pelong to diz ela…" The little girl had never learned ancient Hermes before. Although she tried her best to imitate her aunt, she still didn't know what she was saying.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog…" Melissa continued reciting.

"Da Mesterwes luler apove the gway pog…" the little girl recited in all seriousness.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…" After Melissa finished reciting, the candle at the end didn't wait for the little girl to imitate her. It immediately burgeoned to the size of a human head.

In the large flame, a slippery tentacle with a somewhat sinister pattern extended out in an indiscernible manner. It was extremely slow.

The little girl was stunned. She retreated and hid behind her aunt.

Melissa pursed her lips and said with a gentle smile, "Don't be afraid, go greet him."

The little girl timidly poked her head out from behind her aunt and saw the terrifying, slimy tentacle gently swaying in the brilliant sunlight that shone through the windows. It seemed to be attempting to swat away the dust or was waving at her.

"Go, don't be afraid," Melissa repeated.

The little girl finally mustered her courage and stood in front of the altar.

She recited the incantations she had just invented before revealing a sincere smile and raised her palm.

The slippery tentacle whose patterns had disappeared paused for a few seconds. It seemed hesitant and somewhat out of practice.

Then, it raised its head and curled up slightly, lowering itself inch by inch.

Amidst the sunlight, it high-fived that tiny palm.

—The End—

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